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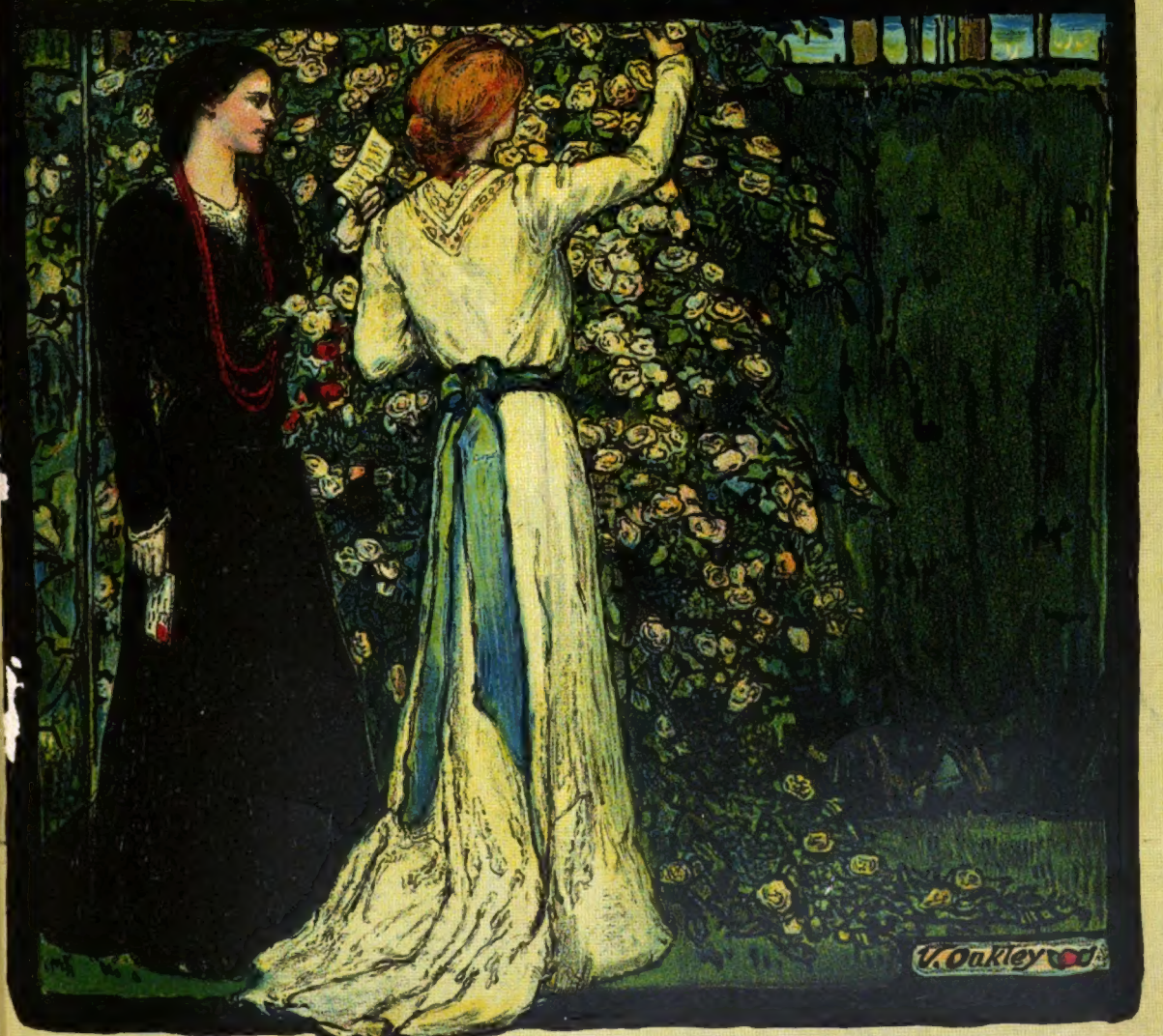

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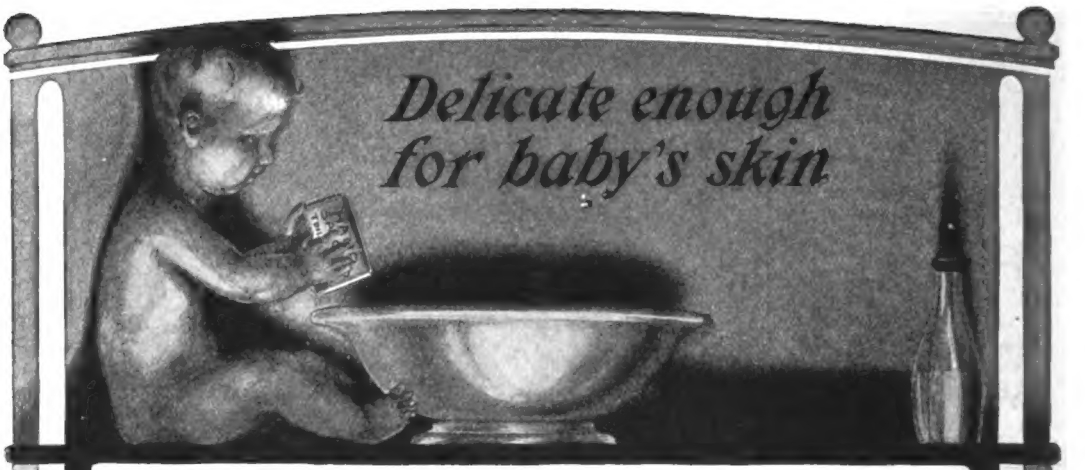

HAND SAPOLIO

THE makers of Sapolio (a product which through special merit has gained more friends than any other household commodity in the world) call attention to its sister product, Hand Sapolio, of equal merit in its own sphere, the toilet and bath. It is a pure soap, a necessity to those whose hands become frequently stained, yet equally desirable for general family use, from the delicate-skinned baby to the romping schoolboy.

It removes roughness, stains, and dead skin, prevents chapping, ensures an enjoyable, invigorating bath, one that makes every pore respond, energizes the whole body, starts the circulation, and imparts the vigor and life sensation of a mild Turkish Bath.

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KING EDWARD ROBED FOR CORONATION.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI. JUNE, 1902. No. 6.

KING EDWARD VII

BY CHALMERS ROBERTS

"GENTLEMEN—the King!"

This world-circulating toast, which follows the British flag to every corner of the earth and which unites British people wherever they are found—how it will girdle the earth together during this month of June. So here's a health unto His Majesty! Long may he live and reign!

When the present German Emperor first came to the throne, he is quoted as having said privately that it was very hard at this day and date to be an emperor at all, but as he had to try he was going to be as much of a real emperor as possible. And judging them to be reasonable beings, I have always given his brother sovereigns credit for some such sentiment, hidden deep in their own consciences.

So, in spite of its political impotency, one must not minimize the usefulness of the British Crown. In fact, it grows more necessary every year. It furnishes a binding link with the colonies, where such links are neither many nor strong. Instead of there having been a great loss of prestige to the crown through the death of Queen Victoria, as many people used to predict, just the opposite result has been obtained. The throne is more firmly established today than it was during some of the years when the good queen herself sat upon it. It takes long acquaintance with the English people to see into their devotion to the throne and their loyalty to the person of the Sovereign. And this devotion on the part of the great mass of the people, which used to be largely accounted for as reverence for a good old lady, has by no means shown any sign of diminution since the crown has come to a man, and to a man whose mode of life would at least not be supposed to make him popular with the great Nonconformist conscience.

Here comes to the throne a man who had been trained to the trade of royalty from his earliest years. The death of his father had brought him forward when most young princes are still students or working soldiers. And if he had not escaped the temptation of his position, neither did he miss

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its opportunities. For forty years he had represented the crown on most public occasions. And the mere record of this labor would show it could not have been other than advantageous. A large volume, published some years ago, contained a collection of the speeches of the Prince of Wales over a period of nearly thirty years.

KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The slightest reading of the volume would show discourses reaching from purely social occasions to the gatherings of the greatest scientific bodies, the celebration of national victories, the crowning of industrial achievements. And while no one would claim great eloquence or learning, or any prominent characteristic for the utterances, no man, even if he learned them by rote, could have delivered them all uninfluenced. Yet the King is not what might be called an intellectual man. Like his mother, he has more of what is called common sense. His brilliant father's powers seem to have descended mainly to the eldest daughter—the late Empress of Germany. The others of the King's brothers and sisters are of the stolid, not to say heavy stock descending from the days of Farmer George at Windsor. This must not be taken to say the King is a stupid man—far from it—he is bright, amusing, quick to see a joke and quick to make one. And while in no way a handsome man, there has always been something winning in his manner, sympathetic in his smile, which compels popularity.

But even this personal charm cannot account for the King's popularity with the people. I think he has won them with his lack of pretension: he desires to appear a simple English gentleman, neither savant nor war lord, neither autocrat nor automaton. There was a world of strength in the homely life of Queen Victoria. Her rather dowdy court found its counterpart in middle-class homes throughout the British Empire, and the people were proud of the fact, although international relations and home trade may have suffered in consequence. It is certainly far from the King's aim or pleasure to continue this aspect; indeed, he intends to make his court the most brilliant in the world. But he must know that as a man who does not conceal his kinship with his countrymen, who lets people know that he likes what other men like, he touches the popular chord. The King as a racing man wins at once the devotion of the greatest racing people of the world. As a keen yachtsman every British waterman around the world swears by him. He shoots, he fishes, he raises fine stock, he

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SANDRINGHAM FROM THE GROUNDS.

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goes to the play, or he has his dinner and his quiet rubber of bridge at home, just like any other man of his day: nothing to excess, but all with a good humor that carries everything before it.

The slightest information upon the care which the King is now bestowing upon his health, his strict attention to diet, and his determination to keep himself as fit as possible will give the lie direct to all stories of excess or dissipation of any kind.

One of the most remarkable things about the King before he came to the throne, and when he did lead what could not be called a quiet life, was his unfailing dignity. Of all the stories one used to hear of the Prince of Wales, one never heard that he was undignified. It requires some training on the part of a courtier to learn never to forget the dignity of the King's person. He may take you by the arm, he may call you by your first name or some nickname, but you must never in return take any kind of similar liberty. An incident illustrating this came to my notice very recently. A young man in the government service, son of a distinguished father, was accidentally thrown into the King's company last summer on the Continent. The boy was much of a buffoon, very amusing, and the King seemed to take quite a fancy to him. Every one thought the young man's fortune was made. But it seems that one day he so far forgot himself as to tap the King on the back in a familiar way. Next day the young man was sent home, and he is still in dire disgrace. On the other hand, those people who predicted when the King came to the throne he would be a second Henry V., and that old friends would be forgotten and new and more dignified intimacies established, have been quite false prophets. The King has seemed to make an effort to be particularly courteous to his old friends, and for at least a year past has

QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN FANCY DRESS AS MARGARET OF VALOIS.

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been dining quietly with one or another of them whenever he was in London.

There are many stories current as to the King's kindliness. It seems that the late queen was so great a stickler for ceremony that she was often almost cruel. I remember hearing, at the time of one of her jubilees, how, in receiving addresses, she had stood perfectly still, while a very aged gentleman, the former Duke of Devonshire, for instance, had to be assisted to and from a kneeling position before her. I remember, at the time, how people blamed her, saying that she might have shown a little kindness in forgiving these old men the full measure of their duty. This is particularly brought to mind because, lately, the King, upon similar occasions, has always expressed a desire that decrepit old gentlemen should not be asked to kneel. The King is always most gallant where women are concerned; he played the most dutiful of sons to his mother, and his devoted courtesy to Queen Alexandra whenever they are together in public is very noticeable. As a father, too, he has the best of records: his children and his grandchildren are devoted to him. There has never been the slightest chance of any revival of the old interminable feuds between the throne and the heir apparent.

THE KING'S REGALIA IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

There is enough work connected with this royal office to take all the strength of even a younger man. The trade by which

THE STATE COACH IN WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN WILL DRIVE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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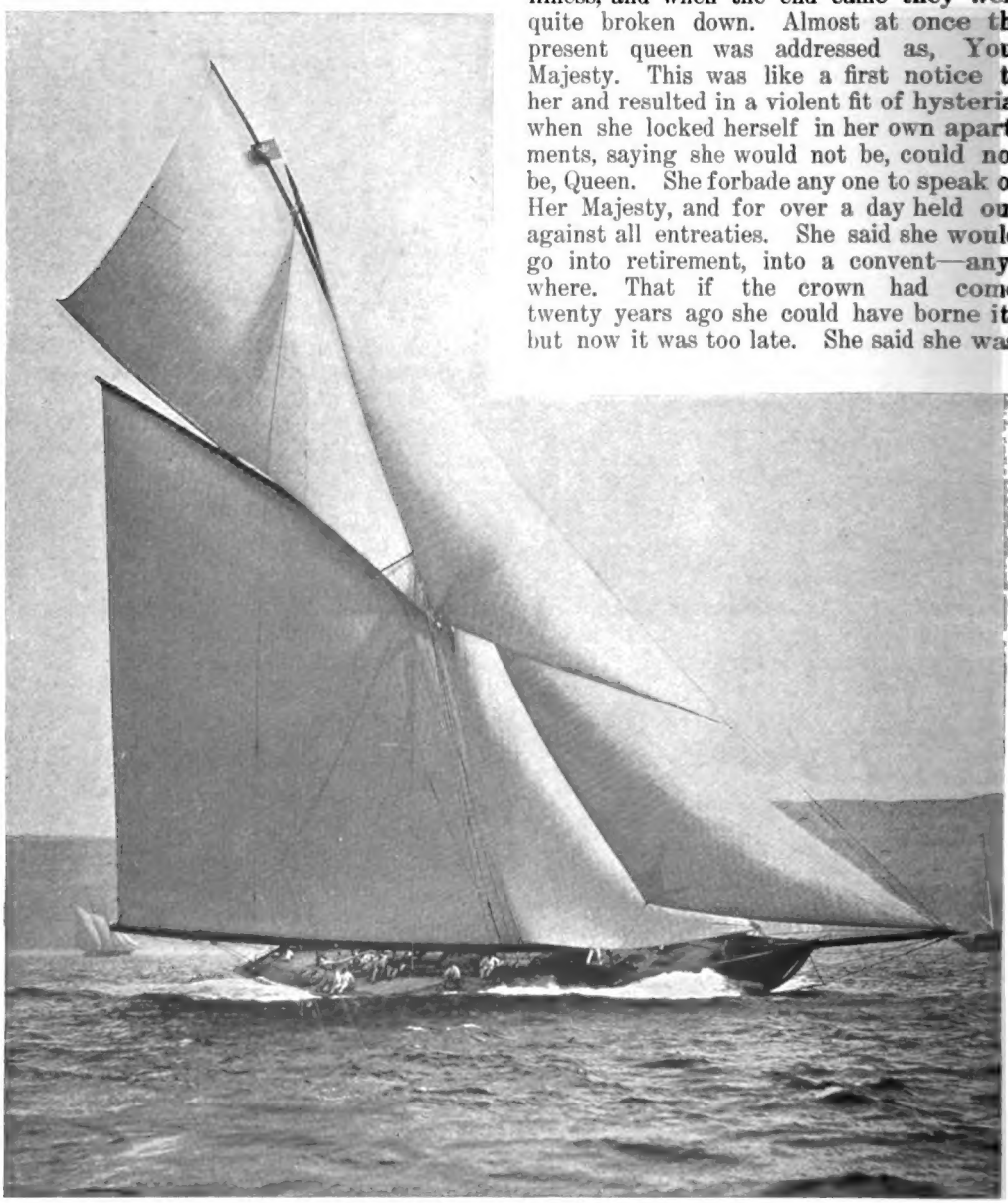
royalty earns the bread of Parliamentary settlements the King has been closely following for years. He has never a day unoccupied, and often has his time booked for a year ahead, to the very hour of dining; this almost makes a man into a machine. But he is determined to do it thoroughly, moreover, that those about him should do as well. There is a little story significant in this connection, which, if not true, is so human as to be worth repeating. It seems that the royal women did most of the nursing of the aged queen during her last illness, and when the end came they were quite broken down. Almost at once the present queen was addressed as, Your Majesty. This was like a first notice to her and resulted in a violent fit of hysteria, when she locked herself in her own apartments, saying she would not be, could not be, Queen. She forbade any one to speak of Her Majesty, and for over a day held out against all entreaties. She said she would go into retirement, into a convent—anywhere. That if the crown had come twenty years ago she could have borne it, but now it was too late. She said she was lame, and deaf, and nearly sixty years old. "And oh," she said, "Bertie will make us all work so hard."



THE ROYAL YACHT, "BRITANNIA."

Of course this was only overwrought nervousness, and the Queen looks as lovely

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THE KING AT THREE YEARS OF AGE.

THE KING AT TWENTY-ONE.

and as fair and bright as ever. But she was right about one thing. They all have to work hard. She must receive visitors or deputations of important women nearly every day. She visits hospitals and drives for an hour in the park every afternoon she is in town, incessantly bowing and smiling to the insatiable multitude that gathers upon the route.

Perhaps never before, with the possible exception of George IV., has there been an English king so well informed as to the details, the pageantry so interwoven with royal life. It is said that there is no man in the service of the government who knows so much about uniforms, where this medal should be worn, how that ribbon. Unlucky the officer or official who appears

KING EDWARD AT THIRTY.

THE KING'S LATEST PICTURE.

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WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE THAMES.

in the wrong uniform, or even with a decoration hanging in the wrong place; the King will at once see it and send some one to correct it. His eyes are said to be very sharp in this direction. Lord Beaconsfield used to tell a story of how, in the hurry of dressing for a levee on a dark day, his servant put on him the navy blue trousers of some university chancellorship, instead of the black ones, for the Foreign Office uniform. They did not discover the error until too late to change again, and so Dizzy went shrinking into the throne room, hoping to hide his blue legs behind others, but the Prince saw the trouble at once, and laughingly said to him, "Come out, you are caught; and for punishment you shall stand here by me in full view, a wonderful combination of learning and diplomacy."

No doubt, with his eye to detail and with the careful study he has been giving to the subject of the Coronation celebration, it will be a show the like of which has not been seen since that with which the then first gentleman of Europe said he would make the world blink its eyes. Alas! poor gentleman, he and his crowning are now so far from first as to be last. Actually, at Madame Tussaud's wax works may be seen "the authentic, self-same, and original" Coronation robes, worn by George IV. Still, nothing to make this Coronation a success has been left undone. Westminster Abbey has been given over to carpenters and decorators, and every cranny, to the utmost corner, will be made to hold a seat. Those people fortunate enough to secure them will sit in them for twelve hours—let us hope they will enjoy it. Surely, to this the dim old Abbey must be well accustomed—it has seen so many crownings, so many reigns begun, so many end.

STORIES OF THE KING.

KING EDWARD VII. was born on November 9, 1841, at Buckingham Palace, in London. As is always necessary at the birth of an heir to the throne, the chief ministers of state had to be present in the room. In this case mediæval custom was so far evaded that they were in an adjoining room with the door open. As soon as the infant was taken into the arms of the nurse, Mrs. Lily, the Duke of Wellington, unable to conceal his impatience, rushed forward and asked, "Is it a

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boy?" "It's a Prince, your Grace," answered the offended woman.

The first meeting of the future King with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark took place at Heidelberg in September, 1861, when the Danish Princess and her father were on their way to join one of those famous family gatherings at Rumpenheim. From this old Hessian palace the late Duchess of Teck wrote the following story: "As soon as Alix arrived, all we girls gathered around her to hear about her meeting with Bertie, for we all understood that if both were pleased it was to be in the end important. There was much excitement and teasing of Alix, but at last she startled us all by laughingly saying: 'Well, I've got him.' 'What?' we all screamed, thinking, of course, that everything had been arranged. 'Here he is,' she said, pulling a photograph from her pocket. Of course she had turned the joke on us."

It is certain that after this meeting all other negotiations were broken off, including one concerning a daughter of the German royal house. There was never any further question after the Prince had once met the beautiful Danish Princess.

The marriage of King Edward and Queen Alexandra was the first royal marriage which had been celebrated in St. George's Chapel since that of Henry I., in 1120–1121. The young married couple at once set up housekeeping at Marlborough House, in town, and at Sandringham, in Norfolk. At first they lived in the old house on the Sandringham estate, and, as an evidence of the affection with which Queen Alexandra regarded the house in which the first part of her married life was spent, when the present mansion at Sandringham was built she begged that her boudoir in the new house might be made an exact reproduction of that in the old. This is a marked trait even now. For it is said that the Queen is nearly heartbroken at having to leave Marlborough House, where all her life in England has been spent, for the much less comfortable Buckingham Palace. Among the very first visitors entertained at Sandringham by the royal bride and groom was Dean Stanley, who spent Easter with them there, after their marriage. He writes: "On the evening of Easter eve, the Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room with her prayer-book, and I went through the communion service with her, explaining the peculiarities and the likenesses and differences to and from the Danish service. She was most simple and fascinating."

THE CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

King Edward, from childhood, has always shown the keenest interest in fires and firemen. Of all the entertainments provided for him by the city of New York, he has most often remembered and says he most enjoyed a parade of the Volunteer Fire Department, in his honor. There were 6,000 firemen in uniform, and all, save those in charge of ropes and tillers, bore torches. It was a great spectacle, and the Prince, as he looked at the brilliant display in Madison Square, cried repeatedly: "This is for me; this is all for me!" with unaffected glee. During many years of his life he used to be informed

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whenever a really big blaze was signalled, and he has attended, incognito, most of the big fires in London during the last thirty years.

Perhaps the greatest influence which the King exerts in the government relates to foreign affairs, and it is here that in his advisory capacity he can be of most assistance to Ministers. He has always shown great tact in regard to foreign susceptibilities, and frequently exerts himself to improve international relations. His conduct during the Venezuela controversy is well remembered. He not only gave public expression to his hopes that the happy relations between England and the United States should not be disturbed, but he broke a long-standing rule and went to dine with Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, as an evidence of good feeling.

THE KING IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 10TH HUSSARS.

No doubt both the King and Queen show to their best as a country squire and lady of the manor. Their beautiful Norfolk home is an ideal country place, and all who are so lucky as to be asked to visit there come away charmed with the simplicity of the life. Here is an account of life there, written by a lady visitor: "Whenever I went to Sandringham I never failed to spend a pleasant evening, and received more courtesy from my illustrious host and hostess than from any house I was ever in. The Prince is noted for his powers of entertainment and exertion to make every one enjoy themselves. When a house party is expected he superintends the arrangements, and remembers particular tastes and pursuits of the guests. A gouty squire, who once grumbled at having to go, was completely mollified at finding a room prepared for him on the ground floor, the Prince thinking he would prefer it. The effect of a visit to Sandringham upon a certain order of Radicals, who are treated with the greatest deference, is perfectly astounding. It acts as a patent conjuring machine

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THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The eldest boy standing with the King is Prince Edward, future king of England.

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—a republican stuffed in at one end, a courtier squeezed out at the other. At Sandringham, festivities are so arranged that all classes can share in them. . . ."

While the King often sat in Parliament as a peer, he is never known to have voted save for one bill—the perennial effort to make marriage with a deceased wife's sister legal in England. He has successfully kept himself clear of all political entanglements, at the same time not hesitating to show his partiality for various public men. Both he and his wife were particularly devoted to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and it was from this association that it used to be said that the Prince was a Liberal. On the other hand they were always as frank in their friendship and great admiration for the late Cecil Rhodes. When the South African was blackballed at the Travellers' Club the King publicly withdrew from membership there. And when Mr. Rhodes died, the Queen sent a wreath to be placed on his coffin—the final tribute of the crown to the great empire maker.

An American writer, who had brought against the King the charge of excessive devotion to mere amusement, received a letter from the Private Secretary, in which is the following:

"The Prince cannot help but feel that you are a little hard and unjust upon him in your book; he says unjust, because you evidently wrote the book without knowing his real character. There are many things which he is obliged to do which the outside world would call pleasure and amusements; they are, however, often anything but a source of amusement to him, though his position demands that every year he should go through a certain round of social duties which bore him to death. But, while fully recording those social pleasures, you pass very lightly over all the more serious occupations of his life."

NORWICH GATE, SANDRINGHAM.

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The Recalling of George

By E. Crayton McCants.

Illustrated by C. D. Williams.

It SEEMED good to the Sheriff to be here—out in the open country, travelling the winding roads and passing the farm-houses that stand beside; good to be going home, if only for a week; good to ride with Speckled George, for he had known Speckled George for a long, long time. And that which seemed good to the Sheriff seemed good to Speckled George too; so Speckled George handled the reins with a flourish and chirruped to Old Dan, the mule, and sang lusty snatches of a corn-shucking song as they rode down along the long stretch of road between the stubble-land and the cotton.

Master and man were the Sheriff and Speckled George, and they had been master and man since the Sheriff, a red-headed white boy, had led the freckled-faced quadroon-mulatto in daring forays into unguarded melon patches and the orchards that lay at hand.

Master and man—that was the way the Sheriff and Speckled George thought of it. No theory of social equality would suit these men of the old *régime*. Each claimed his racial distinction, and each scorned a newly-fashioned notion. But who could cavil at such an obvious, such an orthodox, relation as that of master and man.

Really, they were old friends—men who had lived together close to the good red earth, and who had grown old together. Who knew the Sheriff like Speckled George; and who knew Speckled George like the Sheriff?

The Sheriff's hair was snow-white, and his face was rubicund, and he was fat—distinctly so. Speckled George had no hair—at least not any to speak of—and no fat; but his light yellow features, wrinkled now by a lifetime of laughter, were still sprinkled with the reddish-brown spots where in childhood the sunlight had kissed him. This morning the sunlight was kissing him again, and beyond him it fell softer than a maiden's touch on the Sheriff's forehead and the white hair that lay above. People said they were old—the Sheriff and Speckled George—but they and the sunlight knew better. Perhaps they were akin to the sunlight—these two—which, although old, is ever young.

The Sheriff had not always been sheriff. Before his fellow-citizens had honored him with public office he had lived on the old plantation where he and George had been born, and when the "exigencies of public life" had compelled his removal to the "courthouse town," he yielded but reluctantly, and had taken George with him to sweep out his office, to talk to him, and to "putter" around generally, until the time should come—as it surely would come—when the said fellow-citizens, withdrawing their favor, would elect another man.

That time had not come yet, but the

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Sheriff, tired of the dull routine of courts and warrants, was going home, for a week at least, there to wander around with George, to watch the ploughmen turn the mellow rufous soil and to listen to the click of the dull steel blades as the hoe-hands thinned the cotton. It would be good, too, to lie in his old hammock on the cool, quiet porches, listening to the drowsy monotone of the flower-hunting bees; good to laugh and joke again with passing neighbors; and good, if perchance a summer shower should "raise" the little creek, to go fishing there with earth-worms for bait, and catch "pearch," and the broad-headed, spiny catfish.

And in thinking of the good times coming, the Sheriff's spirits rose higher still, so that he told George old tales which George already knew, laughing loudly the while at his own ready wit and invention.

Thus chattering and communing, they came at last, by grace of God and the good nature of the mule, to the gray house in the edge of the hills, and there they alighted. And that night the Sheriff lay in his hammock on the old rose-covered porch, dozing and dreaming, while George, his bald head shining in the slanting rays of the gibbous moon, sat on the oaken steps, holding beneath his chin a patched and battered violin, from which his nimble fingers drew old tunes and half-forgotten strains—"Shear Dem Sheep" and "Philadelphy Gals" and "Ole Kentucky Home"—drifting at last into a wild, weird melody, all his own, which held all the sadness of the sighing pines, all the sweetness of the sleeping roses. Listening, the Sheriff thought of bygone things and sighed; and down in the cabins the half-frightened negroes whispered that George was talking—talking through his tremulous music—to a woman who long ago had died.

But when morning came there was no longer room for sadness nor for misty memories, so filled was the world with life, and the keen, sharp joy of living. Therefore Speckled George laughed anew and presented 'Riar Mack with a "cunjer" bag, made of a piece of green calico, and two or three pebbles from the brook. He would have put a lizard's skin in it only he didn't have time to catch the lizard, for the Sheriff was calling him.

Then they went on a long tramp through the woods and the abandoned fields, to a place where summer grapes used to grow; then back by the foot-log across the creek, and on over the hills, till they came to the house again. Then, when George had found a shady place and had settled himself lazily, the Sheriff, thinking of yesterday's purpose, set out to fetch Parson Dodd, for a joke on George was fresh in his memory, and he wished to tell Dodd of the bull, and of how quickly George had climbed that tree.

But George, though lulled into half-unconsciousness by the hypnotic play of sunlight and shadow, had already divined the cause of the Sheriff's haste. Still, he but watched the heat-waves rise and shimmer in the dusty road, caught with expanded nostrils the earthy odor of the fields, and stretched himself and groaned in sheer content.

Suddenly a new idea came. It startled the negro, and he sat straight up, a merry light twinkling in his cunning eyes. Almost he was minded—almost, and yet——

A blue jay flew up from the garden fence, voicing a raucous cry:

"Do it!" "Do it!" he seemed to say. "Yea! yea! yea!" and flew away, screaming in derision.

Back in the hewn log kitchen there was a sound as of one beating the biscuit dough with a wooden roller.

"Better mint my brudder
How yer walk on de cross
Ef yo' foot slip
Den yo' soul be los'"

sang 'Riar Mack, cook and housekeeper in one, intent on her business.

Speckled George listened and looked about carefully. There was no one else, and the spring path lay temptingly open.

He slipped his cumbering shoes from his feet, settled his hat more firmly, and took the spring path with a long, "loping" trot.

"Hit ain't very fur over dar," he remarked approvingly, as he passed the spring and crossed a dividing fence. Then, as he came to another fence, he halted a moment, then scouted warily along a hedgerow. Beyond the hedge was a melon patch, with every melon distinctly marked. Parson Dodd's melons they were; but George didn't look at them then—he was busy reconnoitring the paths. At last, as the coast seemed clear, he went in boldly, and took of the best.

"Is Parson Dodd gwineter know dese melons?" queried the negro, addressing himself. Then, noting the marks, he nodded

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"There were rinds on the front porch."

sagely. Speckled George felt sure that he would.

When, at high noon, the Sheriff came back again, arm in arm with the Parson, Speckled George was sleeping the sleep of the just; but there were rinds on the front porch—melon rinds—rattlesnake melons at that! Parson Dodd alone grew rattlesnake melons. The Parson was a good soul, but suspicious; and at the last court the crowd had rallied him about those melons.

The Sheriff gazed at the uncomely refuse in amazement. He thought the sight a slur on his housekeeping.

"'Riar Mack! 'Riar Mack!" he shouted wrathfully, "What the dev—" then stopped suddenly, remembering the Parson's presence.

The Parson moved a rind gingerly with his foot. Yes; there were his initials, "D. D.," representing David Dodd, just as he had suspected. The Sheriff he knew was given to jokes, but this deserved reproof. In his heart the Parson was hurt, but he was not angry.

"Brother Reese," he said very gently, "I'd a gin you them melons for the askin'."

II.

AFTERWARDS, when the day of the melons had passed, and the truth had been fully told, Speckled George found himself in trouble, for the Sheriff was angry—so angry, in fact, that he had gone back to town alone, and Speckled George was left to his own devices. Parson Dodd was angry too, and Big Ben, the Parson's black man, had said that the Parson had a warrant for George—was going to "jail" him for melon stealing; but that troubled George not a whit. Didn't the Sheriff control that jail? But the other matter—the Sheriff's casting him off; that was the part that was serious. It seemed to Speckled George that life was suddenly become a harder thing than he had ever known, and that his small world—a world hitherto of laughter and of kindly light—had, somehow, drifted into the shadows. Even 'Riar Mack, once his good friend and true, was now stern and coldly unsympathetic.

To escape the clacking of her wearisome tongue, the old man wandered forth into the hot sun and the fields. Absently he crossed the furrowed land, coming at last to the weedy fallows which lay beyond.

"Unc' Gawge! Oh, Unc' Gawge!" called a ploughman, willing to stop and gossip; but the old man did not heed; neither did he hear the partridges piping in the wheat-stubble, nor the blue-jays calling from the orchard fence. He only stopped irresolutely and looked longingly down the far red stretch of the road. It was a lonely road, and the old man was troubled—

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"Troubled . . . because of the Sheriff."

troubled, he told himself, because of the Sheriff.

Down in the narrow "bottom" where the foot-log lay there was a swirl and a rush of water, for the creek was rising as only a hill creek can, because of the rains above. Already the ploughman's ears had caught its sullen roaring, and he shook his head ominously in fear for the lowland corn. A man, too, had been drowned in that creek, once—drowned at the foot-log crossing. The ploughman shuddered at the thought and stopped a moment to hearken. Then his eye fell once more on the old man, seated now by the roadside fence.

"Unc' Gawge!" he called again. "Unc' Gawge!" But the other was lost in his reverie. "Fifty yeahs," he mumbled to himself. "Fifty yeahs wid him as boy an' as man; an' *now* it have come down ter dis!"

His head sank dejectedly, and with a little stick he marked nervously in the fine dust at his feet.

"Who gwine ten' ter dat mizzabul ole white man?" he queried. "Who gwine ten' ter 'im atter Speckle George done gone? Who gwine fix him de toddy an' git 'im hot water fer he shavin'?"

He raised his head at the thought, and cackled a queer broken laugh, but there were tears in his voice, not laughter.

Then his eyes wandered back to the house. Yonder, on the same night, he and the Sheriff had been born—he in a cabin in the yard, the Sheriff in "de big 'ouse"; yonder they had lived together, sharers in each other's joys, partakers in each other's sorrows; and yonder the Sheriff had cast him off—thrown him aside after he was old. Surely his world had slipped its gearing and reason had gone astray. Then suddenly a swift resolution came. He knew it all now—knew it well enough! Yonder, across the yellow water racing through the "bottoms," behind the blue line of the intervening hills, his master was waiting for him—waiting and watching for old Speckled George!

The ploughman saw him rise, saw him take his laboring way over the furrowed field, saw him reach the crest of the near-by hill, saw him look one time backward, then vanish down the path. At the narrow, shaking foot-log the swift water raced and ran, leaping upward as if grasping for the feet of those who passed; and late in the afternoon a little boy found Speckled George's hat caught in the tangled driftwood a half mile farther down.

In the meantime the Sheriff had planned his counter-stroke. It irritated him that George should have trapped him so easily.

"You hint it aroun', Parson, that you're goin' to get out a warrant," he had said. "The niggers 'll tote him the news, an' I'll go down to-night an' see how he takes it. We'll skeer him plumb nigh to death, Parson—plumb nigh to death!"

And later he had taken the road to hunt up George and to magnify, by solemn and apposite remarks, the negro's supposed fears.

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But when he arrived at the "old place" George was not there Instead, 'Riar Mack met him with downcast eyes and an ashen-gray, tired face.

"Marse Bob," she said in a hollow voice —hollow, with a note of reproach trembling in its solemn tones. "We's in pow'ful trouble. Dey ain't tell yo' yit, is dey, Marse Bob?"

"Trouble! What is it?"

The tears rose in the woman's eyes.

"Speckle George, *he* bin in trouble dis mornin', Marse Bob. Dey say he wuz feared about dem milyuns. Marse Bob, dey fine Speckle George *hat* down by de big raff—down in de creek—but dey cyarn fine Speckle George."

For a moment the Sheriff was stunned. Then his voice broke out sharp and insistent.

"They ain't looked!" he said. "They ain't half looked!" And with hasty, tremulous footsteps he took his way over the hill, toward the deep swirling water where the big raft lay.

At the foot of the hill he met those who had been dragging the creek and searching. Big lusty farmhands they were, black of skin and muscular of figure. For hours they had been searching, but nothing had come of it. The creek bed was full of deep holes and eddies. When the water should fall—to-morrow, perhaps, or the next day —no doubt the bloated corpse would show itself, covered by dank, mud-stained rags and hanging on some drifting mass of logs and floating brush. They were tired now and disheartened, and were going home to rest and to wait for the morning.

It was only when he reached the creek that the Sheriff permitted the thought of its being already too late. But there the darkness was falling. Up through the valleys, gray-robed in silver mist, the vague shadows crept, slowly and stealthily; and out in the stream the water soughed like a drowning man and sighed. Lying around were the drag-hooks and the chains, still wet, just as the negroes had left them; while on a bare, dead bush hung the worn old hat that he knew so well.

He knew how it happened now—knew that he himself was to blame—knew how poor old George had felt when, abandoned by every friend, he had crept to the creek alone, and, with no eye save God's to see, had ended all—all the laughter, all the tears —in the quivering black depths out there.

"George!" he called quaveringly.

But only the dark hill pines gave answer.

He was dead then—dead for the sake of a laugh! A dry sob rose in the Sheriff's throat, and his shoulders shook. Then his head sank on his breast, and he stood for a long time motionless. When he looked up again the stars had come out and the night fog had reached to the

George.

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tops of the hills. Hopelessly he took the steep path homeward, a bent and broken old man, whose faltering footsteps scarce served to bear his body. And as he went he listened for George, and when he reached his house he wandered aimlessly, driven by his deep remorse, from room to room, calling unceasingly:

"George!"—the strong voice that had so often made the rafters ring with its mirth now trembled like that of a pleading child —"Oh George!" And the awe-stricken, yet pitying, negroes, hearing it with shuddering and with moaning, covered their heads lest the very ha'nts should come to bear the old man company.

Silent in its corner lay the cracked old violin, and the moonlight was falling in a vacant place.

Away off over the hills a dog howled mournfully, and the silences of the misty purple-gray woodland were broken by a screech owl's eerie cry.

The sleeper stirred.

"George!" he muttered.

Then, as if in answer, there was a movement on the dusty road, the gate latch clicked, and a hatless man, tired and bent and bald, came creeping into the silent porch. At the hammock side he stopped, and looked wistfully into the sleeper's face. Then slipping away, he came again, bearing the battered violin. Very quietly he sat down in his accustomed place, and very tenderly he tucked the polished wood beneath his chin. Softly, and with caressing motion, the horse-hair touched the tightened strings, and as softly as the dew-fall comes the old-time tunes began. Soft and low, with trill and quiver, the first clear notes arose, filling the gray house as with voices, and drifting into the far-off cabins. And the frightened negroes, huddling close and quaking, told each other, with bated breath, that George, obedient to his master's call, had come back, even from the gates of the spirit land; that grim ghosts were gibbering in the old white house, and from the tree tops a woman was calling.

But the Sheriff, waking, saw only an honest, speckled face low bent above a gliding bow.

"George!" he called very softly. "Is that you, George?"

"Yas, suh," the figure answered; "'tis so! An' I needs a new hat, Marse Bob, kase my ole un done fell in de creek!"

"Come back, even from the gates of the spirit land."

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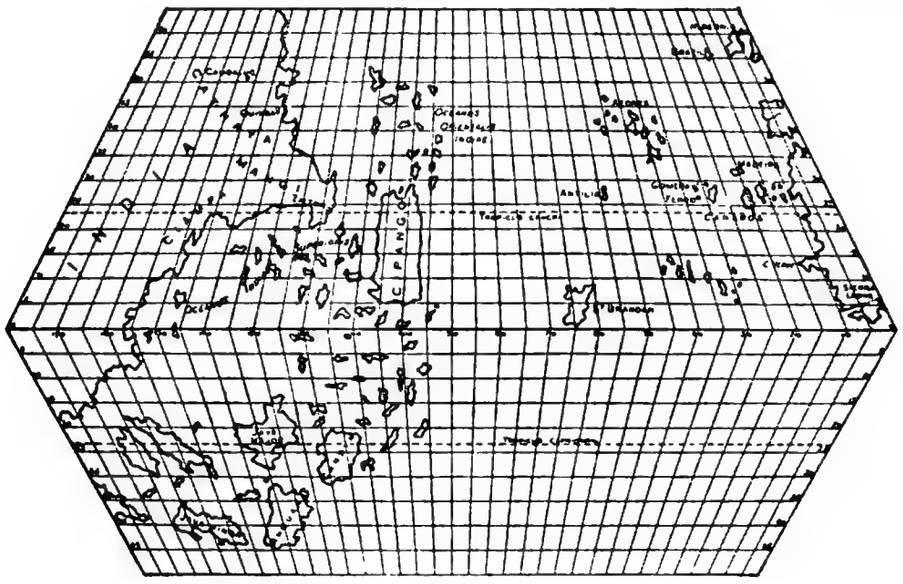
Sketch of the so-called Toscanelli's map, supposed to have been sent to Portugal in 1474, and used by Columbus in his first voyage across the Atlantic.



DID COLUMBUS DISCOVER AMERICA?

The Story of Columbus, as it will appear in Histories of the Future, according to Mr. Henry Vignaud—Reconstructing the Details of a Momentous Forgery which has falsified History for Four Centuries.

[The tale of the startling subversion of history herein related is based on the investigations of Henry Vignaud, First Secretary of the United States Embassy in Paris, embodied in his book recently published in France, "La lettre et la carte de Toscanelli : étude critique."

For twenty-five years past Mr Vignaud has been engaged on a history of marine exploration from legendary times to the American discoveries. In his examination of the documents connected with Columbus's voyages certain curious anachronisms were developed, which excited him to a minute analysis of the pretensions of the Genoese voyager who has so long figured as the greatest of all discoverers. He was compelled, by the evidence, to the amazing conclusion set forth below. The book, with its *exposé* of Columbus, has attracted great attention and evoked much controversy in France and Spain.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

DURING the year 1484 a ship manned by four dying sailors gained the island of Madeira. She was a merchantman, her canvass in ribbons, her timbers groaning. When some one offered to care for the four survivors, the other islanders went their way and thought little more about the affair.

He who had extended succor deserved, at this date, no more of a historian's notice than any other man in Madeira whatsoever. He was simply a stranded wanderer, capable, indeed, of an act of charity, but standing for nothing that means sustained usefulness. He was born of Italian laborers, and educated in a weaver's school at Genoa. He had drifted through life to middle age, boasting of his exploits as sailor and soldier, which were mostly lies, as he had never served under arms, and had been no farther than the Azores. But his bavardage had one compensation—he could also listen.

The yarns of old mariners pleased him most, so you may believe that the four shipwrecked men, among them the vessel's captain, were welcome guests. He took them to his house and soothed their last hours, but they would not tell their whole story.

They had left Spain with goods for Flanders, but a storm had beaten them out of their course. Then they would glance inquiringly at their captain and tell no more.

One by one the sailors died. But when the captain himself lay dying, and knew that there was no hope, he called his host to him, and out of gratitude—a debt he could then pay in only one way—he revealed his secret. Never, perhaps, has such another secret been revealed. It involved, simply, a new world.

The captain, an Andalusian named Sanchez, related how, for twenty-nine, days a gale had blown them westward with unabated fury, till at last they found refuge among some strange islands peopled by naked savages. In this lay the secret, for the islands were totally unknown to navigation.

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"Did you take your bearings?" the host demanded, rather sharply.

The dying man nodded. Yes, for he had hoped to find his islands again, as a reward for his sufferings.

"And the chart?"

As he died, the chart passed into the hands of his host, Christopher Columbus.

At last had fallen the occasion for high endeavor, and the charitable idler was equal to it. He now had a proposition of vast import for a monarch's consideration. But to get near a monarch was not easy. And yet his credentials were most glittering—in words. For instance, his family had already produced two admirals. (They were not even of the same race.) He himself had attended the University of Pavia; had fought under King Réné (though he could have been only nine years old at the time); had sailed the seas for forty years; and had fled from Portugal because King Joao II. wanted to steal his secret. He recorded not one word of truth as to his antecedents, and yet the court of Spain failed to be impressed!

Finally he interested Pinzón, the pilot, of an influential and wealthy family of pilots. Pinzón examined a chart whereon Columbus had marked the dead mariner's islands, and he thought the proposition a good one. After that the King of Castile was ready to listen. The Italian drove his bargain hard. He and his heirs were to receive ten per cent. of all revenue accruing from the islands or other new lands discovered, and be the viceroys over them; and in addition he was to be made a noble and an admiral. You will note that he mentioned nothing as to a new route to India.

After the bickering, King Ferdinand supplied the caravels. Both Columbus and Pinzón, his second in command, kept faithfully to the chart which Columbus had craftily copied from that of the dead pilot. They rode the waves in buoyant confidence as to a definite goal. When half-way across, as they had seen no land, they concluded that they must have passed the islands. Columbus seems to have gone to pieces under his disappointment. He sailed around aimlessly for several days, till Pinzón asserted himself and prescribed an orderly course westward. Thus they stumbled on San Domingo, which they mistook for India. And then it was that Columbus imagined what had been his idea in the first place, an idea much more glorious than a few islands. With some cosmographical learning, yet to be acquired, he would explain, *ex post facto*, how he had had a sublime scientific instinct which had pushed him on to discover a short cut to Asia. As for the dead pilot, he could stay dead. There were no proofs.

But when he told that back in Spain, people laughed long and loud and everywhere. In vain the new fledged savant evolved his science after the act. It deceived no one. His cosmography was such as any sailor of a little education might construct, full of errors and out of date, a *mélange* of Marco Polo and antiquity. He proved that one-seventh of the earth is covered with water, by quoting Esdras from the Bible. The dead-pilot rumors he set down to envy, even when the natives of Cuba told how they had already seen white men, as though they, too, were attainted with jealousy. He trusted, however, that posterity would swell him to the giant's robe he had pilfered.

HENRY VIGNAUD.

Shortly before Columbus returned from his second voyage, his younger brother, Bartholomew, arrived in Spain and heard the damaging stories. He protested indig-

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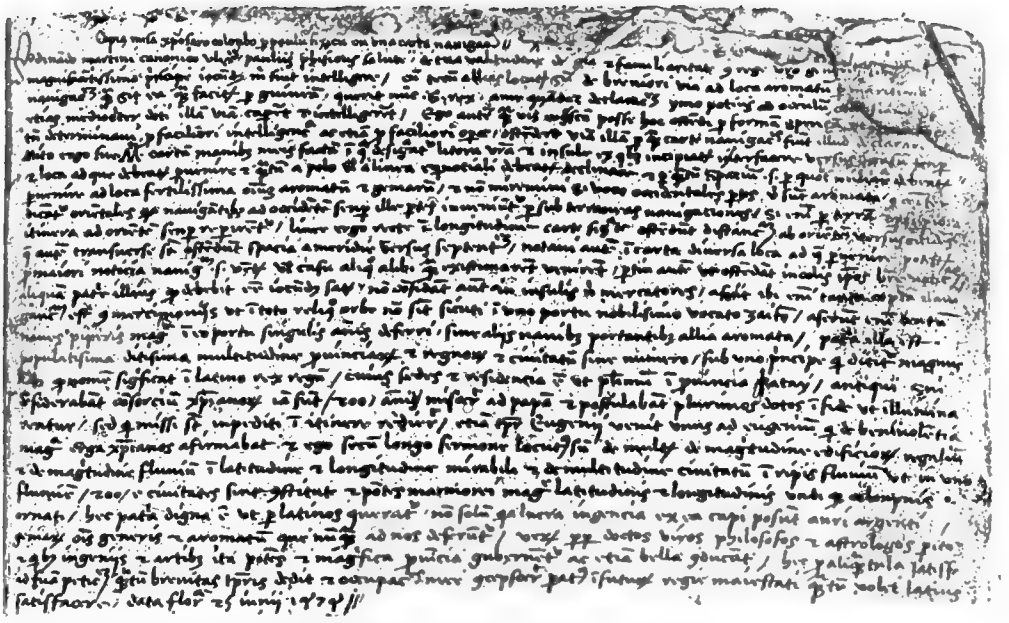

Copy sent to Christopher Columbus by Paul the Physician, with a chart of navigation.

Paul the Physician to Ferdinand Martini, canon of Lisbon—greeting.

It was pleasant to me to know of your good health and of your favor and friendly relations with your king, the most noble and magnificent prince. Since I had converse with you elsewhere regarding the shorter way to the land of spices by the sea route, how it is when you go by the way of Guinea, now the most serene king asks of me some explanation, nay rather an ocular demonstration, to the end that even the slightly learned may understand and know the aforesaid route. Now I, albeit I know that this can be shown by means of a globe such as is the world, yet have determined, (for the more ready understanding and also as the more ready means of showing that route as charts of navigation are made), to give the following explanation. Therefore I send his Majesty a chart, made with my own hands, on which are marked your shores, and the islands from which you may begin to voyage always toward the west, and the places where you should arrive, and how much you ought to diverge from the pole or from the equinoctial line, and for how great distance, that is for how many miles, you must go to reach those lands most rich in all spices and precious stones. And be not amazed if I call "west" the parts where spices are, when commonly they are called "east," since by sailing to the west those parts are always [to be] found by subterranean navigation. For if over land or by the upper [or perhaps "above mentioned"] route, the course would always be to the east. Therefore the straight lines marked perpendicularly on the chart show the distance from east toward west, whilst those which are horizontal show the distance from south toward north. I have noted likewise on the chart divers places at which you can arrive, for the better information of mariners in case they should be driven by the winds or by any chance to places other than they supposed; partly also that they may show to the inhabitants that they have some knowledge of that country, which will of needs be pleasant enough; likewise that none but traders may stop at the islands. For it is said that there is such a large number of mariners there with merchandise that in all the rest of the world there are not as many as in one most noble port called *Taiton*. For they assert that a hundred great ships of pepper put in at that port every year, without counting other ships bearing other spices. That country is most populous, most rich in the multitude of provinces and kingdoms and cities without number; under one prince who is called the great Kan, which name signifies in Latin *rex regum* [king of kings], whose seat and residence is for the most part in the province of *Katay*. Their ancients desired association with the Christians; about 200 years ago they sent to the pope and asked for many men learned in the faith, that they might be enlightened; but those who were sent, prevented on the journey, returned. Also in the time of Eugenius, one came to Eugenius who spoke of their great good-will toward the Christians, and I talked with him in a long conversation about many things: about the magnitude of the royal buildings and the greatness of the rivers in marvellous breadth and length, and about the multitude of cities on the banks of the rivers, so that on one river 200 cities are built, and marble bridges of great breadth and length decorated on all sides with columns. This country is worthy of being sought by the Latins, not only because enormous gains can be got from it, of gold and silver and gems of every kind and spices, that never are brought to us, but on account of the learned men, philosophers and skilled astrologers, and those by whose genius and arts so powerful and magnificent provinces are governed and even wars waged. These by way of some slight satisfaction to your petition, as much as the shortness of time allowed and my occupations permitted, ready in the future to satisfy still further his royal majesty as much as he may wish.

Dated at Florence, June 25, 1474.

From the city of Lisbon to the west in a straight line, 26 spaces are marked on the chart, each of which has 250 miles, as far as the most noble and great city of *Quinsay*. For it has a circuit of a hundred miles and ten bridges, and its name signifies *Cita del Cielo, Civitas Celi* [i.e. City of Heaven] and many wonderful things are told about it, regarding the number of its artificers and their pay. This space is about the third part of the whole globe. This city is in the province of *Mangi*, that is, near the province of *Katay* in which land the royal residence is. But from the island of *Antilia*, known to you, to the very noble island of *Cippangu* there are ten spaces. For that island is very rich in gold, pearls and gems, and they cover with solid gold their temples and royal buildings; so that through those unknown tracts not great spaces of sea need be traversed. Many things perhaps should be explained more clearly, but the careful observer will be able to perceive the rest for himself. Farewell, beloved.

(Reduced (three-quarter size) facsimile of the first part and translation of the entire Latin text of the letter of 1474, attributed to Toscanelli. Copy which is supposed to be in the handwriting of Columbus, or of his brother Bartholomew.)

nantly that Columbus was not an impostor and ingrate. To make the thing more tangible, he declared that his brother had long corresponded with *other* savants, among them Toscanelli, the learned physician and astronomer of Florence. Toscanelli was quite safe; he was already dead. When Columbus appeared, something like a scene ensued between the two brothers, and Columbus took fright. Forgery was altogether too risky, and he forbade the scheme out and out. Furthermore, he himself would never mention this Toscanelli.

But even after Columbus's death, the

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pilot story passed current. Bartholomew then reverted to his original idea. The task was the easier, because he had acquired cosmographical notions along with his brother. He first devised an occasion for the fabricated correspondence by having Toscanelli answer a letter from one Fernam Martins, an imaginary confident of King Alonzo V. of Portugal. Replying to the questions of his friend Martins, Toscanelli advises the king how to seek a westward route and thereby engage in the Oriental spice trade. Bartholomew dated the letter 1474, though the spice trade had not then existed, nor had Alfonso ever thought of a westward route, nor Toscanelli either. Besides, no one in Portugal knew of such a person as Toscanelli, and a race of navigators would hardly ask a theoretical recluse to teach them navigation, anyhow. Then there was the falsifier's hopelessly ignorant cosmographical system. He tried his letter first in Spanish—but as Toscanelli would have written it in Latin, he attempted a translation on the fly-leaf of one of Columbus's books. His handwriting, by the way, was very like that of Columbus. Needless to say that the Latin was much too abominable to shoulder on a scholar like Toscanelli. Still Bartholomew plodded blissfully on. Columbus, experienced navigator, hears of the correspondence, writes to Toscanelli, and receives a copy of the letter to Martins, besides a chart that accompanied the letter. There must, of course, be a chart, to substitute for the one of the dead pilot. Bartholomew considerately arranged this. He fixed up a world's map for Toscanelli. There were parallel and vertical lines crossing in squares, a system unknown in 1474; but Bartholomew rose superbly above anachronism. The chart, however, could not have helped Columbus in the least, and it was stupidly unworthy of Toscanelli.

The Italian's *chef-d'œuvre* did not see the light till nearly fifty years after his death. Columbus's sole heir was then his grandson, Don Luis, a spendthrift and libertine. The family claims against the Crown, if satisfied, would help him out nicely in his riotous pleasures. By now the claims meant more than Columbus had ever dreamed. His few islands were growing into an hemisphere. And Don Luis wanted ten per cent. of the hemisphere's revenues. But the royal attorney held that Columbus had not really discovered anything, and resurrected the dead pilot to prove it. Then Don Luis, more for his seedy purse than an ancestor's honor, clung hard and fast to the theory of the lofty scientific instinct.

About this time Las Casas contemplated a history of Columbus, and asked for the family papers, till then safely guarded in the San Pablo convent. Don Luis found the Spanish draft of Bartholomew's forgery, and gave that and other papers to Las Casas. Some others he destroyed. Now Las Casas accepted the Toscanelli correspondence as genuine, though he had only the alleged Spanish translation. And on his mere word posterity has accepted it after him. He maintained also that Columbus discovered the new world solely by the chart that accompanied the letter. He wrote that he possessed this chart, but no one else has ever seen it or any trace of the Toscanelli correspondence.

No longer ago than 1871 the Latin text of the letter was found on the fly-leaf of one of Columbus's books in the Seville collection. Here was the missing link, the acknowledgment in Columbus's own handwriting of the famous letter. It will be remembered that Columbus and Bartholomew wrote almost alike. And thus the clumsy forgery was made good—the most remarkable and monumental fraud in all history. Half of our planet has been impudently juggled by a trickster, and posterity swindled during four centuries.

The arduous work of proof has already been done, and when such work upsets the version of centuries, and that, too, concerning one of the most important events in history, it rises as an imposing monument of learning. A Goth has tracked his man pitilessly through the dust of ages, painfully gathering clews mid the decay of parchment. He permits no conclusion to bound over the proven facts, and at each step he fences in the conclusions by such facts. Many of them are indicated in our reconstruction of the crime based on his argument, but in the argument itself they are exhaustively set forth, with each piece of evidence traced to its primary source. He who has done this is Henry Vignaud, first secretary of our embassy at Paris. We naturally resent being discovered by an obscure dead pilot, who has not even the *éclat* of a statue. But still it is some consolation that neither Mr. Vignaud nor anyone else has as yet discovered that we are not discovered at all.

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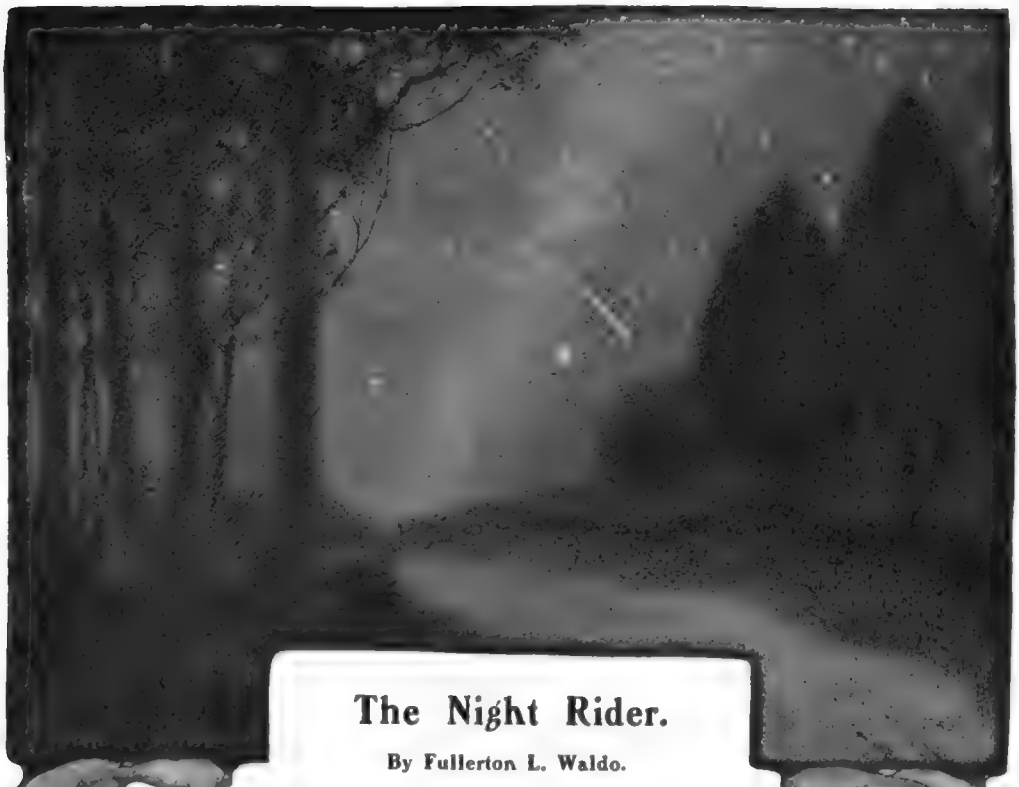

The Night Rider.

By Fullerton L. Waldo.

GIVE me the night and the stars and a horse to ride,
And let me ride out into the night, away,
Away from home till the yellow familiar lights
Checker the blackness behind, and blackness alone is before,
And I ride out into the night, out into the night!

Afar and away, like a ship in the midst of the sea . . .
The stars are over the face of the sky like spray;
And one star flames and falls and is utterly gone,
While the wind wings by with a winging of souls that pass;
And I ride out into the night, out into the night!

O great, good horse! O wide, star-cresseted night!
O fields! O sky! O dim and glamorous woods!
O multitudinous throb and resurgence and thrill
Of the horse and the night and the fields and the
sky and the woods! . . .
And I ride out into the night, out into
the night!

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"Danny"

by

Alfred Ollivant

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle"

Chapter Twenty-nine

On Windhope

TWELVE miles away, across steep scaurs and sudden cleughs and many a little sodden moss, rises Windyhope, a bulwark between the moors and insetting sea.

Half-way up the hill-side stands the stump of an old fir, solitary, moody, desolate, while all about on the hill-side stands in routed disarray, here a group of age-bowed birches, shaking gray heads, there a strippling rowan malapert, apart; a flight of wind-driven oaks with lifted skirts tailing down the hill-side, and far away beneath, Burnwater, serene and pale.

This is that they call the Forest, clothing the hill-side in shreds and tatters; and here beside the fir-tree two stood and talked. One was a burly man, and brown, with a face like the autumn sun and an Englishman's hogged beard; the other, a lank youth with flaming head, pale eyes, and the air of one who is afraid.

"And it was here yo' seyn him?" asked the Englishman moodily.

"Tuesday night," said Simon glibly, "Thursday night again, Sunday——"

The Englishman rounded on him, thundering, and would know by this and that how Simon came in *his* Forest on those or any other nights.

Simon tittered, nibbled his nails, looked at the Englishman's feet, and——

"What's yon?" he asked, pointing suddenly beside the fir-tree stump, "whitey."

The Englishman bent, picked a gossamer rag, and folded it with careful fingers. "Missus's handkerchief," he said shortly.

"Is yon her?" whispered Simon suddenly.

The Englishman turned and looked up the hill.

On the brow of Windyhope a girl stood against the sunset, slender, tall, the dying splendor on her hair of naked gold.

"See here, Mr. Joliff," whispered Simon, and taking his courage in his hand approached. "Just lend yon here a bit."

"Her handkercher?" cried the Englishman.

"Aye," said Simon, nibbling, nodding.

"What's ta' want with it then?" he asked.

"You will see," said Simon; and he saw.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The grim Laird has allowed his lonely young English wife to accept from an admirer, Andie Campbell, the gift of a beautiful sheep dog, which she calls her "babe," on condition that the difference between manslaughter and murder be strictly observed. Trained by his mistress, Danny soon acquires as keen a sense as Robin, the henchman, has of this distinction between "gamey and tamey" fowl; but Deborah Awe, the old house-servant, abiding not this "he-male doag," calls all killing murder, and continually urges His Honor to enforce upon Danny the extreme penalty of hanging. Soon after one of these "bloodying" escapades of Danny's, Missie falls sick and dies, and then Robin and Deborah Awe, in vain trying to comfort the stricken "babe," plead together with the Laird who, proving not too "grim" to be touched by Danny's pathetic affection for an old slipper of his lost Missie, takes the "wee man" into his heart and forever becomes his champion—or "familiar," according to Simon Ogg, a poacher, whose father the Laird had accidentally killed at the time of Simon's birth. Now Danny, for being a warden, is hated by Simon, and for being a poacher is hated by Joliff, warden for an English "fool-man." Now Danny, with a price on his head, and closely watched by Simon, simple tool of the "Englishers," disappears again.

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Chapter Thirty

The Cry to the Well-beloved

OUT of the darkness of the Forest into the glamour of the moon there came a lover, rapt in search. Pausing never, he came across the open glade, treading softly, straight for the fir-tree stump, and mounted it; and the moon was on his eyes, and they shone like anxious stars; and there, with muzzle lifted to the moon, cried out his heart. The waters of the lake, dripping from him, flashed like falling diamonds in the night; and in the anguish of his crying his fore-feet ever lifted as though he strained upward to throw his voice into the uttermost recesses of the dark.

Long he cried; and at last was still, waiting for the Well-Beloved to reply.

The white owls floated overhead on dream-wings; a far deer bellowed; the wan moon never moved; the Well-Beloved would not hear.

At last he seemed to understand, crept to the edge of the stump, crouched to leap down, and stood at sudden halt.

Beneath him, on the turf, fallen from the stars, a white rose lay. The night-wind stirred it; and with it stirred faint echoes of forgotten minstrelsy. He rose and stood with wide nostrils and blind eyes, breathing in deep draughts of the night-air, fragrant with familiar memories. Crumpled, fragrant, fair, it lay there at his feet, pleading to him to pick it.

Not blind, nor for a moment wavering, he made his choice; and leaped.

At that one rose on the edge of the dark, lank, blinking, red-eyed, and came out into the shining of the moon.

He bowed; he laughed; he staggered to and fro, shaking his head as though to shake off some huge clinging joke: and there, in the still, cold majesty of night, under the moon, he danced a drunken reel, flinging his heels and screaming riotously:

> There's one wee devil who is whinin' to get out,
> Rowtin', shoutin'!
> Cries the ole Daddy Devil gaily stirrin' him about,
> "You are out deary devil, on an outin'!"

Danny paid no heed; nor struggled. He sat there, the meshes of the purse-net about him, nor moved for any mockery of man; for in his mouth was his lady's handkerchief, and in his eye was peace.

Chapter Thirty-one

Simon and the Englishman

SIMON stood at the door of the Englishman's lodge in the dawn.

"Danny will trouble you never more, Mr. Joliff," he smirked.

"Hast' caught him then?" asked the other.

"I have so," said Simon, "and more," and leered.

The Englishman hearkened, grim-mouthed. "Let's see the carkiss, ma lad," said he.

In the dawn Simon brought the Englishman to the clearing on Windyhope.

There, beside the fir-tree one sat, enmeshed, and in his mouth a handkerchief.

The Englishman turned.

"Yon thy carkiss?" he asked.

"There's the body," said Simon, "and the breath in it, and a'," and tittered.

Burly, sunbearded, grim, the Englishman strode across the clearing, released his prisoner, and held him at arm's length.

Danny hung quite still; in his eyes were dreams, and in his mouth a handkerchief.

"It's a rum 'un," chuckled the Englishman; "it's a rum 'un," and, holding his prisoner at arm's length, eyed him not without a certain veneration.

"A've gotten thee at last, ma lad," said he, and shook him, this villain of half the tragedies of his later life, not unkindly. "Yo've had your run, and a rare run, too; and noo—yo' muss pay."

He strode on for the stream that trips, and slips, and leaps from the wee lochan on the hill-top to the lake below.

Half-way down the hill-side it runs through a birch-ambushed ravine, and here falls in a long, white plume through a throat of rock into a pool—deep, delicious, green-eyed, set in rocks, and screened by birches hanging over it.

Here, in that lonely hollow, silent save for the childish babble of the stream and cry of a white-breasted water-ouzel beneath, on the rock above the pool, the little party stayed.

The Englishman bent over his prisoner and busied himself.

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Simon watched.

Danny, sitting on the rock, dreams in his eyes, and in his mouth a handkerchief, was far away from the bickerings of man.

Then the burly Englishman rose. In his left hand was a rock, in his right hung Danny; and a rope attached the two. He strode to the edge of the rock.

Beneath him lay the pool, cat-like, crouching, with green eyes, waiting its prey.

"Now, ma lad!" said the grim Englishman, "say thy prayers!" and began to swing him. "Wan—two——"

"Hi!" protested an urgent voice.

The Englishman turned.

Simon, his fingers at his mouth, tittered shyly.

"A—well," said Simon; "crucifyin's the more laffable."

The Englishman measured him with his eyes.

"And it lasts longer," continued Simon, gathering courage.

"Happen yo're reet," said the other, strangely quiet. "Kill him, and I'll crucify him."

Simon retreated, tittering.

"Minnie bid me not touch him," said he.

"Yo' dursena!" scoffed the Englishman, and turned in scorn.

"See here, Mr. Joliff!" urged Simon at his back. "If you will crucify him as you swore, I will kill him after just a bit."

The Englishman turned, slow-eyed.

"Strike hands on that!" said he, and came to him with huge frank hand stretched forth. Simon clutched it eagerly.

The still Englishman jerked him into half-arm reach, dropped Danny, and fell upon the other like a tempest, smiting hugely.

"Call yo'sen an Englishman!" he bellowed. "Ma guy! ma gosh! I'll learn thee!" blow, "yo' bloody-minded"—blow—"Double-Dutch"—blow—"Frenchified"—blow—"Roosian Prooshian"—blow—"made in Gummanee," and felled him.

Simon lay on his face, kicking like a stranded fish.

"Stan' oop!" stormed the Englishman. Stan' oop! that I may fell thee!"

"I'd liefer lay," whimpered Simon, "if it's the same to you."

"Get oop!" roared the other. "Get oop! ma guy, or I'll tread thee!" and began to.

Simon wriggled, rose, and, shifty as lightning, slipped out of fist-reach.

Then he turned, babbling, blubbering. "Ye shall hang fer this, ye bloody Englisher!" he screamed. "You are not his Honor that you can murder folks when you've the mind!—ye bloody burst-pudden foreign Englisher!"

"Hod awa' wi'thee!" stormed the Englishman, coming on.

"Pay me my penny-fee!" screamed Simon, dancing out of reach, "and I will away and tell his Honor I am murdered quite; and he will hang you."

The Englishman thrust his hand into a huge pocket, pulled out a penny, spat on it, and slammed it at Simon's face.

"Tak' it!" he roared. "It's the price o' blood. And may it bring thee the luck o' Judas!"

Chapter Thirty-two

Patient Lady

IT was evening. In the dim hall of the shooting lodge of Altyre two conspirators whispered under the stairs. One was pale-haired, with wisp of pale moustache, giggle-eyes, and eyebrows like a circumflex surprised; the other, surly, burly, sun-bearded; and both were ill at ease.

"What!" whispered the fool-man. "You mean you ain't put him away?"

"I reckon'd happen yo'd like to see him, Sir," whispered Joliff, surly, sheepish. "He's a proper little chap and all."

"You have your order," said the other shortly, and turned.

"To shoot him, Sir?"

"Look here, you!" said the fool-man earnestly. "Either you know your duty or you don't. If you don't, then you ain't the man for me. If you do, then *do it*. And all I say is this," with upraised hand, "I don't want to know one bally word about it—see? nor does the Mistress."

"But the Mistress does," said a still voice behind.

The fool-man started round.

In the door of the billiard-room stood one, tall and slim and maidenly.

"Shoot who?" she asked, looking with large child-eyes.

"What," stuttered the fool-man, "only shoot some rubbish, what," and was withdrawing swiftly.

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"Dear," she said, patient and persistent as a mother with a child, "don't equivocate, and answer straight."

"Oh, what?" said the other testily. "What, what, what?"

"No need to quack so, Tony," reproved patient lady, motherly. "Now, answer nicely—Shoot who?"

"O, be jiggered!" snapped the fool-man. "I've given no orders to shoot anybody."

"Tony!" said the lady with grave eyes, "don't tarrydiddle."

"I ain't," said Tony, aggrieved. "You shouldn't say a feller's tarrydiddlin' when he ain't, little gal. Reelly you shouldn't."

"Shoot who?" said patient lady, and sighed.

"You see to the maids and the milk and your back-hair—that's plenty enough for one little gal," said the other, and ran off up the stairs.

Patient lady followed across the hall.

"Tony," she said, "you may as well tell me now."

"Why should I?" halting on a stair.

"Because you know you'll have to in the end."

"Ha! she'll nag," cried the other bitterly. "Good old nagster! I know her!"

"I shall be kind," said patient lady, "and firm. It's the only way."

She stood at the stair-foot, patient, remorseless. "Tell me, Tony."

"Won't," said Tony. "You be blowed!"

"Yes, Tony," said patient lady, as though to a cantankerous pet-dog. "Tony must. Tony be good. There's a Tony!"

She stood beneath him, large-eyed, reproving, very fair to see.

He looked at her, then came skipping down the stairs.

"Don't be a little juggins," he said and put his arm round her waist. "There's lot's o' things little gals like you are best not knowin'. . . . Come! Let's do a caper! —so. . . . I'll sing. . . .

> The goat's got in the brandy, O!
> The devil's got the dandy, O!
> So prance with me
> To France with me——

She put his arm away wearily.

"Shoot who?" she said, and sighed.

"O dem and condemn, and blight, and blazes!" snapped the fool-man furiously, and gave in.

"Ye see, it's tit for tat like," he stuttered hastily. "His master sort o' shot a man once—see? So I thought if I shot his dog back for him—see? it'd sort o' square up—see?"

"Shot a man!" cried the lady. "Not Mr. Hepburn?" and looked at him with growing eyes. "You—you don't mean—you *can't*—O *Tony*—*not* Danny!"

"'SHOOT WHO?' SHE ASKED."

"What!" stuttered Tony. "Well, ye see, only a precaution——"

"Precaution? What against?"

"Against his comin' again," said Tony, and giggled foolishly.

She stung him with her eyes.

"And you promised!" she cried.

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"What! O, I say! My dear little gal——"

"Liar!" panted the lady.

"Don't get in such a tear, what, you old——"

"Is it done, liar? Quick!"

"No," said Tony, and giggled; "it's bein' done."

"Who by?" cried the lady. Quick, Liar! Answer me."

"Joliff, I suppose."

"And you let him!" she cried, and stabbed him with her eyes. "Wretch!" swept up her skirts, and fled.

Chapter Thirty-three

The Knight and the Englishman

AT the foot of an old black fir on Windyhope, above Burnwater, sat a doomed knight; in his eyes were dreams and in his mouth a handkerchief. At his feet was a new-dug grave, small and shallow as a child's; and round his neck a halter tied to the stem of the fir, ruddy-glowing in the evening.

Across the grave stood Joliff, glum-faced. He spat upon his hands; then clapped his gun to his shoulder.

Tranquil as the evening sat the little knight, a still small majesty of gray, the dreams asleep in his eyes, the white rag in his mouth, and ever gazed toward that gate of gold with pillars of dark pine through which he knew would come to him his Well-Beloved.

Joliff dropped his barrel. Then he blew his nose rudely, expectorated, swore, withdrew the cartridge, peered down the barrel, blew down it, expectorated, swore, pulled forth another cartridge, polished the brass end, weighed it, expectorated, swore, and shoved it home.

Then he took another sight.

Danny looked up at him with grave eyes, and wagged.

Joliff dropped his barrel; drew his fist across his mouth to wipe away an oath; bent, his hands on his great thighs, and said in the other's ear, and confidentially:

"Dom thy eyes, lad!"

Danny wagged with languid courtesy.

Joliff snatched up his gun and kneeled, with blind eyes.

"Art theer, lad?" he hoarsed, and pressed the muzzle of his gun against the other's heart.

For answer Danny yawned.

Joliff heard and opened his eyes.

Danny was licking the gun-barrel.

Joliff snapped his eyelids to. "Steady, old lad!" he hoarsed, as Danny stirred; "it's none o' my doin', mind"—his finger on the trigger—"'Twon't be long," and fired.

There was a little startled yelp, but not of pain.

Over the brow of the hill, through the gate of gold between pillars of dark pine, there came one on white wings.

Chapter Thirty-four

Lily and Oak

JOLIFF rose from his knees and dusted them. She stood at his side like a lily in flames.

"*You dared?*" she panted.

Joliff, oak of the forest, touched his cap, stolid, respectful.

"Orders, 'm," he said, surly and not at all ashamed.

"*You—actually—were—going to. . . .*"

"I were, 'm," said the oak, "and I are, 'm," said the oak. "Will yo' please to step aside, 'm?" and began to circle round her. She stood before him, pale as a sword; nor stirred. "By your leave, 'm."

He thrust out an arm like an iron bar to sweep her aside.

Like a young rowan she bowed to the sweep of his arm, bent beneath it, and sprung erect again.

Then she faced him, snow-cold and still; and Danny in her arms.

"And now!" she said.

Chapter Thirty-five

The Lady and the Englishman

JOLIFF unloaded gloomily.

"It's a rum 'un when Master bids and Missus forbids."

She faced him, flaming.

"Then the Master *did* order it!"

"'A niver said nowt o' t' sort," said Joliff, surly as loyal.

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"THEN SHE FACED HIM, SNOW-COLD."

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"Then how *dared* you ?" cried the lady.

"Dooty's dooty," he said sullenly, "and to be done."

"And is it one of your duties to do what you're not told to do by the Master, and forbidden to do by the Mistress ?"

"Seems not," grunted Joliff, lost in gloom.

The lady regarded him, surly loyal oak of the forest. She recalled that dark conspiracy of two under the stairs ; and divined something of the truth.

"You can go," she said, cold as a March wind. "And I shall never think the same of you again, Joliff," and turned her back on him. "Never again."

Joliff touched his hat. She stood with her back to him and waited.

"Beg pardon, 'm."

She turned. He had not moved, but stood surly, sheepish, his gun in the hollow of his arm.

"Well ?" coldly.

"Master's a despart particular gentleman," said the keeper, playing with the lock of his gun. "And A'm well suited ; and if so be A give satisfaction, and seein' as 'ow he give satisfaction to me, m', so to say," continued the keeper, "and my missus but poorly, and four children," said he, "not to say five——"

"I don't want to hear about that now, Joliff," quickly.

"—or six," continued Joliff, "as you might say, if so be it was twins," said Joliff, gloomily, "which it most is," he said, "with my missus, bein' like one 'erself as yo' may say——"

The lady began to giggle.

"I'd liefer not lose my place, 'm." He made end.

Lady stood with her back to him, Danny in her arms, and said after a long pause, and coldly :

"Perhaps I'll see what I'll say."

Joliff touched his cap.

"Thank you, 'm," he said ; "but it ain't that. "What'll I say to Master when he asks me——"

She swept round on him.

"Asks you what ?"

"If it's a-done."

"What's done ?" sharp as a sword.

Joliff licked his lips.

"Ma dooty," said he. "He'll ha' heard 't shot."

"Well," said the lady, with high nose, "tell him you had a little dog tied to the end of a string and were practising at it —and you missed."

Joliff shook his head.

"He'll say, 'If yo' canna hit a dog at t' end o' string yo're none the man for me.'"

"Then," said the lady, and looked at him with straight eyes, "you'll just say you had no orders to shoot a dog—at the end of a string or otherwise."

"Then, he'll just say, 'Yo' can take your month,' he'll say."

"Then you'll say, 'What for, sir ?'"

"Then he'll say, 'Because I'm none satisfied with thee.'"

"Then you'll just say, 'Why not, sir.'"

Joliff licked his lips.

"Then he'll say, 'Because, ma lad, yo' ain't done your duty.' And then what'll I do ?"

"Then," said the lady, cold as a star, "you'll refer him to me."

The gloom on the big man's face broke up. He grinned like a pleased mastiff.

"Thank you kindly, 'm," he said, tramping away through crisp brackens.

On the brow of Windyhope, in the gate of gold between pillars of dark pine, stood the Englishman, big and black, and burly, against the perfect west.

"'A was none for it, 'm," he said, touched his hat, and was gone the way of the lost sun.

Chapter Thirty-six

Danny Doubts

"O my *dear* Danny !" said pale Lady, and sat down beside the grave.

Then with tender fingers, that trembled still, she loosed the cord from the neck of the prisoner.

"Good-bye, Danny !" kissing her hand to him. "Hie away home, and if you love Lady *ever* so little, don't—*don't*—*don't* come again. A third time would kill poor Lady."

Danny shook himself. Then he came in upon her with lowered tail and sniffed the hem of her garment.

"What is it, little man ?" she asked, mother-tender.

At the sound of her voice he lifted a gray face, and looked at her with troubled eyes.

Night was falling all about her now ; and a horror that among these trees and silent

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creeping shadows her husband might be lurking siezed her.

"Home!" she cried peremptorily. "Hepburn! home! Home to your Murderer!" turned and sped away.

Later she looked round.

He was following her at fifty yards; and as she turned, he made halt with lifted head and tail that drooped; and his soul was in his eyes.

"Home, home, home! to him," she cried, picked up a little stone and flung it at him.

It struck him in the flank; he started, looked, then crept to her feet guiltily.

"So sorry, silly!" cried she remorsefully. "Did it hurt?" and led him to the height of Windyhope, whence across Burnwater and miles of mist-wrapt moors she showed him old Lammermore, large-looming underneath the night, Hepburn, and his home.

In vain. His eyes were on hers.

"O *you!*" she cried; and there, in the growing darkness, fell upon her knees beside him in the heather, took his face between her hands, set his face for home and held it there.

"Look!" she ordered. "*Will* you look?" But he would not, bent on caressing her wrists with tender tongue.

"Oh, I shall swear soon!" she cried, and shook him. "Home! Hepburn! Murder-man Laird! Keep-his-Kirks Laird! Over there—see? No, you *must*, Danny. It's no good slobbering me. I mean it. You must. Now—are you ready? One—two—go!"

She thrust him violently down the hill, arose and fled swiftly; and at her feet, with eyes like stars, fled Danny.

She stopped.

"Now really!" she cried, near to tears. "It's too bad;" plucked a sprig of heather and threatened him with it.

He sat on a mound a little way apart and eyed her anxiously with sideways head.

She went back to him and begged upon her knees. He crept in to her and lay at her feet with upward eyes.

"Oh!" she groaned, "you *are*—you *really are*—" snatched him up desperately, and fled down the hill, through the dew-laden garden heavy with the scent of honeysuckle in the night, in at the side door, up the back stairs, with scared eyes, and so to her own white room, and locked the door.

"HIS LEGS WERE WHERE HIS ARMS SHOULD HAVE BEEN."

Chapter Thirty-seven

Lady's Chamber

UP in her high eyrie that looks down through a gash in Windyhope on Burnwater and the many-flashing Ford, she washed him, and when he was sweet again as thyme, a restlessness came on him; and he began to roam about the room. He pushed into her wardrobe and lost himself among rustling gowns; he came forth again, the skirts of them trailing over him and clinging to his brow like clouds to Lammermore; he thrust beneath the muslin hangings of her dressing-table; he leaped upon the chairs, one after another, and searched; and ever the mystery grew upon him and the trouble in his eyes.

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The scent of honeysuckle was heavy in the room.

Lady stood at the open window against a firmament of stars, in black, with swan-neck and hair of shadowed gold.

His soul leaped to his eyes, flamed and flickered, waxed and waned.

Then he crept to her, whimpering.

"Well!" she laughed, bending above him. "D'you like me?" and strutted her maiden beauty before him. "I am—I am—*rather*—don't you think?" and swept him a splendid curtsey.

At the sound of her voice he stopped. The mist of trouble drifted across his eyes to cloud them; he stood and trembled.

"Now hushez-vous!" she whispered. "Plenty bad men in this house. Lady be back soon," and went. And he was left standing on the floor, lost in a mystery.

Chapter Thirty-eight

T'other Feller

SHE entered the smoking-room, tall chilly Lady. Within sat the fool-man. His legs were where his arms should have been, and he was reading a pink paper.

"I shall not be down to dinner," said chilly Lady.

The fool-man put down his paper.

"Got a headache, Missus?" he asked, with real solicitude, "what."

"I thank you," said chilly Lady, "I have not got a headache."

"Got the hump, then?" giggled the other, "what."

"I thank you," said chilly Lady, "I have not got the hump," and was going forth stately as she came, when, from above, there came a sound of wailing, anguished, long.

Chilly Lady shut the door sharply.

"Blazes!" cried the fool-man, leaping to his feet. "It's from your room, too."

"I'll go and see," panted Lady; turned, flung off her chilliness and fled, with lifted skirts, slamming the door behind her.

At the rustle of her coming the crying ceased. Panting, she plunged into her room and locked the door.

The fool-man, hard on her heels, clamored without for admission, and then departed down the passage, sniggering.

Chapter Thirty-nine

Lady's Chamber

LADY sat down beside the fire; as she worked, white-handed, looking at Danny with serene, fond gaze, he lay at her feet and devoured her with his eyes.

Lady arose, wound up her clock, and her hands began to play about her hair. Then she smiled at Danny, nodded meaningly, and he established himself upon the rocking-chair.

A low voice called to him.

He leaped round, stood on the chair, and looked.

Lady was in the next room, peering round the door, her face shrouded with hair of gold and swept back with one restraining hand.

The door closed.

Danny leaped down, sniffed along the way she had gone, hovering over each white footprint, lover-like; came to the door, and listened, ear at the crack.

He heard her moving in the other room, fairy-footed, and rustling like the wind in willow-leaves, and was glad.

Then another door opened. Other feet mingled with the fairy ones—flop-feet, flat-soled, and unfairylike altogether.

Then a giggling voice spoke.

"What! Shall I be in the way?"

"You're not to go in there!" came Lady's voice, sharp as chilled shot.

"But I want to go. I want to see T'other Feller," giggled Tony.

There was a sound of fairy feet, a scuffle at the door, and titterings.

Then the door burst open.

Danny, ambushed underneath the dressing-table, spying between rifts of hiding curtain, beheld.

In the door stood white Lady, and barred the way.

Before her, tilting on bare toes, to spy over her shoulder, stood one with giggle-eyes, and kissed his hand ecstatically.

"How-do, dear boy! howdy-do! Very glad to see you. Make yourself at home. Called at 8—breakfast 9—prayer-meetin' 10. Bye-bye. Happy dreams."

The door shut, and all was dark. A key turned in the lock. Danny crept forth, a fairy slipper in his mouth, dropped it, and stood at gaze.

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Chapter Forty
Dead Ladye

IN white raiment, shrouded in hair of shadowed gold, Lady leaned out toward the moon and sang a song of chivalry.

Behind her, as she sang, she heard a tiny cry; turned, and peered across her shoulder through gossamer meshes of fair hair with eyes that laughed shyly. Her true Knight stood four-square upon the floor, the moon upon him, and looked; and his soul was like flame in his eyes.

Slowly she turned about and bowed. Her hair fell about her face like a waterfall to frame it; through the mist of it her eyes were seen like tender stars peeping through mist of rain; and with mute lips she invited him to come.

He cometh across the cold moor,
Hot and in haste from the sea,
Home from his Guest,
Cometh to rest
In the arms of his dead Ladye.

He came; slow at first, and at the last with a rush and clamor fell upon her.

She swept him up in fond arms and cherished him maiden-motherly.

At last the cloud had lifted. She had come back to him, his lady dead.

Chapter Forty-one
Just as of Old

DANNY slept that night on the mat in the passage at the threshold of her door, just as of old.

As the innocent-eyed dawn crept in to see her in her sleep, he pattered in to see how it fared with his lady, just as of old.

Upon the sofa she lay curled, and slept, and smiled, merry even in her sleep, just as of old.

Tender-footed he leaped up, crept along beside her, thrust among her hair to find her ear, and pinched it tenderly to show her he was there, just as of old.

She stirred and shook her head as a blush-rose that would shake off a too importunate bee, just as of old. An arm moved, and slim fingers sought her brow.

He could contain his soul no more. In an anguish of delight he leaped on her to smother her.

With a little frightened cry, she emerged from sleep.

"Oh!" she cried. "O Tony!" woke and knew. "Danny!" she whispered, horribly afraid. "Hush! Oh, do! Oh, don't! The door's open! He'll hear!" Desperately she began to scramble to her feet.

"What?" giggled a sleepy voice in the door. "How's T'other Feller?"

"There!" said Lady; and said no more.

Chapter Forty-two
Mother and Baby

THE fool-man stood in the door like a lank young owl clothed in a winding sheet, and blinked at her.

Lily-footed Lady stood in white array, with lioness eyes, and waited, Danny in her arms.

Her eyes gleamed through mists of gold, and she stood, palely flaming, tapping out the seconds with defiant foot, waiting his word. But no word came.

Then she shook her splendid mane, raked it aside with royal hand, and looked forth at him unveiled, appealing, with love-eloquent eyes, unlioness like.

"Do you like me, Tony?" she asked at last.

"Me!" stuttered Tony, blinking. "What! well, reelly! Yes; some days I like you pretty fairish."

Lady tossed back invading hair.

"Only," she pursued, "if you don't, you've only got to say so. That's all. And we can go."

"Go?" said Tony blankly. "When'll we go, what?"

"Not you at all," said Lady. "Baby and me. And I must ask you to let me know *at once*, please," said the young mother, looking up with clear still eyes; "because if Baby's to be killed, I must get my things and pack, as I shall catch the early boat, and I must wire to Mother I'm coming."

Tony stood perched on one clammy foot, the other curled inelegantly about it to keep it warm.

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"I don't want to kill him," he said, like a sulky schoolboy. "I like the little beggar well enough. He's such a dooce of a sport.

"Then," said Lady, "will you, please, tell Joliff he's not to——"

"What?" stuttered Tony. "I never told him to——"

"To what?" said Lady, looking at him.

"To shoot him."

"I never said he'd been shooting him."

Lady's chin dropped on Danny's back, and she looked at her husband long and searchingly.

"And I think it would be safer, perhaps, if you gave him definite orders not to. And anyway I should like it, if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind," said Tony hastily; "I don't mind. Anything to oblige. Fact is, ye see, the feller sometimes does things without tellin' me, for fear of being slated if it's found out he has."

"And sometimes," said Lady deliberately, "he does things without being told, for fear of being sacked if it is found out he hasn't."

"What," said Tony emphatically, "well, fact is he's a first-chop chap is old Joliff, but a reg'lar blood-sucker. He's one of these fellers, you know, like the daughter of the Horse-leech, you know——"

"I know," said Lady, and looked at him through falling hair with eyes of tenderest sympathy.

"Some fellers are that way. It's like the craze for drink, sor o', you know. And it's nothin' whativer to do with me," said Tony. "I wouldn't like you to think that, little gal. And if you can square him—see? Well, he can square me—see? I won't ask any questions—see?"

Lady lifted her chin.

"That a promise, Tony?" she asked, looking at him with eyes beginning to dance.

"Dyin' oath," said Tony.

"True and faithful?"

"S'elp me never," said Tony.

Lady shone forth into radiant smiles.

"There," she cried, merriest of young mothers, and made as though to toss her baby ceiling-high.

Chapter Forty-three

Good-bye, my Blessed

AT breakfast, Danny sat beside her chair, wondering up at her; and twice he went to the door.

"I told you," giggled Tony. "He wants to be getting home."

"He's rather man-ny, after all," said Lady disdainfully, rose, and led him to the steps.

"Go!" said she, and waved a scornful hand. "Go back to your Laird who murders people, and forget all about kind Lady who only saved your life."

Danny went tripping down the steps, came back to her, led away again, turned, and invited her to follow.

Lady hesitated; and then forgave him for his eyes' sake.

So together the two went through the fair morning, gay and glad at heart; he, bearing himself as one well used to ladies' company, in the lead, until they came to that headland where, last night, she had striven with him to turn him homeward.

Here she stopped, stood a moment nibbling a silver pencil, then wrote, looking down at him with mother-eyes, smiling, and yet rain-tender.

"No farther, Danny," she said, kneeled, and her fingers played about his collar.

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Then she rose up and stood and waved to him to go; and he went; ploughing sturdily down the hill through the heather, stayed, turned, and invited her to follow, with urgent tail, and eyes like amber stars.

She would not, but stood there above him smiling, with mute throat and tender eyes, as a mother on a platform waving her schoolboy good-bye.

Chapter Forty-four

Robin Prays to Missie

FOR the first time for three days Robin crept brokenly to the kitchen and looked in.

Within, Deborah Awe kneeled by the empty hearthstone, her great hands clutched together, all knuckle-bones, and working fingers, lost in prayer.

She heard his coming and looked round.

"Was it crucify him?"

But the old man had run out at a little dribbling trot, and crept up to the high loneliness of Lammermore to be miserable there with God alone; and here, in the eyes of the wakening morning, he knelt now, unbonneted, dim, and poured out his heart with sobs to the God of the Bereaved.

Anon he rose, walked to the brink of the hill, and peered out over the mist-muffled moons toward Burnwater.

There was no sign of him he sought. Again he knelt and prayed and ever louder; rose once more to look and only saw beneath him Hope creeping out of the east over the land.

Long he looked; and then, standing up there alone, on the uttermost edge of the earth, he flung an impotent hand into the face of heaven.

"Are you there, God?" he shouted, passionate as a child; then fell to sudden sobs and, kneeling, prayed to her who lay for ever at the foot of the Throne, that she would turn the ear of God toward him.

Beneath him still the moorland lay with the patient face of the unheeding dead. As he looked again, a cock-grouse rose with sudden alarum cry nearer, a raven, slow-winged and gorged, rose, and flapped wearily away; at the foot of the hill a whin-chat leaped into the air; and then it was as though one was walking up the hill-side unseen, yet leaving in his wake a trail of wakened creatures.

Robin fell to his knees. His eyes were shut, and he kneeled with shaking face and clutched hands in attitude of prayer, yet prayed no word.

The heather rustled before him; there was the patter of coming feet and sound of one who pants; then two small hands thrust at his breast, and one was kissing his blind face very tenderly.

Robin gave forward, as one who swoons, and knew that Missie had heard.

Chapter Forty-five

The Return of the Reiver

ROBIN came to the kitchen, Danny riding on his shoulder. There kneeled the woman as he had left her, lost in prayer.

"There's no need for any more of that," cried Robin jauntily. "Hike off your hunkers, lass!"

The woman, still on her knees, wrenched round.

"Where is he?" she creamed, saw him perched on Robin's shoulder above her, striving to get at her with fond eyes, wrigglings, and backward ear, scrambled to her feet, rushed at him, and tore him from his perch, and was parading the kitchen in paroxysms of sobs and laughter.

She ceased her marching and turned suddenly for the door.

"Where to?" asked Robin, obstructing her.

"To tell his Honor."

"We will go both then," said Robin generously. "And I will go first, and you will go second," and thrust her behind him.

In the door the Laird stood like a shrouded corpse, spectre-footed.

Danny, at breakfast on the dresser, looked up, saw, leaped down, and fell upon his master like an avalanche of love.

The Laird picked him up, packed him beneath his arm, turned without a word, and paddled off on naked feet down the groined passage.

The Laird sat in his winding-sheet in the half-arm chair. A shaft of cold sun fell on his gray head to hoary it.

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Robin looked long and at length turned to go.

"Wait," said the Laird, not looking up.

Robin shuffled.

"I caan't wait all day," he said at length, "fer the thanks that do not come."

"I thank you," said the Laird grimly, "fer losing him; and I will thank you," more grimly, "not to lose him again; and, lastly," he said, "I will thank you to read this," and handed him a label, "that I have justed detached from Danny's collar—to read it," said the Laird, "and to explain."

Robin took it and regarded it long.

"I caan't read," he said at last, "without my spectacles."

"Or with them," said the Laird. "I forgot. Hand it back. Heark now," and read harshly:

"The writer presents her compliments to Mr. Hepburn—and he must *never* allow Danny to go poaching again—because you never know *what may happen*. There are bad men about."

He stared at Robin with penetrating eyes, and again looked at the label.

"*What may happen,*" he read, and looked at Robin with sudden thunder-brow. "What's the meaning of that?"

"Caan't say," said Robin shortly, "I have no knowledge of divinations."

"He *can* say, your Honor," panted the Woman's voice the other side of the door, "if he will. And if he will not, I can for him if you will bid him let me in."

"Never!" said Robin, his back to the door. "His Honor is not dressed for receiving company."

"Keep her out, Crabbe," said the Laird. "And you, Woman!" he cried, "just bide where ye are which is right side the door for hearkening and the wrong for seeing, and hear his tale and see he tells it true. Now"—to Robin—"tell on!"

"Tell on!" snarled the Woman—"and tell all! Mind! I am here."

So Robin, sulky as a beaten boy, must needs tell all: of the meeting of dark men at the Ferry Ha', of the oath of the bloody Englisher, and much else; and the Woman shrilly edited the tale through the keyhole.

"How long has this been forward?" asked the Laird when all was finished—"these plots upon him?"

"Maybe just a year-twa," said Robin, feigning nonchalance.

"And you have not seen good to forewarn me?" said the Laird.

"I thought the Woman would have tell't you," said Robin. "I tell't her."

"O ye Adam!" screamed the accused.

"It was for you to tell me," said the Laird sternly.

"I thought ye knew," said Robin

"How should I know?

"Same as I do," said Robin. "Ye might dream it."

"And you think," said the Laird deliberately, "if I had known all this I would have let you lose him so?"

"Me lose him?" cried Robin. "He does lose himself. It is me finds him. Oh!" he cried, in bitterness, "Himself save me from the thanks of man.".

"When each time you lost him," continued the Laird, "you knew it might be the last, and' I'd be left alone."

"I'd be worse than alone," said Robin. "I'd be left to the Woman."

"This is just what I have aye tell't him," shrilled the Woman. "Once ower often, I aye said: and once ower often it has nigh proved; and he would never heed, but jeered and called at me Bald-head!"

"Is it Mr. Hepburn's will," asked Robin, trembling, that I be spat upon by this Person through the keyhole?"

"Hear me," said the Laird terribly, and leaned forward, "there will be no more losing Danny from this day. You understand? I hold you responsible," he ended grimly. "Go!"

Robin went.

"He holds you responsible," said the Woman grimly in the passage without.

Robin stood on the steps before the house, and looked up into the face of heaven.

"You hear, Lord?" he said grimly.

Chapter Forty-six

The Shadow of the Dead

ROBIN pattered off to the village. It was yet early.

At the cottage of Simon Ogg, where now no wolf-eyed mother stood on guard, he stopped, passed through the rank garden where the wild thyme grew, pushed open the door, and entered the evil-smelling parlor hung with bacon-hams, nor knocked.

In a recess in the far wall, on a low-

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heaped couch of straw, lay Simon with flaming head, and slept guiltily.

Robin's hands smacked down upon the youth's naked shoulders.

He woke with a scream and stared up through the dimness.

In the room had been no sound but the hissing of the whispered conversation; now came the noise of hushed feet, ghostly, in the silence, and slow.

Simon started to his elbows, but Robin held him down.

"What's yon?" he hissed, and gazed, and gazed, his face ghastly beneath the freckles.

Robin turned and saw Danny, who had followed him, standing in the dim light with eyes like cairngorms ablaze.

"My fate," said Simon, and fell back, like one dead. "I have seen the Shadow of the Dead. I will not live."

Robin removed his hands from the other's shoulders.

"Do not leave me, Mr. Robin," whimpered Simon. "I will go mad else," and clutched him. "Is he there yet?" and peered round the old man stealthily.

"He is there yet," said Robin, nor whispered now.

"Is it a dream?" asked Simon.

"Well for you were it a dream," said Robin.

"I care na by," cried Simon, and laughed his empty laughter. "I have not seen the Shadow of the Dead, and I will live."

He opened his eyes suddenly, and looked about the room.

Danny was digging busily at a heap of sacking and sawdust in a far corner.

"What gars him snout so yonder?" he cried, rising on his elbow. "There's nothing there."

"If there's nothing there," said Robin, "he will do nothing no hurt."

At that, out of the heap of sacking came Danny, backing and pulling sturdily.

Robin went across to him, and bent.

"Your nothing is one of my roe-deer," he said, and looked at Simon.

Simon lay back.

"He is no wraith for sure," he said, and laughed his empty laughter. "And I will live; and I will not die."

"You will not die," said Robin, shouldering the deer, and turned to look at him. "This day to-morrow you will be praying that you could," and marched out.

Chapter Forty-seven
Simon goes Home

THAT afternoon Robin brought word that his Honor would speak with Simon. Simon went, quaking. The Woman thrust him into the great hall without a word. There sat the Laird in his cloak, lonely, grim, twining gray fingers, and Danny at his feet.

"What have you to say why I shouldn't send you to gaol?" asked the Laird.

Simon sucked his thumb.

"Your Honor killed my Father," he said.

"Because I killed your father that's no reason you should kill my deer."

Simon shifted uneasily.

"A lad must live," he said, "and I'm far ower weak to work."

"You're strong enough to steal," said the Laird.

Simon pondered.

"There's Minnie too," he said. "There's none but me to work for her."

"Ye're not strong enough to work," said the Laird. "You was fergetting."

"There is other things I do for her," said Simon. "I fetch her whiskey. She will miss that sore."

"Sorer than ever she'll miss you," said the Laird, "I can tell you that. "Now, you can take your choice," continued the Laird. "Either you follow in your father's footsteps," said he, "or I will get you admission to a Home I know of. And if you take my advice you'll take the Home."

"Will I wear a chain?" asked Simon cunningly.

"Not if you behave," said the Laird.

Simon shook his head.

"I'll bide with Minnie," said he, "an it please yer Honor."

"You'll take yer choice," said the Laird briefly—"Gaol or Home?"

Simon burst into tears.

"I'll take Home," he said. "Though it's not much of a Home when ye wear a chain all day."

So Simon left Hepburn and retired to a Reformatory on a barren hill in a South Land beside the sea; and the land knew peace.

(To be continued.)

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Should Christians buy the Holy Land

A New Plea for a Crusade based on Money instead of arms

By Arthur Smedley Greene

How strangely inconsistent it is that the Holy Land, where Christ was born, where He lived and died, should be under the control of a cunning, superstitious, and barbarous nation! Yet this is the deplorable fact, notwithstanding that to Christianity we owe the rich blessing of our present civilization, progress, and enlightenment.

Situated under the blue Eastern skies; endowed with a glorious luxuriance of foliage, luscious fruits, and brilliant flowers; and abundantly blessed with rich, natural resources, Palestine was apparently designed to be the garden spot of the world.

What is Palestine to-day? A country desolated by Mohammedan misrule; a country of vagabonds and beggars, who prey upon travellers and pilgrims; a country of bad roads and filthy, cobblestone streets which shake all the sentiment and reverence out of a traveller before he has ridden a mile. What should be the brightest spots are the scenes of the most pitiable desolation and desecration.

How much longer will Christendom allow this fair land, with its wealth of associations, to remain under the blighting influence of a nation aggressively opposed to Christianity?

It is true that, since the Middle Ages, many attempts have been made by the Christian world to wrest the Holy Land by force from the hands of the spoiler; but they all

[Some physical facts concerning the Holy Land are of interest in the light of the author's striking suggestion. It is 150 miles long by about 40 miles wide; in area nearly 11,000 square miles—a little larger than New Hampshire. It is a very mountainous country, the highlands of Lebanon extending through the entire territory; but between the spurs are fertile valleys. On the west are the rich plains of Philistia and Sharon. The land can be made to produce a variety of semi-tropical products, especially citrons, fruits, and olive oil.

Palestine was originally inhabitated by the Canaanites until conquered by the Israelites, who partitioned the land among its twelve tribes. After many vicissitudes it became part of the Roman Empire. In 637 it was conquered by the Caliph Omar; during the Crusades it was a part of the Latin Empire for 88 years. Again it fell to the Saracens, and since has remained tributary to the Mohamedan Sultan. Its present population is estimated at about 650,000 people, mainly of the Syro-Arabian type. Latterly, a movement has been started by the Zionist Congress to establish Jewish colonies throughout Palestine. There are now twenty-two villages of Hebrews in the region, and they have 92,000 acres under cultivation.—Editor.]

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failed because conquest is only theft on a vast scale, and is not in accord with the fundamental principles of Christianity.

My plea is to start a new crusade which shall be in accord with Christ's teachings and our modern sense of right. It must be a *crusade of money*, contributed by the Christian peoples of the world for the purchase of the Holy Land. A combination of Christian men and women for this purpose, regardless of creed or dogmas, could raise out of the chaos caused by backward looking and unprogressive fanaticism a republic in honor of Christ; could restore the famous cities of the Bible to more than their former grandeur, and regenerate the whole country by the infusion of our Western Christian civilization.

With the construction of a much-needed safe harbor at Jaffa, by making good roads through the country, and by the thorough development of the marvellous natural resources, Palestine would become a land "flowing with milk and honey," and one restful place in all the world for the pilgrim tired in mind and body.

I am well aware that the purchase of the Holy Land will not be accomplished without great difficulties; but we all know that no great undertaking was ever accomplished without the meeting and surmounting of apparently impossible obstacles.

So far, I have succceeded in interesting several people of wealth in the Palestine purchase project. They have given assurance of financial support, and will allow their names to be used when a properly organized international society is formed for the raising of the necessary funds.

When the society is formed, the chances of success seem not at all chimerical. *Turkey is poor. Christendom is fabulously rich.* In Christendom money flows like water for any worthy cause, and, without a doubt, when once the Christians of the world are thoroughly awakened to the necessity and duty of bringing under Christian influence the gloriously fair lands of Palestine, money will flow in abundance into the treasuries of the society.

An investigation is now being made to enable us to form an approximate estimate of the amount of money required. As soon as the society can be established with sufficient money to give it weight and dignity in keeping with so noble a cause, a Christian power or powers will be petitioned to negotiate with Turkey for the purchase in the name of the Christian peoples. Palestine will then be created a republic, and the powers will, as a matter of course, guarantee its independence, neutrality, and integrity. It will stand as a living example of peace on earth and good will to men.

When we speak of the purchase and control of the Holy Land by the Christians, it must not be inferred by people of other religious beliefs that this is a movement to exclude them. It is not. The Christians have simply the first and strongest claim; but any laws made under Christian rule could not, and would not, admit of intolerance.

The aim of Christendom will be to restore Palestine to its former greatness and prosperity, and to enfold the birthplace of Christ with the mantle of brotherly love.

SCIENCE AND BURGLARY.

A New and Startling Process of cutting Iron and Steel with a Carbon Point—An Invention by which One Man can do in Two Hours what would formerly have been a Month's Work.

By Charles H. Dennis.

JULIUS E. HASCHKE, an inventor of unusual gifts, recently has hit upon a method of concentrating electrical force so as to produce a destructive current of astonishing power. With the simple apparatus that he employs, he has driven an automobile up an alley in the rear of a Chicago bank, entered that institution, attached his wires, and cut open the steel vault in eight minutes, merely to show the possibilities of his method. He confidently offers to expose to view the contents of any

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MR. HASCHKE OPERATING WITH CARBON POINT AND DESTRUCTIVE CURRENT, AUDITORIUM TOWER, CHICAGO.

safe made of metal while the second hand of your watch is making a dozen revolutions or so. Protected from interference by watchmen, electric alarms, and Providence, says Mr. Haschke, a burglar, armed with these newly discovered appliances, could cut his way almost instantly through any kind of metal barrier and seize upon the stored wealth of vaults and strong boxes. So thoroughly is the force of this assertion recognized by officials of the United States Treasury Department that they have decided to purchase no more expensive so-called burglar-proof safes. Alarm signals and watchmen henceforth are to be relied on mainly to protect the valuables of the government from theft.

Mr. Haschke, while reticent as to the details of his process, describes it as a new method of combining two electric currents at the carbon electrode in such a manner as to multiply their destructive force to an extent hitherto unknown. The carbon point which discharges the current, is attached to a simple wooden handle, and is thrust through a hole in the top of a small, bottomless box of sheet iron, coated with asbestos and having also a wooden handle. This latter contrivance, which swings freely by a cord attached to the ceiling and is steadied by the operator's left hand, serves to shut out most of the withering white light that otherwise would beat into his face, as well as to protect him from the heat and the fiery carbon flakes that leap from the place of contact. The operator's eyes are further guarded by two pairs of dark spectacles, one above the other, and a piece of thick black cloth that is placed between the lenses. Without this protection he would be stricken blind in a very short time, as have been, temporarily, one or two foolhardy onlookers.

Mr. Haschke's work is mainly performed with a current generated by a battery of twenty-eight cells. This is sometimes reenforced by a current from a convenient lighting or power plant.

The inventor has applied for patents on three features of his process, which he believes are original with him. Until he is assured that patents will be issued to protect these features from infringement he chooses to keep them secret. In their interrelation mainly lies the unique quality of his invention. The singular blowing or shooting force of the discharge from the carbon point, he says, has never been secured before. No other process produces from electric currents of a given voltage anything like the destructive power which he has evoked. In fact, no swift results such as his appliances give have been produced before by electricity. In a mysterious black box about a foot square is hidden the secret which he declines to impart even to those who employ his process. This box, with its contents, is leased for a nominal sum when an installation is made, and is not to be opened, except by the owner and inventor.

Has Inventor Haschke rendered dangerously insecure all the metal strong boxes of the world? He asserts unhesitatingly that he has, if their own powers of resistance alone are relied on. With an electric current of fifty volts or less, applied by his method, he says, a carbon point will cut through the hardest steel as readily as a warm knife blade cuts through butter.

A current supplied by an automobile, by a tapped trolley wire, or by a wire of an ordinary electric lighting plant, will furnish the necessary current to spill into the burglar's bag, within a very few minutes, the contents of the best safe ever manufactured. Any metal bars or solid doors shutting off access to the safe can be cut away quite as readily as if they were made of wood.

The view publicly expressed by bankers of this startling possibility is given succinctly and with the best knowledge of the methods of high-grade cracksmen by the bankers' chosen adviser in such matters, Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. Joseph H.

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Schumacher, its superintendent for the Chicago district, asserts that bankers have nothing to fear from the Haschke process. A few years ago, he says, the United States Treasury Department made public the results of careful investigations of the destructive power of an electric current when applied to a safe of the best manufacture. Copies of this report were sought eagerly by burglars, some of whom are expert electricians. Those enthusiasts in the science of bank-burglary began experimenting at once, in the expectation of perfecting a practicable system of safe-breaking by means of an electric current. There was, to start with, no question but that safes could be broken open in this manner. The method was speedy and noiseless. However, the difficulties in the way of procuring a sufficient current of electricity without detection proved insuperable. Attempts to commit burglaries by the use of stolen currents were failures in all instances. In Kansas City a bank safe was attacked with a current of one hundred and ten volts, but the attempt failed. Positive information possessed by the agency, which kept track of these various experiments, proves that attempts at safe-breaking by electricity have been abandoned and bank burglars once more regard their drills and explosives as the only feasible agencies for rending asunder chilled steel plates and combination locks.

ABOUT TO APPLY DESTRUCTIVE CURRENT TO IRON PLATES THREE-FIFTHS OF AN INCH THICK. THE CUT SEEN IN THE PICTURE WAS MADE AT THE RATE OF A FOOT IN FOUR OR FIVE MINUTES.

If a burglar were to tap a trolley wire, or an electric light wire, Mr. Schumacher says, he would give notice immediately to the engineer at the power station which supplied the current that something was wrong and demanded attention. The sharp investigation that would then be set on foot could not fail to prove disastrous to the burglar in the midst of his scientific pursuits. For a burglar to carry with him the battery necessary to supply his own electricity would be, in Mr. Schumacher's opinion, quite out of the question, owing to the curiosity that the cumbersome appliance would arouse in the mind of any chance observer. In short, says Superintendent Schumacher, there has never been a successful bank burglary committed with the aid of an electric current, and very likely there never will be one so committed. This canny detective hints darkly that such curiosity as has been aroused by Inventor Haschke's feats is being carefully nursed by certain manufacturers of electric signals who, desiring to install their protective system in the establishments of terror-stricken bankers, are doing all they can to alarm the latter and their patrons.

However, the young inventor is not anxious that any burglar shall demonstrate the truth of his contention, since his sympathies are entirely with the bankers, and there are many important uses for his discovery that are not in conflict with the criminal statutes. In two hours' time he severed six twenty-two inch steel beams in the Rookery building, in Chicago—a task which, it is estimated, would have required the work of one man for twenty-four days if he had employed the ordinary method of sawing and cold-chiselling the metal. A practical test of the effectiveness of his destructive current in mining copper and other ores is soon to be made in Wyoming. Preliminary experiments indicate that remarkable results can be obtained with it in getting out rich ores. The two-inch thick chilled steel rim of a car-wheel was perforated in thirty seconds. When applied to a granite slab the carbon point promptly made upon it a puddle of melted rock and presently put a hole through the slab.

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No less interesting than his invention is the slender, nervous, hawk-beaked young inventor of twenty-nine.

This young man's knowledge of electrical science is entirely self-taught. The son of a wealthy citizen of Austin, Texas, he has experimented with electricity almost from the time he left the nursery. At fifteen years of age he was made superintendent of motive power of the Austin Rapid Transit Railway Company, and immediately applied himself to rebuilding much of its machinery, to render it more effective. By the time he was twenty years of age he had installed fifty thousand dollars' worth of electrical machinery in various mines in Mexico, and had successfully carried out other undertakings of considerable importance. From the first work that he did as a boy up to the present time, he never has been under the direction of any one, preferring to be his own master at all times. During the past eleven years he has resided in Chicago. Though he has made a great deal of money, he has spent it all as rapidly as it came to him in carrying on experiments and in building up his especial pride, one of the most complete private electrical laboratories in the country.

ON ACCOUNT OF BRIDYEEN.

By William Buelfin ("Che Buono").

JOHNNY and Pat had been friends for years. They had gone to the same school at home. They had come to the country on the same ship. They had taken up camp life together in the pay of the same employer. They had been given thirds in neighboring flocks in the same year. When Johnny married, Pat had acted as his best man. When Bridyeen was born it was Pat who was named as her godfather. When in the course of time Bridyeen's little brother became due in this vale of tears, it was Pat who had ridden his best horse to death bringing Doña Rosa all the way from Monsalvo's camp to professionally assist at the birth. He had subsequently taken part in several christenings at Johnny's as an honored guest. He had taken Bridyeen before him hundreds of times on his saddle for a ride in the camp—from Johnny's house to his own, from his own house back to Johnny's. Her own faithful red pony had been given to her by Pat as a birthday present. Pat had showered boots, stockings, and sweets on the infancy of Bridyeen. As he had remained a single man himself, it had been all the easier for him to give his undivided allegiance to Johnny's people. When Pat went away for a day or two it was Johnny who minded his sheep. When Pat returned he always called at Johnny's before going to his own house, and left his offerings of affection at the feet of Bridyeen. When Johnny went away it was, of course, Pat who attended to his flock. When Bridyeen had grown big enough to be able to gallop across the camp by herself she used to dash out to meet Pat whenever she saw him riding in the direction of her home, and she was sure to know him as far as she could see him. One of her first journeys on horseback had been to take from her mother a gift of potato-cakes to Pat. Many a time after that had she ridden helter skelter over the half league that lay between the two houses with good things, or with friendly messages, or of her own accord on visits of love. When it was curing-day at Johnny's, Pat was sure to be the first neighbor in Johnny's pen and the last to leave it. When it was curing-day at Pat's, no one knocked down more scabby sheep than Johnny. When Johnny killed a pig, nothing could be done with the bacon if Pat were not there to take charge of the salting. In fact, they had been like brothers —had Johnny and Pat. As with Hiawatha and the very strong man Kwasind it had been with them:

> Straight between them ran the pathway,
> Never grew the grass upon it;
> Singing birds that utter falsehoods,
> Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
> Found no eager ear to listen,
> Could not breed ill-will between them,
> For they kept each other's council,
> Spake with naked hearts together.

But now all was changed. Johnny and Pat were friends no longer. All intercourse between the two houses had suddenly ceased.

I was dreaming away a spring morning near the river, after having turned my flock from the water, when Pat rode up. There

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are men who will not talk of what is nearest their hearts; and there are men who will. Pat was a man of the latter class. When I asked him how things were on his side of the stream, he said in one of the choice foreign idioms which adorned his vocabulary:

"Koo-shee, koo-shee!"

"What's that?" I said.

"It manes," explained Pat, "that things is only middlin'. I suppose you heard that Johnny and meself aren't spakin' any longer?"

"Yes, it's all over the camp, Pat. But is it true?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "it's true. We're out. Me and Johnny are out. We're black out. An' it's his blame, so it is. He began it. He kicked me dog—kicked him before me own very eyes!"

"That wasn't right," I said. "What was amiss with the dog, anyhow?"

"Amiss with the dog?" he repeated indignantly. "Amiss with Snap? There wasn't anything at all amiss with him."

"Well, what was wrong with Johnny, then?"

"Spite and sulk and conthrariness! That is what was wrong with him. I had some words with him an' gave him some of me mind; for, dang it, they pulled it out of me—about that child."

"What child?"

"Bridyeen. I just tould them sthraight what was in my mind about their goin's on with that *garahalya*—I suppose you know I am her godfather?"

"Yes—I have heard it."

"Si, señor! I'm her godfather and has authority over her, be rights—because a *padrino* (godfather) in this country has more authority nor at home. Why, look at me fri'nd Dionisio! He's godfather to one of Carrero's childhre, an' whenever that gossoon meets Dionisio he axes his blessin'—all because of the authority that a godfather has—d'you understand?"

"Yes, I see the point."

"Well, last Friday was a fortnight, Bridyeen come flitterin' down the camp ridin' sthraddle legs—like a boy, an' floggin' that pony as hard as ever she could, and chasin' after cows, an' thryin' to *pechar**—not a lie, I'm telling you—thryin' to *pechar* an' do thim native tricks. 'Bad luck from you,' sez I, gallopin' afther her, 'isn't this a nice business for you to be at?' sez I. 'Stop this minnit. Come back here,' sez I, 'an' remember,' sez I, 'that you are goin' on twelve years of age,' sez I, 'you this and that,' sez I."

"And did she come back, Pat?"

"Not a foot. Instead of comin' back she chased the cows through me flock of sheep, an' I took out afther her. 'Come back at wanct,' sez I. 'It's a shame for you. I'm shocked at you,' sez I. 'Come back and stop that divilment an' sit side-saddle ways,' sez I, 'you bowld stump,' sez I, 'or whin I ketch you I'll rise me hand over you an' give you down the banks,' sez I. But I might as well be ordherin' the wind to blow th' other way. An' that wasn't the worst of it. She answered me in Spanish—not a lie in it—ripped out a lot of thim dirty buck-toe† words. What do you think of that? Where in the world did she pick up thim sayin's? Is it in the wind or the air, or where? Danged if I can tell. Whin I heard her at thim goudger [gaucho] curses I threatened her more and more, but she only laughed an' cleared out after a calf, yellin' like a hianya. 'Wait, my hussey,' sez I, an' up I wint to Johnny to tell him and the Missis about it. I towld thim, but they didn't pass no remarks of any account whin they heard it.

"'Isn't she the gallus shlip, now!' sez Johnny. 'Well, isn't she a fret!' sez the mother. That was all, thrue as I'm tellin' you; that was all they said—an' she goin' on horseback like a boy, mind you, and cursin' in Spanish! But that's nothing to what comes next."

"Is it very bad, Pat?"

"Bad? It's scandalous, begob! Whin I wint out to mount me horse, if I didn't find him without a stim of hair on his tail. While I was talkin' to the father and mother inside, didn't she come back and shear me horse! There he is over there beyant now, docked like a brood mare, an I—I'm ashamed to look at him. If I was to saddle him for the next six months, until he grows a little hair on that tail, I'd never hear the last of it; sure it's the laughin'-stock of the counthry I'd be. 'Come here,' sez I to Johnny and the wife, 'come here and look at what she has done now.' Whin they saw what it was, the mother was furious, or purtinded

* *Pechar* is a transitive verb, meaning to run the breast of your horse against something. It is a favorite way of dealing with refractory cattle.

† *Buck-toe* is a synonym for Gaucho amongst the Irish settlers.

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to be, an' picked up a piece of wire an' shook it at Bridyeen, who was already at a safe distance out in the camp. But divil a word Johnny said at all, an' only thried to keep from laughin'. Whin I see him puttin' his hand to his mouth to hide the grin, I was stomached intirely, an' sez I as I mounted an' rode off, 'All right,' sez I, 'laugh away, Johnny,' sez I, 'yez'll have her as yez reared her,' sez I.

"As I was saying, that was last Friday was a fortnight, an' next day whin I went down the camp, meself an' Snap here [Snap on being alluded to wagged his tail and tried to look modest], Johnny rode over to me an' was very frindly, like as if he wanted to skim over the business, an' sez he, 'Mary (that's the Missis) sez for you to come over an' have a cup of tay, as it's ready,' sez he. I'm the last man in the world to keep a grudge in for anybody, so I wint."

"That was right, Pat."

"Nakkeral, it was. I wint, and Johnny's missis was pleasant-spoken an' civil, an' down we sat.'

"And Bridyeen, where was she?"

"I'm comin' to her. Whin I wint into Johnny's I didn't see her, an' I didn't say anything about her. 'Maybe,' sez I to meself, 'she's ashamed of herself, an' that she'll come later on, and whin she does, I'll say a few soft words to her, just to show there's no coolness, an' that it's all right between us.' So we chatted away an' had the tay, an' smoked a blast, and got talkin' of ould times—an' between gostherin' with Johnny an' joking with the missis and playin' with the rest of the childhre the time slipped by, an' still no Bridyeen was to be seen.

"All of a suddint up jumps Johnny an' looks out of the dure, an' thin begins to swear and curse. What was it? 'Deed you may well ask what it was. His own saddle-horse with a sheep-dip tin tied to his tail—no, not to his tail, for the tail was all cut away exceptin' a few ribs to hould the rope that had the sheep-dip tin tied to the ind of it. It was only the lavins' of a tail, an' all the mane was gone, too, an' that horse was kickin' an' buck-jumpin' an' risin' dust out of the *rodeo** like a pampero, an' every time he kicked that tin it made a shot like a gun, and there was Bridyeen on her pony splittin' her sides laughin' an' shoutin' Spanish sayin's at the horse. It was a fret! An' Johnny was as mad as a hatter, an' he got a piece of boord to bate the child with, and vowed vingeance upon her. The thorn was in his own heel now, d'ye see, an' he was not grinnin' like the day before, when Bridyeen shore that horse o' mine. He was ragin' mad, an' was runnin' out of the patio afther her, whin I got before him, an' sez I, 'If you sthrike her with that boord,' sez I, 'you'll break her bones, an' afther all childhre is childhre,' sez I, 'an' she won't do it no more.' The Missis she run out, too, and thried to take the boord from him, but he wrastled out of us, an' sez he, 'Don't hould me,' sez he. 'I'll not be said or led by nobody,' sez he, lookin' at me, 'about me own affairs,' sez he. 'It's all your doin's,' he sez to me. 'You're the cause of it all,' he sez. 'You spilt the child, y'ould gom,' he sez, 'pettin' her, an' makin' much of her, an' goin' on with your nonsense. Dang your sowkins!' sez he, 'can't you marry an' have childhre of your own, an' let other people's childhre alone, an' mind your own affairs?'

"'That'll do now, Johnny,' sez the Missis, 'that'll do. Pat is only sayin' what you said yourself yesterday, whin she sheared the tail——'

"'Ha! ha!' sez I, takin' the word out of her mouth, and givin' it hot to Johnny, 'it's only whin the child does anything to yourself that she is wrong or spiled. You spiled her yourself,' sez I, 'and serve you right,' sez I. 'Didn't I tell yez yistherday that yez would have her as yez reared her?'

"'Well,' sez Mary, flarin' up, 'you may keep that part of your mind to yourself,' sez she, 'until you are axed for it. An' it's the likes of you,' sez she, 'that isn't married, that goes round findin' fault with other people's childhre,' she sez.

"There she was attackin' me, afther me thryin' to make pace, an' there was Johnny with the boord in his hand, with a face on him like a full moon, an' he standin' not knowin' whether to purshue Bridyeen or go on ballyraggin' me. I was in no humor to stand much nonsense, and it was on the tip of me tongue to say somethin' purty cuttin' to her an' Johnny, when out runs a blue dog——"

"Now, Pat," I said, reproachfully, "be merciful to me. Don't ask me to swallow that—I who have never injured you——"

"Swallow what?"

* *Rodeo* is the grassless beaten space in front of a sheep corral where the flock stand before being shut in. *Rodeo* is also applied to a round-up of cattle.

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"That blue dog," I replied. "It is true that I have been but a few weeks in the camp; yet I know that there are no blue dogs——"

"An' who said there was blue dogs? The blue dog that run out from behind Johnny's house wasn't nakker'lly blue. He was nakker'lly a yellah dog. But Bridyeen, while we were talkin' inside, had used her mother's blue rag on him, and made him as blue as the sky over your head. Do you see now?"

"Perfectly, Pat, and beg your pardon; go on."

"Well, when Snap here seen the blue dog goin' afther Johnny's horse, and whin he seen that horse thryin' to kick the sheep-dip tin out of the counthry, and whin he heard the blue dog barkin' he got excited, an' not knowin' the blue dog in that disgustin' color, he wint afther him, an' they fought like two divils. Snap, of course, is the best fighter, an' it wasn't long until he had the blue fellah undher him, an' chawin' him about the throath; an' thin over runs Johnny and kicks Snap; an' thin I wint to Johnny; an' we had it up and down."

"So there was a fight, was there, Pat?"

"Well, yis, more or less. We said things to aich other first, of coorse, an' thin I raiched for him with me lift; and he raiched for me, an' I got one into his right eye, an' he got two, bad luck to thim, into me mouth, when Mary came between us. If it wasn't for her there would have been quare work, I can tell you. She threw her arms around Johnny an' held him, an' towld me to go away out of her sight an' never come near the house for evermore. An' so I came away. An' if ever I trouble them again, or care what becomes of that saucy slip, or if ever they see me shadow across their durestep, may I——"

Pat never finished that sentence, at least not in words, for just then Snap growled, our horses pricked up their ears, and looking round we saw Johnny galloping towards us, not a hundred yards away. Without drawing rein, scarcely, he splashed through the river, and in a few moments he pulled up his panting and foam-coated horse within a few feet of us.

"Oh, Pat *amock!*" he said hoarsely, and stopped.

His face was drawn and sorrow-laden. His eyes red and swollen. His quivering lips were pale.

"Is anything wrong, Johnny?" asked Pat, with a whole world of forgiveness, anxiety, and tenderness in his voice.

"There is," said the other with a sob, which shook him from head to heel. "It's Bridyeen. Oh, Pat, Pat; you were right about her goin' mad about the camp. What'll we do, at all, at all?"

Pat was nearly as white as the streak on the nose of his horse as he said:

"Bridyeen! What's wrong with Bridyeen?"

Johnny steadied himself, and with his two hands locked on the withers of his horse, and speaking in a queer, low, hurried way, he said: "This mornin' she fell off horseback goin' at full tilt after a cow, an'—she was sinseless until a while ago, an', God help us, I think she is dyin', an' she's callin' for you, Pat, callin' for you the whole time. Will you come an' see her?"

Would he? Would he go to the end of the earth for her? In less time than it takes to write it both were off; a shower of water and mud leaped up in the river from the flying hoofs; and then across the level stretch of clover they galloped at full speed in the direction of Johnny's house side by side. It was the first time in my life that I had seen a great sorrow weld anew the broken bonds of friendship and affection, and I have not been able to forget it, nor do I want to learn how.

Johnny and Pat were nearly out of sight when it occurred to me that I might be of some use to them, so I followed. As it happened, I was of use for once in my life. I minded the baby—the fifth or sixth, I forget which—while the mother and father and Pat attended to Bridyeen. Later on I shut in Johnny's and Pat's sheep, as well as my own, for Johnny had galloped away to the east in the early afternoon, saying to me as he started: "She's not so bad as we thought. An' I am goin' for Ward, the bone-setter." And Pat was inside in the sick-room with Bridyeen in his arms, moaning as she lay with her head on his shoulder, and one arm around his sun-tanned neck. The other little arm was broken, and Pat supported it in its bandage with his strong right hand as tenderly as if it were the gift of an angel. The great bone-setter came near midnight, and put Bridyeen to rights. In a month she was as well as ever again. She is a comely maiden now, and they say that Pat—but the story I set out to tell is told.

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"THEY SAW TERROR FLASH ACROSS THE KING'S FACE AS HE LOOKED UP."

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BELSHAZZAR.

A TALE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON.

By William Stearns Davis.

Illustrated by Lee Woodward Zeigler, with Decorations by Joseph E. Laub.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Atossa, daughter of Cyrus, King of Persia, betrothed to Belshazzar, King of Babylon, now attended hither by her young lover, Darius, with other Persian Princes, is received by Avil-Marduk, Chief Priest of Bel, and his hated foe, Daniel, the Jew, the "Civil Minister," now old in the service of Belshazzar, and much honored by the people. Proceeding in pomp to the palace, they are brought to a stand by the sudden peril of Daniel's daughter, Ruth, through the fury of an escaped royal lion, which Darius quickly pierces with an arrow. Thus, saving Ruth from the lion, and incidentally from the King, Darius finds a friend in her betrothed, Isaiah, the young Jew, while Ruth herself is kept hidden in the country. Daniel, Darius, and Isaiah, thus closely brought together, are not long in learning that the king has attempted by this marriage with a daughter of Cyrus to avert suspicion of his Egyptian league against Persia.

One Gudea, a crafty exorcist, whose murderous profession Isaiah has discredited, seeks redress of Avil-Marduk, claiming that it was Isaiah who had murdered Saruch, a rich merchant and pious servant of the gods. The High Priest, therefore, easily bribes Gudea to collect evidence against the Jews, meaning Isaiah and his father-in-law, Daniel.

At this time Darius is warned by the Lady Atossa to be on his guard against the morrow's hunt; but he, disregarding, narrowly escapes treachery in the royal forest, thus showing the king's hand, and is thrown into prison, where Avil-Marduk has also succeeded by this time in putting Daniel.

Mysteriously as he disappeared, Isaiah now reappears, during the great procession of Bel, at the head of the temple steps, foretelling the doom of Babylon; the people, meanwhile, crying out in fear, "The gods are angry on account of Daniel. Spare Daniel," while the priests of Bel reply with "Death to the Jews," and set upon Isaiah. A riot follows. Isaiah, given by Atossa a talisman which shall vouch for the tidings he is about to carry to Susa, once more disappears. The king, meanwhile, having quelled the riot and granted amnesty to all save Isaiah, accuses Darius of plotting against Babylon, condemns him to death, yet sends, withal, by Gobryas, the General, veiled protests of peace to Cyrus. While the latter takes counsel with his princes, Isaiah, appearing at Susa with tidings of Belshazzar's double-dealing toward Darius and Atossa, promises to deliver the captives in safety to Cyrus, if the King of Persia will aid him in liberating the Jews by making war on the King of Babylon. Cyrus then declares war, and Isaiah returns secretly, as he came, to Babylon, and makes preparations for the escape of Daniel and Darius. One night, the guards being drugged, Isaiah, Daniel, Darius, and Zerubabel, an apostate Jew, making their way through the tunnel under the Euphrates, are stopped by the guards, now roused by the barking of dogs, and Daniel is retaken, while the others, escaping through the tunnel under the Euphrates, arrive at the camp of Cyrus, pitched before the captured city of Kuthra. Thus Isaiah fulfils his promise to Cyrus, delivering Atossa's letter to her father and begging the latter to make all speed against Babylon ere she becomes the wife of Belshazzar. Isaiah's reward, the deliverance of the Jews, must be brought about by the same means; thus Cyrus encamps before Babylon.

CHAPTER XIV.

THREE months nearly had the host of the Persians lain under the walls of the capital. Cyrus had accomplished nothing, and the black tents of the besiegers were disappearing. Already the pavilion of Cyrus had vanished behind the plains; the retreat bore almost evidence of a rout.

"Follow after! Destroy them utterly!" advised the younger and bolder captains about the exultant king, while he surveyed the welcome scene from the Gate of the Chaldees. But Sirusur, who next to Belshazzar's self had won most glory in the defence, only observed with the prudent wisdom of the all-knowing Ea:

"Leave them alone, your Majesty; the barbarians are at strife among themselves; they will soon turn their swords on one another, and so fight for us. Our army is weary with the siege; grant it some reward before we take the field to conquer Cyrus's provinces. Proclaim a great feast of thanksgiving throughout Babylon."

"And is it not one year to-morrow night," demanded the king, nothing loath—"since I betrothed Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus?"

"Even so, your Majesty," quoth Bilsandan the vizier, at the other elbow.

Belshazzar clapped his hands in right kingly glee.

"Praised be every god! Do you proclaim a feast over the city for to-morrow and to-morrow night. Let Babylon be one house of mirth, for it shall be her king's triumph and wedding-night together. Prepare the palace for a banquet such as no king before—no, not Nebuchadnezzar the Great—set for his lords and captains; there I will

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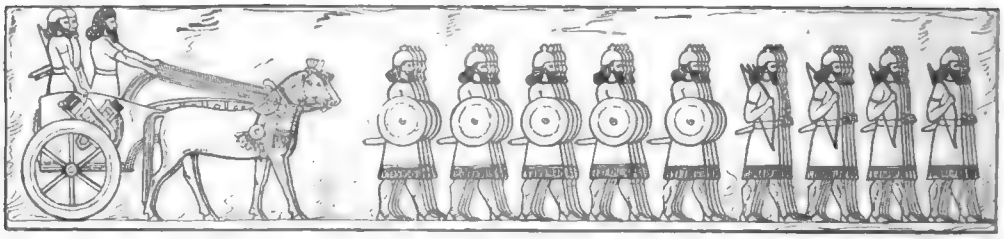

drink wine before all Babylon, and show forth the daughter of Cyrus, whom I take to wife."

Therefore the crier had fared through the streets, and all Babylon gave itself over to merriment.

None did so with a gladder heart than Itti-Marduk, the great banker. That evening, when he sat with Neriglissor on his house-roof, the excellent man was in a state of enviable content. Two days before, he had sold out a huge granery of corn at half a shekel on the homer* above the price it would now fetch, the siege being over. The banker grew confidential.

"My dearest Neriglissor, you know that there have been many tales afoot lately since the day of the great riot, and that scene in his Majesty's council where Sirusur the general and your own lord Avil-Marduk passed such bitter words, the two have been as cold friends as a lamb and a desert hyena. One is that Sirusur the *tartan* and Bilsandan the vizier fear the hostility of Avil and his influence over Belshazzar so much, that, rather than see him wax in power, they prefer to open the gates to Cyrus."

"A lie! Sirusur's valor in the sortie last night proved it so."

Itti let his head come yet closer to the priest's as they sat together; his gaze was shrewd and penetrating.

"And is this a lie also?—that Avil-Marduk, the worshipful priest of Bel, would notbe greatly displeased if some hap of fate were to set him on the throne of Nebuchadnezzar? By Samas, you are startled!"

Neriglissor was smiling uneasily.

"His Majesty is childless, thus far; he is the last of his line——"

The banker broke the other short with a dry chuckle.

"But the king weds the Persian—there may be an heir."

* About three bushels.

Neriglissor rolled one eye in his head. "Many things can befall before an heir is born to his Majesty."

"Ha!" laughed the other, "so be it, if trade is not disturbed, and Avil-Marduk remembers that he yet owes me twelve talents, be he king or priest!"

So the gossip ran in the town, and in the palace there was one continuous carnival. Belshazzar sat on his throne in the great audience hall; two tame lions crouched at right and left; but he, in his kingly majesty, the noblest lion of them all. Before him had come the captains of thousands and of hundreds, to pay obeisance and listen to the royal words of praise, or even to receive some crowning mark of good-will—a chain of gold hung round their necks by the monarch's own hand.

It was hardly more an hour of triumph for the king than for Avil-Marduk. His policy of mingled caution and boldness had been completely vindicated. His influence in the royal council would be supreme. Never had Babylon stood so clearly in the zenith of glory. Only one thing marred the high-priest's bliss. Sirusur the *tartan* and Bilsandan the vizier gave no compliments, only dark frowns, when they passed him; and Avil spoke again within himself of a certain ambition that boded little good for general or minister—or even king.

But the hopes and fears of his underlings had little place in the heart of Belshazzar that day. Mermaza came before him with a tale that made the eunuch's smooth face beam with complacent mirth.

"Lord," quoth Mermaza, smirking, "have you forgotten the daughter of Daniel?"

"Forgotten? By Istar, am I like to forget those stars, her eyes, or how her accursed father has hidden her, despite all search?"

"Wrong, my king," Mermaza brushed his stiffly pomatumed curls on the leopard's skin at Belshazzar's feet. "I and my eunuchs

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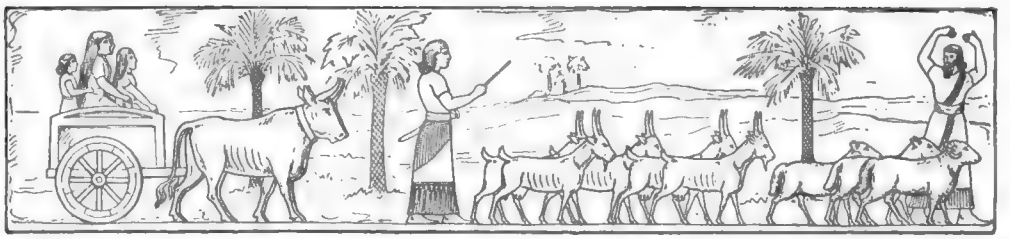

have discovered. A shy partridge, but she is snared."

"Nabu prosper you, fellow! How did you secure her? When? Where?"

Mermaza's smile grew yet more honeyed. "Lord, your slave can tell the story quickly. Daniel hid the maid with his friend Imbi-Ilu at Borsippa; but when that traitor fled to Cyrus, he gave the maid into the keeping of one Dagan-Milki, a schoolmaster who owed Daniel some debt of gratitude. To-day, in the rejoicings, one of the older scholars, well laded with palm-beer, chattered somewhat in the ears of Ili-Kamma, the slyest rat amongst all my eunuchs. Said the lad, 'Our master has a strange maid in his family, and her manner is thus and thus.' Ili comes to me; together we go to the school and house of Dagan-Milki. And behold! Dagan lies in the inner prison, and Ruth, the daughter of Daniel, waits now the good pleasure of Belshazzar, the ever-victorious king!"

Belshazzar gave a laugh that almost set Mermaza to trembling: for it was safer sometimes to hear the roar of uncaged lions than such burst of royal mirth. But the eunuch had nought to fear.

"Where is the maid?"

"Already here in the harem; I have commanded that she be dressed in a manner pleasing to your Majesty."

"Again I give you thanks. Lead me to her." But the king paused an instant. "One thing also: command that Atossa be brought to me, when I am with the Jewess in the harem."

Atossa had been on the palace roof that afternoon, where she had spent many a long hour during the siege, gazing towards the lowering walls and praying for the moment so long delayed—when Aryan steel should be flashing on the summits of those ramparts. And now she was brought to the king.

Atossa found Belshazzar in one of the cool, softly-lighted, high-vaulted chambers of the harem: he was lolling on the crimson cushions of his couch; in his hand a constant companion of late—a wine cup. But what Atossa was swiftest to see was a young girl seated on a footstool at his right elbow—a slender, graceful thing, but shivering, and glancing furtively this way and that, like some trapped creature watching for escape. Only the flutter of the fans of the inevitable corps of attendants broke the silence when Atossa was led before the king. She made no motion or sound; only looked straight before her, with stern, glassy eyes, as if seeing all, yet seeing nothing.

Belshazzar raised himself and tilted the goblet to his lips.

"Your health, my queen; may it be happier than that of your valorous father."

The hot color in Atossa's cheeks was the king's sole answer. He drained, and thrust back the cup into the ever-watchful cupbearer's hands.

"Lady," began he again, a trifle more soberly, "you have fought against the bridle, but the Chaldee's curb is too strong. To-morrow you become indeed my wife. One year in Babylon is time enough to forget Susa. You are of us now."

"I Babylonish?" demanded Atossa, and in the last word there was a whole weight of scorn. But Belshazzar only let his eyes half close in easy good humor. "You are a comely maid, even though Cyrus be your father. I do not repent his sending you to Babylon; for Istar's self might stand beside you, and flush with shame. You shall become my 'first queen.'"

"So I am to be first queen?" spoke Atossa, pointing with a finger; "but this woman—who is *she?*"

Belshazzar pinched the smooth arm of the maid at his side.

"Look up, my queen! The lady does not remember the day when her marvellous archer friend, Darius, saved you from the lion!"

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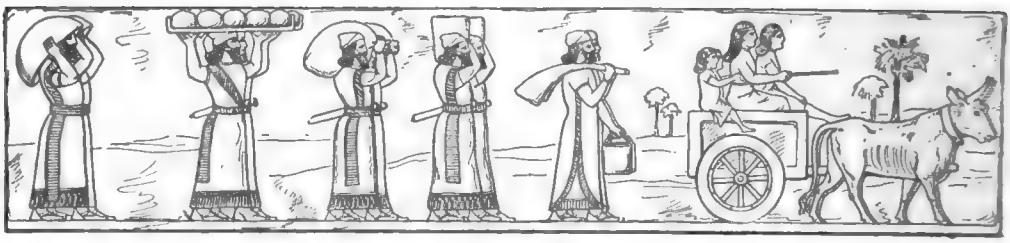

Atossa caught the girl roughly under the chin, and looked into her face. "Excellent taste, my king," she taunted. "So this is the maid who is to divide honors with me. Is her father the Pharaoh, or Nadab the boatman?"

The girl shuddered out of Atossa's grasp. "He is Daniel, the one-time civil minister."

All the anger vanished from Atossa's face instantly.

"Your Majesty," said she, "surely you have made merry enough with your two slaves for to-day. Let me take the daughter of Daniel with me to my chambers."

"Let the king so favor his handmaiden." It was the first word Ruth had spoken. And Belshazzar declared, with another great laugh:

"So be it. Go your ways. Teach this wench speech, Atossa, and I thank you. But one last command—let the Jewess be present at the feast of triumph; for if you are to shine as Istar, the other great goddess, Beltis must not fail."

Once in the private chambers of Atossa, Ruth cast herself on the tiles at the queen's feet, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, lady! If you have any power indeed, give one favor, a speedy death, and end my pain! Better black Sheol, than to hear again the voice of Belshazzar!"

But the Persian, stronger and maturer, raised her up, and held her head against her own breast.

"Peace, peace. Lamentation binds up no broken hearts, else would mine have ceased its grieving long ago."

"Ah! God is weak," groaned the Jewess, "else why has Belshazzar thus been suffered to blaspheme Him and to prosper. The king has hounded my lover from the city; has flung my father into a dungeon, and soon will take his life. Just before you came to, Belshazzar said to me, 'Forget your Jewish god, my pretty; for I will teach the nations how helpless is the demon the Hebrews and Persians serve.' Once I was strong; once I bade Isaiah risk all for our God, and count nothing for Him too dear. But now—I am not of kingly blood as you, oh lady—I can only know that to all seeming Marduk has conquered Jehovah."

Atossa pointed from the window, beyond the green foliage of the "paradise" about the palace, beyond the ziggurats and the towering walls:

"I know that hope is not ended."

"But Cyrus departs," said Ruth, quivering. "His princes disobey him, and turn against him."

Atossa pointed again towards the window. "Cyrus departs. Little you know my father, or the princes of the Persians, and our Aryan fealty. Other kings have cried 'victory' when they warred with Cyrus; but those kings—where are they?"

"Yes, lady," cried Ruth, still quivering; "but to-morrow is the feast, and after the feast Belshazzar will possess us utterly."

"The time truly is short"—Atossa's eyes, for the first time that day, shone with tears—"yet if Ahura willeth—one last moment shall yet bring low this Babylon and its most evil king."

"But we?——"

Atossa shook her head impatiently.

"We are only women, made to trust and bear. We can only wait His will."

CHAPTER XV.

As the first twilight spread, the multitudes commenced to surge through the open gates of the palace. Long before the proper feast was prepared, the royal stewards had brought the skins of the rarest vintage from

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the palace cellars, and emptied them into the great silver mixing-bowls which stood in every corner of the vast courts, with a busy eunuch by each, handing forth goblets to great and small—for all Babylon could call itself Belshazzar's guest that night. The walls of the courts had been hung with gay stuffs curiously embroidered; over each of the courts rippled a vast awning of Sidonian purple, hung by a clever system of pulleys, making the huge space one banquet chamber. And under this canopy, as everywhere else in the king's house—save the inner harem—jostled the shouting, rioting, multitude, maddened with drink—ass drivers, gardeners, artisans, women, children, even—pressing around the eunuchs and stretching forth eager hands for the goblets.

"The procession! The king! Way! Way!" bawled many. "To the great court!"

Where save in Babylon was a like banqueting space! One hundred and fifty cubits long, one hundred broad; walls to the height of five men: the pictured walls of enameled brick, the castelated and gilded parapet above—the great purple awning on high, the giant-winged bulls at the many entrances—this was the scene that glowed under the light of six score silver lamps hung from the awning, and as many resinous red torches flaring in the sockets on the wall.

Straight across the lower half of the court stretched a rope barrier, cutting off the vulgar herd. Above, a bevy of eunuchs were making the last arrangements for the feast—setting innumerable chairs and stools beside the low tables, or hanging a great bower of dark cypress over a high couch on the dais at the end, where Belshazzar would take his wine—viewing and viewed by all.

Suddenly the brawl even of drunken voices was hushed.

"Hark! The king and all his captains!"

Nearer and nearer was approaching the clangor of cymbals and of kettle-drums; then out of the din burst the wailing of flutes and the blare of the war-horns. A louder crash—fifty harps and zithers were joining. Into the court came filing two long lines of spearmen in silvered armor, who swept the multitude to right and left, then halted, leaving a long lane for the royal procession. After the soldiers marched the musicians, handsome men, each wearing the tall peaked mitre of his guild; and after these a company at sight whereof every onlooker craned his neck, and a loud "Ah!" arose.

"The Persian prisoners," grunted Khatin in Nabua's ear. "To-night they shall see his Majesty's triumph. To-morrow they shall die. Ha! They strut haughtily enough!" Then he howled aloud as the captives came nearer. "Fine plunder, my merry sirs, are you finding in Babylon; sad your dear Lord Cyrus is not near you now!"

But the pinioned Persians were led straight forward. Cords had been fastened to rings in their lips, by which their guards could drag them. Around the necks of many dangled unsightly objects—the heads of comrades whose bodies had fallen into the Chaldee's hands. A thousand jeers flew around them; but no Persian repaid with so much as a shake of the head or a curse. Even the most drunken of all that throng felt a small touch of respect, if not of pity, for these men, who showed their foes that where an Aryan could not conquer, he at least knew how to die. Silently they were arrayed inside the barriers, to await the royal pleasure. And now all forgot them, as, with more musicians accompanying, into the court marched the priests of Bel-Marduk, holding glaring flambeaux. The ruddy light flickered on the white dresses and sleek goats'-skins of the priests, and their mitres set with bullocks' horns. The company ranged itself before the soldiers,

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that the king might pass up a lighted way. Loudly now rose their triumph song which ended at last with a terrific clap of cymbals and thunder of drums. Then the wonted cry was spreading, "The knee! The knee! Hail! Hail! Belshazzar!" Soldiers again, the chosen sword-hands of the guard, with golden scales of armor flashing, scarlet pennons trailing from every spearhead. Behind them, on a lofty litter, rode Belshazzar the King—never more kingly than now, never arrayed before in costlier robes and tiara. And at sight of him a great shout rose spontaneously from the multitude.

Belshazzar looked neither to one side nor the other; the faces of the stone bulls were more mobile than his. "The king was indeed half god—what part had the son of Marduk with the life of vulgar men!" So his thought ran. Under the firm steps of twelve great noblemen moved the litter. Right behind was a second—not so high, yet lofty also—and she that rode therein exposed to common sight. And now there was a titter here, a taunt there, and yonder silence.

White indeed was Atossa, but Belshazzar gave the multitude no less heed than she.

Three more litters, bearing Tavat-Hasina, the stately queen-mother, Avil-Marduk, and the Jewess, Ruth. Both women, like Atossa, shone with jewels that twinkled under every torch; but Avil was clad in perfectly plain robes and fillet—strange contrast to the gay-robed company about. He met the gaze of the multitude with his wonted stare and smile—arrogant almost as his royal betters. But the Jewess was quaking like aspen behind her purple and crimson. She said nothing; but her great eyes were wandering all about, well speaking the terror that had sunk too deep for tear or cry.

Then behind the litters came the lords and captains of the Chaldees, two by two, in more gilded armor, gem-crusted helmets, and brilliant mantles and surcoats—stately men all, who had anew given their Babylon the proud title of "Lady of Kingdoms," for they were the first warriors before whom Cyrus, the terrible Aryan, had turned away in defeat.

Belshazzar had stretched himself on the high couch; the ladies and pontiff took the chairs set at his side; the captains were seating themselves below at the many small tables. Yet the king's eyes wandered about, inquiringly. "Where is Sirusur, the general?" Whereupon Bilsandan, the vizier, approached with a profound salaam. "River of Omnipotence, the *tartan* asks me to beseech that he be pardoned. He lies unwell in his own house; much service, and the reopening of an old wound drive him to his bed."

"Nevertheless," objected Avil, "let a messenger be sent to Sirusur's palace——"

But the vizier sneered boldly:

"My dear pontiff, not one 'double-hour' since I saw him on his bed with five wizards from your own temple preparing incantations over him. Shall we not rather vow three steers that he come from their clutches safely?"

"Samas protect Sirusur from the 'five fiends,'" laughed the king. "I mourn his absence, but he is forgiven. Enough delay; let the feast begin."

Instantly, as by magic, the tapestries upon the walls were brushed aside, revealing open doorways, whence a long procession of eunuchs filed into the hall, each bearing a silver dish or basket; and soon fish and flesh of every manner were piled upon the tables of the king's guests. Nor were the throngs below the rope-barriers forgotten; here, too, food was served until man and child could take no more.

The music rose and fell in swaying rhythm and cadence, and now and again the choir of Bel would burst into their song of praise to god and king, raising their pæan louder, louder, until the canopies quivered.

After the carp and pigeons had vanished, lo! amid shout and creaking, four flower-wreathed cars were wheeled into the court, each groaning with the weight of a roasted ox. Then the company, as if they had starved before, fell to feasting with true glutton's zest. From time to time Belshazzar would deign to command Mermaza to

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bear to this or that captain a morsel of meat carved from the king's own plate—a rare mark of favor to the happy soldier thus commended.

So at first the feasters devoured in silence; then, when even the hunger of the mighty men of the Chaldees began abating, the talk ran swiftly. Vainly Belshazzar strove to force the Jewess into speech. The Persian answered the king too curtly. Then at last he stretched forth his mighty hands, plucked Ruth by the arm, and drew her close to his couch.

"Hah! daughter of Cyrus, do you not hate your rival?" cried he. But Atossa only answered, though the flush on her cheek grew crimson:

"I pity the lord of the Chaldees."

"Pity?" Belshazzar stared at the Persian.

Belshazzar thrust the Jewess away with a curse. "Allat possess you, girl! Why is your touch so icy cold?" Then fiercely to Atossa: "Speak out, Persian—what mean you?"

"Mean?" Atossa leaned forward from her own seat, and met his angry glare unflinching. She spoke in a whisper; yet a whisper that could be heard for far around. "I say that if it were Cyrus who had won the victory you boast, he would not be lolling over a stalled ox and wine, but in the field grinding to dust his fleeing enemies. But I speak as a Persian barbarian—the Chaldees are wiser. Their watchmen drink and sleep snug to-night, knowing that the Aryan's power is broken utterly."

Belshazzar gave a laugh so loud that every feaster kept silence before the king. "Bravely sped are your arrows, lady! I praise you. Were your race as valiant with the sword as you with the tongue, scarce would we be feasting here. Yet look on those captives yonder—choicest princes of Cyrus's host. Where is his power if he suffer *such* to be taken!"

But here the king halted, for Bilsandan approached his couch once more.

"May the king's liver increase, his heart find rest!" saluted the vizier. "A messenger from my palace. My youngest daughter lies grievously ill—a sudden torment sent by the 'Maskim.' Be gracious, and suffer me to quit the feast."

Belshazzar frowned. "You and Sirusur both away? I like it little. Yet go—I can refuse no boon to-night."

But the vizier had another request. "Lord, these Persian captives are a doleful sight at so gay a feast. Command that they be taken away."

The king nodded carelessly. Bilsandan whispered to the prisoners' guards, and was gone. A moment later the captives were removed also, followed by the hoots of many.

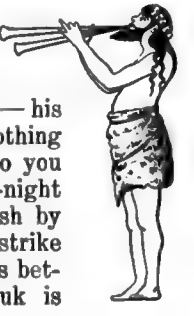
The music crashed again. The nimble eunuchs cleared away the viands in a trice, as quickly brought in the great mixing bowls of chased gold and silver. One huge tankard of perfumed Damascus they set beside the king; and Avil, taking a jeweled cup, stood pouring libation and praying loudly: "Grant, O Istar, O Nabu, O Bel, mighty deities whose power is over Babylon, that Belshazzar, your servant, may reign ten thousand years. Let his foes stumble, their weapons break, their bodies grow fruit for his sword. And so will he offer you sacrifice forever."

Then on one knee Mermaza passed to Belshazzar another cup, and the monarch raised it with the cry: "Drink, men of Babylon! Drink to the present glory and the coming triumphs of your king!"

"Wine! Wine!" from every captain and sword-hand; and the goblets went back to the waiting eunuchs in a twinkling.

Atossa had never seen Belshazzar so riotous before. He seemed to have let the mad spirit of the hour gain possession of him.

"Drink!" he shouted again. "Drink! He is traitor who does not measure seven goblets." Then turning to Atossa he thrust his own cup into her hand. "I have been cruel, lady," — his voice sank into hoarse soothing —"cruel, because hitherto you have been Persian. But to-night you are become Babylonish by becoming my wife. We strike hands in a truce. Peace is better than war. Bel-Marduk is



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your god now, not Ahura the helpless. Are you not 'Queen of Sumer and Akkad?' Ask whatever you will, if in reason, and I will not refuse. But drink, you with the rest; drink to the triumphs yet to be won by Belshazzar your husband, whose glories are all yours."

Mechanically Atossa tasted; put the goblet away. But Belshazzar, still in his mood, ran on: "The fiends blast me. Why can I not drive the thought of that driveling Hebrew from my mind? To-morrow Khatin ends him—or I am no king."

But neither Ruth nor Atossa answered; for the iron had long since entered deep into their souls.

Already the first set of mixing-bowls were emptied; the eunuchs bustled in with others. The rounded bottoms of the silver goblets made it impossible to lay them down, and forced rapid drinking. Avil sat and quaffed in silence; but once or twice paused to cast sinister glances towards the vacant seat of Bilsandan. "A care, good vizier," spoke he to his own heart. "Beware! the time is not far when I will brush you and the general from my path, as I served Daniel and Imbi-Ilu; and then, if aught of mortal fate befell the king——"

But these forecastings were broken by the entrance of a great troop of harem-girls, clothed in gauzy dresses of all the tints of the rainbow. While the harps tinkled softly, they came before the king, and wove their figures. And again and again their delicate voices joined with the priests in the great chorus to Bel, bestower of all Babylon's bright glory.

Belshazzar had sunk back on his couch in contented reverie, scarce watching the dancers. What King of the Chaldees had before him opened his reign with a fairer triumph? Already before Belshazzar's vision the artists were portraying upon the palace walls, in imperishable stone and enamel, the mighty deeds of the all-victorious son of Nabonidus. But the king's dreaming ended, and at the next interval in the dances Belshazzar had a command for the chief of the eunuchs:

"Hasten. Bring us the captured vessels."

The eunuchs put in the hands of the captains, the harem girls, and the musicians, innumerable fresh goblets of gold and silver, of many and curious patterns. But to Belshazzar, Mermaza bore three golden drinking cups, each huge and crusted with jewels. Then the king took the first, and raised himself from the couch before the vast throng.

"Again, lords of the Chaldees!" he commanded, "drink again! I hold the goblet used by Pharaoh Necho, in worship of Ammon-Ra, his god. Nebuchadnezzar took it in the great battle of Kharkhemish. Rise, Ammon, god of Egypt, rise! Thou art mocked! Display thy power!" Perfect silence; and the king shouted again, "Drink then with me, a pledge to our great Istar, 'the Lady of Battles!'"

"Hail! Hail to Istar!" from a thousand, and they drank the pledge.

A second goblet was in Belshazzar's hand, and again he called: "Look—a vessel taken from the temple of Assur in Nineveh, when our fathers sacked the city. Rise, Assur; rise, god of Assyria! Thou art mocked. Helpless also. Drink therefore, again, a pledge to our Samas, 'the glory of the heavens!'"

"Hail to Samas, the undying sun-god!" was the tumultuous answer. But the king had not ended.

"Look, warriors and princes! I hold the goblet taken from Jerusalem: from the temple of the impotent demon the shambling Jews and flying Persians fear. When did Jehovah save Zedekiah the Hebrew out of the Chaldee's power? And how now shall Cyrus, who cries to him under the name of Ahura, find deliverance from my hands. For Cyrus has turned away, ashamed; his vassals fail him; his god is helpless; his power is broken! Victorious war is before your king, and empire never won before!"

"Victory! Victory to Belshazzar, the favored of Marduk!" so the vast company cried; and the king yet a third time uplifted a goblet.

"Rise, Jehovah or Ahura—whatever be thy name—rise; thou art mocked." Again the pause and stillness. The great cup was nearing his lips. "For the third and last pledge, men of Babylon—to Bel-Marduk, whose power waxeth forever; who shall be praised a thousand ages after the Persians' and Hebrews' god is forgotten! To Bel-Marduk, lord of lords, and god of gods—drink!"

But as every man lifted his own wine cup, and the shout of the pledge was on his tongue, there was suddenly a silence. The goblet fell from the royal fingers.

They saw terror flash across the king's face as he looked upward; and each beheld something moving against the plastered wall. . . .

(*To be concluded.*)

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"His Majesty would furnish no more money for treasure hunting."

THE FIRST SELF-MADE AMERICAN.

William Phips.

By Adèle Marie Shaw,

Author of "The Coast of Freedom."

Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

CHARLES I. and his Parliament were fighting their last and most desperate battle; England roared like a pit in the rage of devouring factions. No one noticed a small ship that fled away into the waste of the Atlantic, and after months of horrors found an inlet at the mouth of the Kennebec.

Here, on the jagged coast of Maine, after Charles was dead and Cromwell in his turn was quarrelling with the Parliament, William Phips was born.* Hardly had the boy grown large enough to eat the smoky venison and straddle with small, unsteady legs in the rocky space before the door when his father died. James Phips had been a gunsmith of Bristol. Of the mother even her name is lost. She is rather a type than an individual, and stands with her twenty-one sons and her five daughters, vague and colossal, like the centre of a heroic legend.

The lad tended sheep among the rocks, a life not of pastoral ease, but of savages and famished wolves. Patience, vigilance, a sturdy mastery of the senses, a fine control were bred in this grim solitude.

Now and then a pinnace or a brigantine, the *Prudent Mary* or the *Blessing of the Bay*,

* February 2, 1650, by the old reckoning when the new year came in with March; February 13, 1651, by our own.

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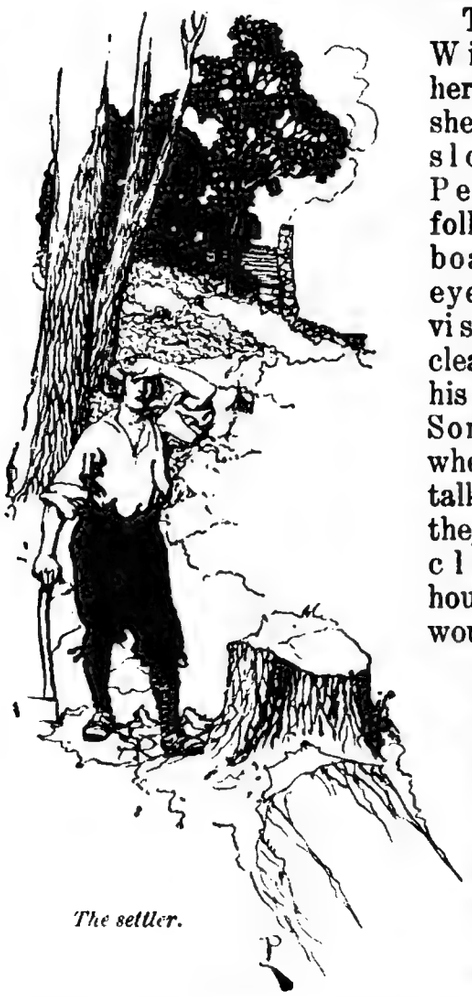
brought more sheep—or tools—from Boston, bartering them for lumber and bayberry wax, "pompion" seeds and wool. Once or twice, as the boy grew to manhood, an English vessel passed along the coast polluting the clean air by the reek of its plague-infected decks, but for the most part, through the brief glory of the northern summer and the long desolation of the winter, the great river poured its unmolested flood into an empty sea.

There is something in the labors of the pioneer that thrills like the march of armies, the war of elements, the sight of conflagrations mounting against the sky. The savage and the romantic are visibly present, and make a universal appeal. But the settler wielding his axe may be no more than the creature of his food and drink, his few animal contentments. And if the first be a generation of heroes, the second sinks only too often to oafish acceptance of an unambitious lot.



The settler.

The boy William, herding his sheep on the slopes of Pemaquid, followed the boats with eyes whose vision was clearer than his fellows'. Sometimes when others talked of land they would clear or houses they would build in the village, he broke forth into sudden speech of what he would do in a greater world. For which confidence he was abundantly jeered.

When he was eighteen an "unaccountable impulse," ever upon his mind, drove him from the companionship of the flocks. He bound himself to a ship carpenter for four years, and when the years were ended set sail for Boston.

In the "Greate Towne" of New England he first learned to read and write, and if his reading was as fair as his writing, it compared not so badly with the performance of many whom Ezekiel Cheever flogged through a tedious course, and Harvard "colledge" graduated.

The Boston of 1673 consisted chiefly of scattered houses dwindling away toward the Neck, by which a rough road wound to "Roxburie" and "Muddie River." * Beavers, moose, and bears multiplied in the region to which the modern city reaches out. But if the shore was wild and the woods pressed close upon the surrounding hamlets, Boston itself, set in the natural clearing of its little peninsula, had all the sophistications of a city. Its castes were as strongly marked, as rigidly maintained, as those of London. The youth born of poor parents and reared in the levelling atmosphere of physical hardship had no introduction to the world of clergymen and scholars, of well-to-do merchants and ship owners, who ruled the colony from the "Towne House" at the head of King † Street. Yet William Phips had the art of being his own introduction. Power, refinement, the life of men who controlled events, met the craving that had drawn him from Pemaquid. He plied his trade busily and dreamed as he worked.

In the exaltation of a wider life, the ambition that spurred forward his labors was given a new "impulse." He fell in love. Francis Bowen contrives a little innuendo concerning the lady's fortune, but it was a fortune by no means large enough to tempt one who felt himself called to great things.

The romance is clear to any who remember the conditions. Mary Spencer Hull was of the socially elect in a community that regulated the amount and price of a man's clothing by his "station." She stood to the shepherd of Pemaquid for all that he had missed. To realize how strong must have been, to her, the attraction of her lover's young and vigorous personality, one has only to recall the arid life of a Boston gentlewoman in that third generation, and remember the dearth of spontaneity under the theocratic rule that produced such records as this entry in Sewall's diary: "Dec.

* Brookline. † State.

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25. Spente ye daye arranging ye coffins in ye familie Vault. An Awful yett a Pleasing Treat."

William Phips, being alike removed from the sterile formalities of the Puritan and the lewd flippancies of the cavalier, brought a new element into the life of Mary Hull, and she defied the world in which she lived and married the ship carpenter. Even Bowen declares that the marriage was a happy one.

"He fell in love."

The groom bore himself well, as little self-conscious before a silver spoon and a trencher wrought cunningly by a famous smith as when he had eaten, with shells stuck in split sticks, from a hollow of the table board or a wooden trencher fashioned by himself.

His first venture was, financially, disastrous. Commissioned to build a ship at the "Sheeps-Coat River," a little beyond Pemaquid, he failed to return with the lading of lumber he had provided, for the vessel was no sooner launched and ready than the Indians swooped down on the coast settlements prepared for hideous execution. Though his whole heart was in the enterprise so nearly completed, he rescued the entire population and carried them free of charge to Boston. His honor in the community, perhaps a measure of his wife's money, had been at stake. The affair involved him with the merchants who had commissioned him, and plunged him into painful embarrassments. But he was most hopeful, most determined, when misfortune was heaviest. The eternal spring of splendid youth, which is the touch of the immortal, welled up unquenchable against the scorching of adversity. He comforted his wife with visions that must have seemed to her the boyish romancings of a lovable, but impracticable husband, and told her that he should yet be "*captain of a king's ship;*" that he should come to have command of better men than he was now accounted himself; and that he should be owner of a *fair brick house* in the Green Lane of North Boston; and that it may be this would not be all that the providence of God would bring him to. Many of these dreams came true.

For nine more years opportunity waited. William Phips worked at his trade, lived in a modest fashion within his means, and told to his wife alone the ambitious devisings of his brain. Meantime he learned to know men, and absorbed with the unconscious eagerness of rapid growth the finer part of his environment.

Then a wandering sailor gave him news of a wreck off the Bahamas, gone down with rich spoils aboard, and he started on a voyage of exploration. The wealth he discovered was small, but he unearthed another tale of sunken treasure, and the money sufficed to take him to England.

He landed in London determined on a personal appeal to King James. A poor man, a sailor, and a ship carpenter of a remote and doubtful region, he gained his end where failure was certain. The sheep herd of Pemaquid came back to New England in 1683, when he was thirty-two, captain of the *Rose-Algier*, a "king's ship," carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. The first part of his own prophecy he had fulfilled.

The great man-of-war was not seen long in the harbor of Boston. Her commander accomplished his errands with speed, and was off to the Spanish Main in quest of the lost galleon that was to enrich both king and subject.

In the two years during which he scoured the seas of the West Indies and fished for treasure, the ninety-five mutinied with a frequency that would have been monotonous had their threats and conspiracies been less deadly. Once they attacked him on the quarter-deck, their knives drawn, but the masterful fury with which, bare-handed, he felled the ring-leaders cowed the rest and ended the uprising for the time. Never

"A fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston."

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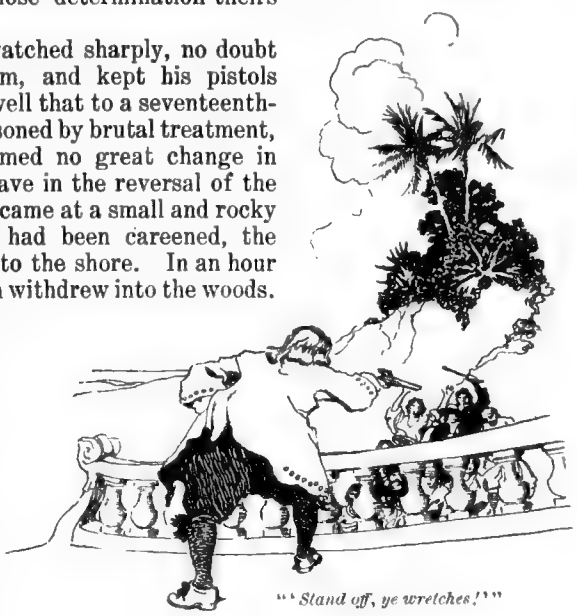
for an instant did they give over their determination to convert the *Rose-Algier* into a pirate and seek for treasure among the living. They failed because they had for captain a man indomitable, incorruptible, to the strength of whose determination theirs was weakness.

William Phips watched sharply, no doubt prayed for wisdom, and kept his pistols ready. He knew well that to a seventeenth-century sailor, seasoned by brutal treatment, a pirate's life seemed no great change in the sea's drama, save in the reversal of the parts. The crisis came at a small and rocky island. The ship had been careened, the stores transferred to the shore. In an hour of freedom the men withdrew into the woods. Here they signed an oath-bound compact, and made ready to seize and maroon the captain, and leaving with him the few faithful, set sail for glory and slaughter in the *Rose-Algier*.



"'Stand off, ye wretches!'"

The ship's carpenter was among the faithful. Him they must have. In the half-hour given him to choose between the oath and instant death he went to the vessel to get his tools. A spy dogged his motions and stood beside him when he threw up his hands in great agony, and, screaming out with sudden pain, rushed to the captain's "cabbin for a dram, to cure him of his 'cholick.'" The thing was done so quickly the mutineers suspected nothing, and the carpenter, by Phips's order, returned to the woods, signed the paper, and prepared to attack with the rest.

At sunset the yelling crew approached the ship. The bridge was gone, the great guns trained upon them, and the captain's "Stand off, ye wretches!" was obeyed with a woful haste. Beneath the very eyes of the growling pack so held at bay the commander replaced the bridge, transferred the stores to the ship's hold, and made ready to sail. The ugly mob were forced to their knees. To allow them again on board was to face a desperate chance. But this chance he took, made straight for Jamaica, and turned the mob off, gathering in a smaller, but well-nigh as vicious a handful to take him farther on his way.

The months had lengthened far into the second year, but he was still unsatisfied to return. In spite of his ill-omened crew he lingered, beating up through the Windward Passage and skirting the broken and mountainous shore of Hispaniola, till he reached Port de la Plata. There, in the hybrid Spanish-Indian settlement, he found an old man from whom, by some spell of tact or pains, he coaxed the tale of the wrecked galleon and the exact position of the reefs where she had foundered. They were dangerous reefs, submerged at high tide, and known to seamen as the Boilers.

The place was already familiar to the treasure seeker. He had gone over it in his search. Thoroughly to explore the waters beneath the sharply descending rocks, with the materials he had in hand, was impossi-

"He had seen great guns in the bottom of the sea."

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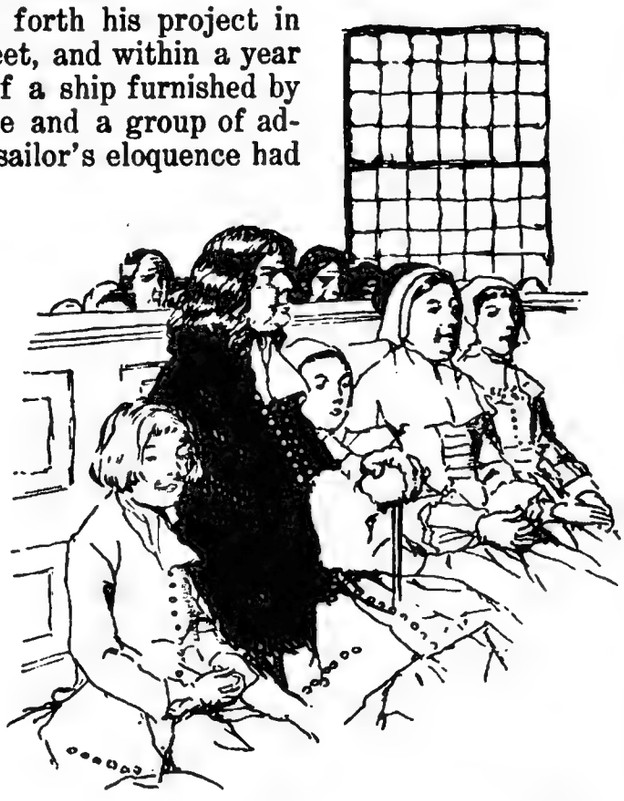
ble. As undaunted as when he had braved the Boston merchants with a shipload of fugitives in place of lumber, he presented himself again at Whitehall.

His Majesty would furnish no more money for treasure hunting. Not all the enthusiasm of his captain moved him to another spasm of generosity, but his favor was undiminished, so that there were conjectures of secret missions fulfilled in the long absence, and enemies grew rancorous at the friendship shown to a provincial.

Not only the king, but the best among the king's nobles were taken with the power of the man. His buoyancy, his exhaustless force, the bluff and genuine humor of his words; even his quick temper, violent against injustice, brought him friends.

Unceasingly he set forth his project in the ears of the discreet, and within a year he was in command of a ship furnished by the Duke of Albemarle and a group of adventurous spirits the sailor's eloquence had convinced.



"Soberly joined himself to the North Church."

Of the treasure Captain Phips had no doubt. The thing was to lay hands upon its hiding place. Near Port de la Plata, but not sufficiently near to rouse the curious, he cut down a mighty cotton tree and converted it, partly by his own hands, into an eight or ten-oared "periagua." With his ship in safe waters, the tender and the "periagua" explored nearer, going boldly among the rocks and lettingdown the drags and hooks, implements invented by himself and prepared in London for their task.

For long nothing came of their efforts. Discouragement succeeded to zeal. At last when the crew were mutinously ready to give over the attempt, one of them, fishing for whatever might be below and finding as usual no treasure, spied beneath the boat a sea feather of an unusual beauty. An Indian was set to dive for it. His report as he came up roused a frenzy of excitement. He had seen "great guns" lying embedded in the bottom of the sea. And the sailors were "confirmed in these assurances when, upon further diving, the Indian fetcht up a *sow*, as they stiled it, or a lump of silver worth perhaps two or three hundred pounds. Upon this they prudently *buoyed* the place, . . . and went back to their captain, whom for some while they distressed with such *bad news* as they formerly thought they must have carried him: nevertheless they so slipt in the sow of silver on one side under the table, . . . that he should see that odd thing before him. At last he *saw* it; seeing it he cried out in some agony, 'Why, what is this? whence comes this?' And then with changed countenances they told him *how* and where they got it. 'Then,' said he, 'thanks be to God, we are made'; and so away they went, all hands, to work."

Thirty-two tons of these silver bars were raised and stowed upon the ship before they came upon the bags of coin. The rotted canvas had encased itself in a thick crust of lime, "which crust being broken open by iron contrived for that purpose, they knocked out whole bushels of rusty pieces of eight which were grown thereinto. Besides that incredible treasure of plate in various forms thus fetcht up, from seven or eight fathom under water, there were vast riches of gold and pearls and jewels which they also lit upon."

Three hundred thousand pounds the cargo was worth, and even so there was much left behind. The crew had come out at seamen's wages. The handling of the treasure maddened them. With another in command it is certain that the ship would never again have seen England. By sheer will Phips saved both the vessel and the treasure, and

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through incredible peril brought them in safety to the London docks. He had promised to divide his own share among the sailors if the Duke of Albemarle's company failed to reward them; but the company received him with acclamation, redeemed all his pledges, and gave to each of the men a substantial fortune.

The captain's own share amounted to sixteen thousand pounds. The petty enemies swarmed again at his success. They would have persuaded James to seize the whole instead of the tenth agreed upon, but the king held to his word, and answered them by knighting the New England sailor, and offering him, through the Admiralty, a noble preferment. The preferment Phips refused, as always holding staunchly to his home. When the king persisted, asking what, then, the new-created knight would most desire, Sir William replied, "That New England may have its lost privileges restored," an answer which risked more than the treasure had gained for him of the royal favor.

"Anything but that," was the reply, and the petitioner contented himself with a patent appointing him High Sheriff of New England, and sailed for home, bearing to Lady Phips the present sent her by the Duke of Albemarle and the Treasure Company, a gold cup worth a thousand pounds, and marvellously "chased" to commemorate the honesty, the courage, and the admirable genius of her husband.

By every account Sir William had kept

"The ships rolled and wallowed in the river."

clear of the seductions of James's court, and he seems to have brought back to Mary what must have been to her more than gold cups or titles, a loyal record, and a loving mind.

The next years were full of the dire distresses of the colony. The office of High Sheriff legally afforded him an opportunity to rescue his fellow-citizens from extortion and to protect their interests against the infamous tyranny of Andros. But that tyranny was too strongly entrenched. With every effort of Phips the governor descended to a more unscrupulous baseness. An attempt was even made to assassinate Sir William before his own door, the door of that "fair brick house"* in Green Lane, in which he had installed his wife.

He stayed in Boston only long enough to know his office held no remedy for the outraged people; then, hot with resentment, he returned to England to plead their cause.

While their messenger was on the ocean, a rumor of the abdication of James reached the men at home, whereupon, on the 18th of April, 1689, they clapped the detested Andros into prison, and set up a government of their own.

In England the people's advocate was vehemently urging the restoration of the charter, and when the fleeing king made overtures, offering to appoint him governor of all New England, Sir William answered that to govern without an assembly would seem to him unlawful, which, though true enough, was not all the truth, since he was sufficiently astute to see that the chance of James's return was more than doubtful.

There was nothing to be done in London, so he made what speed he could again to Boston. Here, in his own place, he soberly joined himself to the North Church, setting forth his belief in a simple and unadorned statement. "I can do little," he said, "for God, but I desire to wait upon him in his ordinances and to live to his honor and glory." New England was still "miserably *briared* in the perplexities of an Indian war." It was a time when a man's faith had need to show by his deeds. The French, working through the army and the missionaries, kept the northern savages continually active. For the raids on isolated hamlets there was little chance of redress. Mothers saw their babies' tongues thrust through with burning splinters, so that the child might refuse the breast and die; the woods crept with horrid tales of unrepeatable torture.

Spasmodic reprisals were valueless. The remedy, urged Sir William, lay in effective blows at the French. For this end he offered himself and his fortune, and in April, 1690,

* At the corner of Salem and Charter Streets. The house served as an orphanage not long since, but is now torn down.

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"'WHY, WHAT IS THIS? WHENCE COMES THIS?'"

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he set sail from "Nantascot," and promptly reduced Port Royal.

In his absence he had been elected to a place among the magistrates, and he used his new office as an opportunity to plead for further attempts. The result was an expedition to capture "Quebeque."

He was given command, and with great rapidity got together thirty-two ships and as many smaller boats.

Disastrous waiting for the supplies a dull Parliament never sent, terrible storms that for three weeks beat them back in the St. Lawrence, and the failure of the land forces, who turned homeward at the "Great Lake," left the ill-provisioned fleet facing impossible odds before the walls of a superbly entrenched foe.

A bombardment sharp and determined was ended by the weather. The ships rolled and wallowed in the river as if already wrecked. The return was a series of bare escapes following unbelievable peril. The commander never lost his grip. Betrayed by the court, deserted by his indispensable allies, thwarted by the winter, and apparently about to perish in the grim welter of the seas, he still held his indomitable cheer, so that frost-bitten fingers clutched more firmly the sleety ropes, and feet were braced more steadily in the wind-torn rigging when his orders roared above the storm, and his solid figure, planted on the deck, was visible through the flying spray.

"An 'Eminent Person from Whitehall' visited him in his chamber."

At home the colony was in its direst need. Neither wampum, nor pine-tree shillings, nor any other riches could be had to meet the colossal indebtedness. Notes issued by the Council brought a mere fraction of their face value. Sir William redeemed a quantity of the despised paper with his own gold, giving shilling for shilling. This act set in motion a little wave of confidence. Before it subsided he was again on his way across the ocean. For the censorious growlings of those who had stayed at home in warm chimney corners, while he suffered the very bitterness of hardship, he had no other reply than further service.

To estimate even vaguely the patriotism that drove him upon these terrible journeyings, one must have vividly present in mind the interior of the unclean sailing-vessel, unwarmed and unlighted, tainted with infection, in which he must toss for months and months between shore and shore.

This voyage proved extraordinary for its tempests. The ship had been many times doomed had it not been for the help of Sir William, but it came safely through, and ardent, vigorous, vital with dynamic force, he landed once more at the London docks and demanded access to the king at Whitehall.

James, like a flare upon the horizon, had gone down into the extinguishing sea of his own folly. William and Mary were established on their throne. In the appeal to their Majesties Sir Henry Ashurst and Mr. Increase Mather united.

To omit the story of those "Sisyphæan labors" by which, after months filled with suspense and disappointment, the new charter was obtained, is to pass by the most telling evidence of Phips's power, of the

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tact, foresight, and discriminating perseverance that made him what he was. It is a longish tale, but no man who knows what forces trembled in the balance can read it without some quickening of the pulse.

Here, again, the galvanic sincerity of Sir William conquered. The queen granted him audience, listened to him with respect, and added her plea to his.

In the end William of Orange did less than the New Englanders had hoped, although the charter curtailed few privileges save the popular election of the governor. The appointing power was kept in the royal hands, but the king was willing to give the colonists a ruler to their liking, and, consulting Mr. Mather and Sir Henry, he confirmed his own belief that Sir William Phips was the man.

The colony received the appointment with acclamation. Public thanksgiving in the churches followed the subdued but fervent greeting of the Saturday night (the Sabbath eve) of Sir William's arrival. Loud and prolonged demonstrations lasted over the Monday following, when the first royal governor of Massachusetts took the oath of office.

It was May. The little peninsula blossomed with lavish beauty. A subtle fragrance mingled with the clean wind off the bay, a more thrilling welcome than the sound of volleys from the fort or the tramp of the militia, a welcome instinct with life and growth, breathing of home and of dear fruition of a patriot's dreams.

Either for rest or dreams there was no leisure for William Phips. A fortification was greatly needed on the Maine coast. The governor must go. It was he who best knew the Indians of those northern tribes. First he appointed a commission to try the victims of the witchcraft delusion, and consented to every good measure before the Council with such alacrity, that none had "to make him offers of salary, or urge him thereto." Then, leaving Lieutenant-Governor Stoughton in charge, he set off upon the voyage to Pemaquid. There he built a strong fort, and put in train the events that ended in an Indian treaty. If his advice had been followed further in dealings with the hostile tribes, the repetition of much awful slaughter might have been avoided.

Returning, he found children and even dogs arrested as witches, women and babies lying in freezing dungeons, manacled, and

"The victims of the witchcraft delusion."

awaiting death. The madness was growing so that accusations fell by mere whim or spite upon any and all. Lady Phips, who, like the royal Mary, sometimes acted for her consort, having freed an accused woman from jail in the governor's absence, herself came under suspicion.

Sir William dissolved the commission, opened the prisons, and restored to their homes those left in hiding.

In the busy and often anxious days in which his lot had fallen, he paused to give a banquet to the ship carpenters of Boston, pleased, as he said himself, to dwell for a little on days less burdened with oppressive labor. Never ashamed of the humbleness of his past, he seems to have been equally far from the vice of boasting his achievement. His simple outlook, genuine democracy, his tolerance in matters religious, were stumbling blocks of offence to those whose souls were bound, tightly as the feet of a Chinese bride, in the petty restrictions of a narrow and unchristian code. Those who had preferred slavery to the compromise of the charter wagged their heads.

The breed of grumblers multiplied; the whiners and malcontents in Boston opened communication with the viler spirits at court, who had first tried to corrupt and then to destroy the staunch provincial.

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Unwisely, too, the governor gave them opportunity. A collector of customs, arrogantly presuming upon his office, persecuted a Boston merchant by a hateful seizure. Sir William remonstrated, was met by insolence, and incontinently administered chastisement with his own hands.

Publicly to cane a commissioned officer is not politic. The hostile faction were happy. The king was flooded with accusatory letters couched in the most virulent terms. He summoned Sir William to London to answer those who slandered him, and received him with undiminished friendliness. In the case of the collector he declared that his officer had been in the wrong.

Dudley, however, who had been once governor of Massachusetts, who coveted the place again, a Bostonian suspected to be as arrant a betrayer of his native shore as ever sought a king's favor, brought a heavy suit against the man he envied, and incited others of the spiteful to a tiresome activity.

Neither the pamphlets nor the more treacherous manœuvres of the enemy subdued the governor's patriotic zeal. He interested the king in a project to supply the crown with naval stores from the forests of eastern Massachusetts, roused the royal interest once more in the reduction of Canada, and even revived the plan of a chartered treasure company that should rake the south seas for sunken wrecks.

But the ill will and vindictiveness of Dudley and his fellows, a petty hatred that increased in the measure of its non-success, wore upon him. It aided in the ravages of a "strong feaver" that attacked him when he was momently expecting to hasten back to the colony and resume his duties. Sir Henry Ashurst remained faithfully by him through better or worse, and an "Eminent Person from Whitehall" (probably the king himself) visited him in his sick chamber, but the disease had taken a terrific hold upon a mighty frame, and on the 18th of February, 1694 (February 29, 1695, by our reckoning), he died.

He lies buried in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, and there are few pilgrims to his tomb. The name of William Phips sounds but vaguely in our ears. He left no descendants; he wrote no memoirs. His deeds that glowed with a glamour of romance in far-separated lands are obscured in pedantic records, or passed swiftly by in the dry condensation of text books, barren and uninspired.

Yet in all the history of a brave and crucial struggle, when the whole cause of freedom hung upon the issue of an obscure "experiment," no man better exemplifies the spirit of the "New World," its possibilities, its hopes, its stress upon the *individual* who makes the mass, than William Phips.

"The Queen granted him audience."

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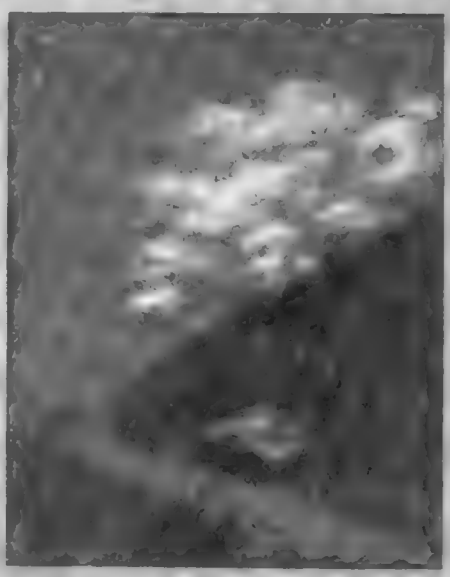

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

By Willa Sibert Cather.

Across the shimmering meadows,
Ah when he came to me!
In the Spring time,
In the night time,
In the starlight,
Beneath the hawthorn tree.

Up from the misty marsh land,
Ah when he climbed to me!
To my white bower,
To my sweet rest,
To my warm breast,
Beneath the hawthorn tree.

Ask of me what the birds sang,
High in the hawthorn tree,
What the breeze tells,
What the rose smells,
What the stars shine—
Not what he said to me!

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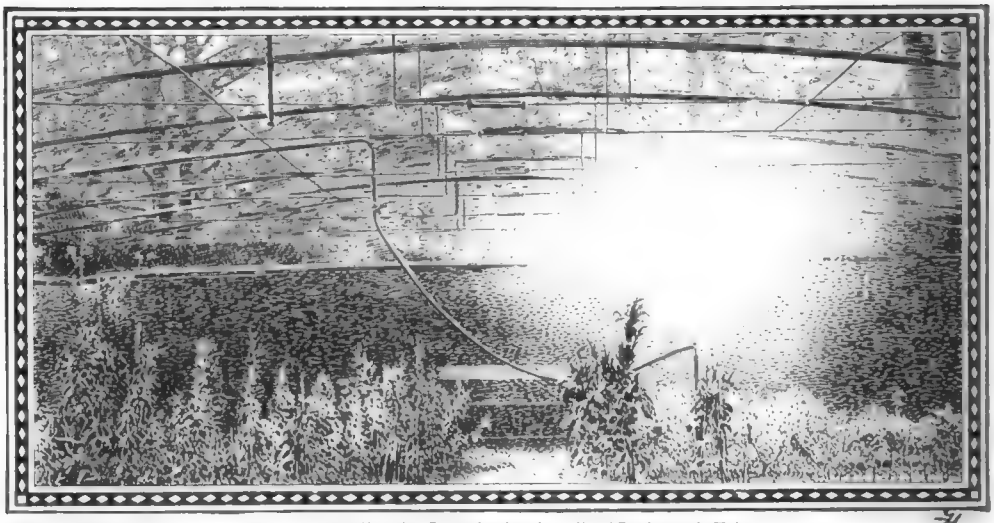

This American Watering Invention is a favorite of Professor de Vries.

Plant Making in a Dutch Garden

The Achievements of Professor de Vries, who has added two leaves to the clover and created a new Chrysanthemum.

by **Eugene P. Lyle Jr.**

An extra leaf or so to a clover does not seem at the first catch of the breath an episode of great sensational moment. We can find four-leaved clovers if we look for them. Still, they are rare, for they are monstrosities. So, when it comes to putting on another leaf as a regular thing, and growing clover till the ordinary three-leaf is the exception, that is an achievement seemingly magical. Yet it counts only as an instance among many wrought by a certain eminent Dutch naturalist, Hugo de Vries, Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam. The deeper you look, the more startling seem his influences over seeds and soil. You feel that there abides a significance which touches intimately the secrets of being. Creating a new race of plants, a race that has never lived before during any instant of the luxuriant eternity of the past—such a thing as that is in a way molding at will the mysterious, terrible, and elusive forces of life.

Nature attends to selection, but so may man. He needs a large number of individuals to increase the chances of one among them deviating, though ever so slightly, and by close attention he will select that one. He next encourages it with better culture, when comes a new variety or incipient species, and after that the new species. However, as De Vries affirms after Darwin, man cannot make such varieties, nor yet prevent their occurring. He can only take care of those that do happen, and direct

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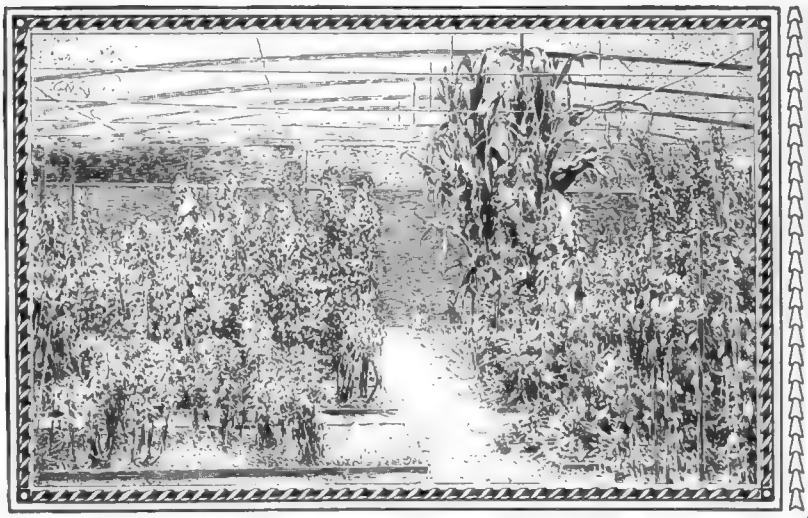


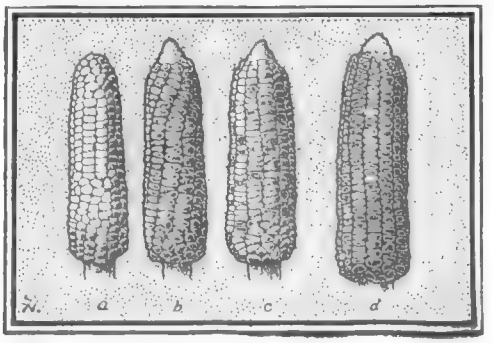
Evening Primroses. *Corn.*

The experiment gardens enclosed in wire netting to keep out the birds.

them. He hastens nature, and accomplishes within a few generations of a plant or animal what she might do only after unthinkable eras of time by natural selection, if at all. For years past this Dutch botanist has been experimenting, checking up Darwin, correcting him in instances, and thereby adding to the known code of nature's laws. He has already embodied his offerings in a vast work on the changeability of species, which he calls the "Mutationstheorie." He holds that new species originate as garden varieties by a leap or spurt that comes at once, and is complete as soon as it comes into existence. To repeat his own words to me: "I have brought together all the evidence on this point that I could find in agricultural and horticultural literature, and I have seen the originating of new species in my gardens, and I trust I have shown that this is a normal case corresponding exactly with what must be concluded from all former experience."

ADDING A LEAF TO THE CLOVER.

The manner in which Professor de Vries developed his four-leaf variety of clover, illustrates his system of experimenting. Hunting for four-leaved clovers is a familiar occupation. In the fields and lawns they are to be found. A single plant among a host will have several such leaves. They are quite rare, and may be called monstrosities. At least, they are not the regular thing, and hence may be considered as emblematic of good luck. Near Amsterdam, in 1886, Professor de Vries found a plant bearing six or seven four-leaved clovers. This he set out anew in his garden, where it did not bear seeds till 1889. These he sowed, and since then he has had a new generation each year. Each time he chose his seeds from one-fourth of the best plants; that is from those which had the most four and five-leaved clovers. It was



a. Starch corn, with smooth and b. Sweet, with wrinkled grains; c. Hybrid of A and B; d. Sweet, crossed with starch corn. Ten grains white and smooth, due to foreign pollen brought by the wind.

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the third generation, however, in 1891, that began to be rich in the desired forms of leaves, but only with four and five leaflets, and these only in the adult plants. Still, during August and September of the same year, he remarked a very few with seven leaflets. At this point he reduced his selection (or choosing his seeds from the best specimens) to a severe standard. That is, he chose for progenitors only those plants which had two-thirds of all its leaves with four or more leaflets.

Meantime he had discovered a curious fact, which much simplified his selecting from then on. In sowing clover you may observe that the first leaf of each young plant has but one leaflet, and that the second and subsequent leaves have regularly three leaflets. But in his variety some of the young plants made the very first leaf compound; that is, with two and three leaflets. This knowledge enabled him to make his selections much more quickly. He had only to choose the young clovers with compound leaves, and transplant them from his glasshouse into his garden, leaving the others to perish. Thus he did not need so many hundreds of individuals as before, though each year he still selected some thousands of seedlings from their sowing pots. In 1894 the new variety of clover had come into existence. Of this crop, nearly all the young plants had their first leaf compound, and all of them, with few exceptions, were five-leaved. In among the five-leaved there were some with four and three, and others with six and seven leaflets. He saw none, however, with more than seven. Each year he can pick four-leaved clovers at will for mementoes, and, as he says, they have brought him good luck. The five-leaved clovers, however, are now the normal product. He has given its seeds for practical experimenting purposes to a professor of the Minnesota Agricultural College, but as to the results, he has not yet heard. Providing that a rich soil and good culture be maintained, he holds that his five-leaved clover will keep constant, that is, it will not go back to the three-leaved. Such being the case, the cultivation of this new variety should have a high value over the ordinary clover, not only as "cow grass," but as a more energetic enricher of the soil.

THE CREATION OF A NEW FLOWER.

A more radical and picturesque transformation, though scarcely more important, brings together ages of select generations in a most startling way.

One of Professor de Vries's most interesting triumphs in molding plant life is his chrysanthemum. Here he has obtained a flower entirely new to horticulture. He started with a modest, simple leaved little flower, the corn marigold, and he ended with a wondrous and beautiful *double* flower. He calls it the *Chrys. segetum plenum*. The evolution worked by him is pictured in the four successive cuts of the illustration on page 566. It is a simple evolution, apparently. Yet between each of the cuts is a jump, a terrific jump, of what might be ages in natural selection. The new little double flower will have, beyond doubt, a considerable and practical horticultural value, but the practical is not the standpoint of the pure scientist.

The *Chrysanthemum segetum*, corn marigold, or golden corn flower, is ignominiously rated in the botanies as one of our common weeds. In the wheat and barley fields it associates with the blue bottle, or blue corn flower. But the grandiflorum, a good variety of the common species, and also the garden variety, are praised for their brilliant and long continued show of gold bloom. They have larger flowers than the wild form, and they also have more florets, which are the tiny individual flowers going to make up a compound flower. The garden variety, in fact, has usually twenty-one of these florets, as against thirteen for its wild sister of the fields. "I first tried them both," says Professor de Vries, "and found that during several successive years each kind remained constant; that is, varied as to the florets each year in the same way around the numbers quoted. Finally, it was from the garden variety that I secured my double chrysanthemum (the *C. segetum plenum*), which is as brilliant as the parent form, and yet as double as the best Indian chrysanthemum (*C. Indicum*) and other species of the genus, such as the well-known white *C. in. plenissinum*.

For five years the professor worked (1892-96) on the wild and the great flowered varieties, and with each crop he counted all the florets of each plant—a laborious task. In 1897 he sowed enough of the great flowered variety, using his own seed, to have 1,500 plants in bloom during that summer. Then again he counted. He counted the florets of the first head or flower of each plant,

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and threw away ruthlessly all plants having less than the average number of twenty-one florets. And out of the harvest of 1,500 plants he had but one available plant. In this one exception, and this one only, he found four flower heads, with twenty-two florets, the other flower heads even of this individual having but twenty-one or less. But the four flower heads with the increase of one floret were a delight to the patient botanist's heart, for that single exceptional plant was to be the parent of his new chrysanthemum.

"So you see," he says, "without all this time spent in counting I should not have been able to find the one available parent of my new race to be, for the reason that at first sight you cannot tell whether a flower head has twenty-one or twenty-two florets.

NEW VARIETIES HAVE SPONTANEOUS BIRTHS.

Just here you will note that the springing up of the exceptional plant with one floret seems to confirm Professor de Vries's contention against Darwin, namely, that a new variety has a spontaneous birth, and not a gradual one. But to further change the variety, there was the next step, selection. Picking out the one plant from 1,500 was a part of the arduous process of selection. But this one being once found, progression became rapid and selection easier. The seeds of the parent plant chosen were accordingly sown (1897). The crop resulting averaged twenty-one florets, as usual; but there was one plant with thirty-four florets in its first flower—certainly an encouraging increase. The next year (1898) he sowed from this specimen, with the result that he obtained a great many plants with thirty-four florets per flower, and one single plant with forty-five. Again carrying on the selection, he sowed only from the forty-five-floret individual, and this time (1899) his best resulting plant numbered sixty-six, a gain of over threefold since the start. In the sixty-six-floret specimen there appeared a second evidence of the spontaneous forming of new varieties, for on six flowers of this one plant, and of this one only out of the hundreds of others, there had grown two or three ligulate or strap-shaped florets, such as ordinarily form the outer ray. These had sprung up in the centre, out from among the little tubular florets. Reference to the cut, Fig. C, page 566, at once demonstrates that the botanist had obtained the beginning of his double flower.

With the appearance of these ligulate leaves the naturalist knew his success assured. He had but to sow the seeds of this single plant, and that year (1900) nearly all the offspring bore double flowers, and in another year (1901) all of the plants had the double flowers, though some were more double than others. In one flower of the 1900 crop he counted upwards of 100 ligulate florets, while a 1901 flower produced double that number. Professor de Vries had now his new chrysanthemum. He had worked for more than ten years in sowing, harvesting, "selecting," and sowing again. He has obtained a variety as double as composite flowers can be. The seeds of the new chrysanthemum he holds as his own, as he has not yet decided to give the flower to horticulture. He may retain it for some years for experimenting.

RÔLE OF NUTRITION IN PLANT DEVELOPMENT.

Another series of experiments shows strikingly the *rôle* of nutrition in the changing of a plant's form. Careful and rich culture here appears to be not only an aid to selection, but selection itself, for, as De Vries points out, selection is really the choice of the best nourished. As a seed the young plant goes through the most sensitive stage of its existence. But as only the well nourished plants give well nourished seeds, it is therefore apparent that the properties of a young plant depend on the rich soil of its parents and grandparents. To study such influences the botanist must confine his attention to one single characteristic which he would alter in the plant, and then he must be prepared for long and minute experimenting. Professor de Vries has done this with the opium poppy, because it is a flower very sensitive to selection and nourishment during a short period of its life, and he limited his observations to the number of supplementary capsules or secondary carpels which surround the central or ordinary capsule. (The aggregate of carpels, by the way, forms the pistil, and in the case of the white poppy, an incision is made in the capsule or seed vessel before ripening, from which flows the opium juice.) The number of secondary capsules in a poppy varies from

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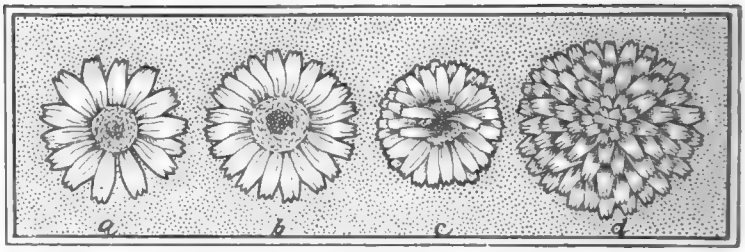
Chrysanthemum segetum plenum. From drawings by C. B. Vander Zeyde, the Professor's special artist.



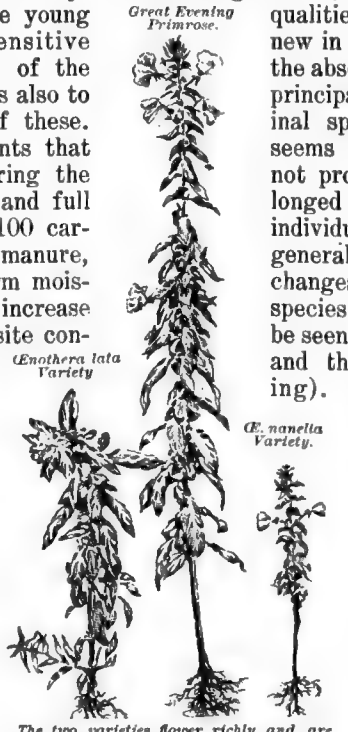
a. Wild; b. Garden variety, parent of the new race; c. The first signs of a double chrysanthemum, three ligulate florets springing from between the little tubular florets; d. A double head, typical of the best specimens, but showy, sterile, unlike the quieter flowers of this new variety.

0 to 150, and their development is just as variable. In watching these variations under the influences of different conditions of soil, moisture, etc., hundreds being planted for each condition, the biologist was able to determine the following laws: That everything tending to injure young plants during the sensitive stages of the forming of the secondary capsules tends also to diminish the number of these. Therefore, only the plants that are well nourished during the first weeks give large and full crowns of more than 100 carpels. Good earth, rich manure, a sunny position, uniform moisture, and plenty of room, increase the number, while opposite conditions diminish it. De Vries has demonstrated that monstrosities of other plants follow this law, that the degree of their development depends on the favorableness of exterior influences.

"Twisted stems" may not seem monstrosities yet one would wonder were he to see a dog with a spiral tail.

BIRTH OF THE GREAT EVENING PRIMROSE.

One species in particular De Vries has found especially adaptable for his experiments, because of its great mutability. From it he has obtained a number of entirely new species. This is the *Œnothera Lamarckiana*, or great evening primrose. How, like Pygmalion, he has created these new things of beauty, and living things, self-propagating things, is a fairy romance in the flowery kingdom. One of the new races came forth a giant, larger and stronger than its parent. This, the *Œnothera gigas*, jumped into being all at once, as though at the bidding of Zeus, fully equipped with the qualities of its forebears, yet new in all its organs, and with the absolute fixity which is the principal attribute of the original species. From this it seems that new species are not produced through a prolonged selection of extreme individual variations, as the general theory goes. The changes made in the new species in a single leap may be seen by comparing the new and the original (see drawing). The radical leaves are much larger, the stems are thicker and stronger, and in the robust flowering, larger and more numerous, which give the giant plant a distinctively individual air. Describing the birth of the giant, its creator says: "In 1895 I chose thirty of the strongest and prettiest (of the La-



The two varieties flower richly and are very showy. The dwarf on the right, with a flower nearly as large as that of the original, makes a fine new border plant.

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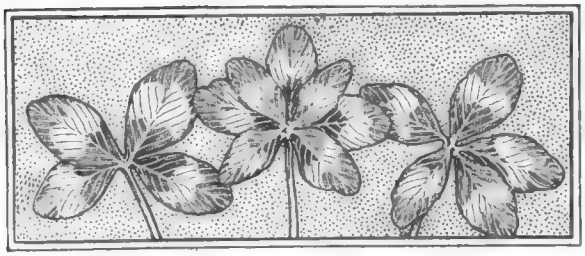
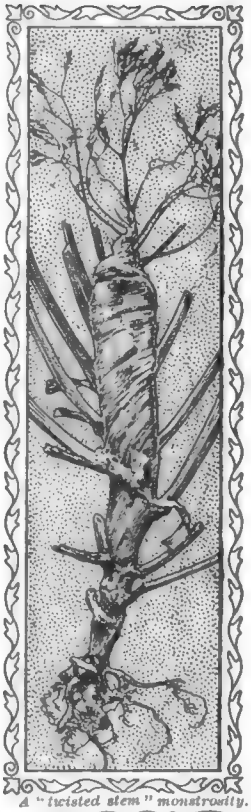


The tenth generation represents some ten or twelve years of sowing and selecting. The 5-leaved clover is a normal type of the new race; the 3-4 and 6-7, the secondary cases.

marckiana or original species) and planted them apart. When they flowered, a single plant was conspicuous among the others for its more robust appearance, its denser leaves, and its larger flowers. This was the mother plant of the new species, *Œ. gigas*. As soon as these characteristics showed the possibility of a new form, I cut the flowers and the young fruit and enveloped all the floral buttons in a *sac* of transparent parchment, so as to fertilize them with their own pollen. In this way I obtained a harvest of pure seeds. In 1897 these seeds gave, without exception, plants with all the characteristics of the *Œ. gigas*. The new species is therefore constant from the first generation, without trace of atavism. It was in the midst of many individuals (of the original species) that the new specific type appeared. The production of the *Œ. gigas* was therefore sudden, without any intermediary or visible preparation, just as it was definite with the plenitude of its characteristics and without any return to the primitive type."

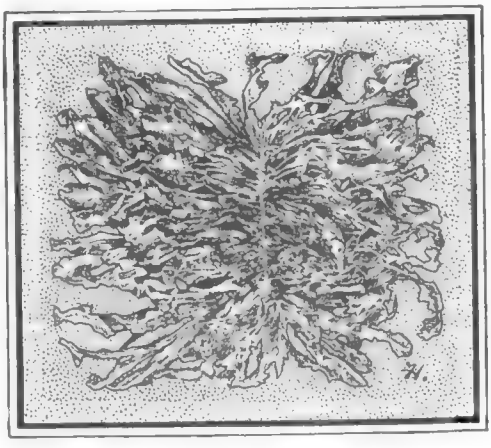
Taking this as an instance of the wonderful mutability of species, the naturalist continues: "Nearly always, species in a wild state seem unchangeable, though of many different shapes (polymorphic). That is to say, the seeds of one individual can reproduce all the forms, while in a species endowed with mutability, there appear individuals with new characteristics, and these, when isolated, reproduce the new form only. In cultivated plants, mutability is not ordinarily apparent. It is rather a state of polymorphism than a phenomenon of changing. The truly changing forms nearly always owe this property to hybridizing. It is rare that you find a pure species in a state of mutability. The Lamarck evening primrose, which I have experimented on for more than twelve years, shows this mutability. It is constantly producing new forms. For the most part, though, they die soon without giving seed, and others are completely sterile. Nevertheless, there are seven varieties which reproduce themselves, and thus permit an exact study."

As Professor de Vries says: The study of species and varieties is bringing about a momentous revolution in ideas; and, it should be added, in this upheaval he is a considerable insurgent himself.



A "twisted stem" monstrosity.

Rosettes of a weed, showing another monstrosity, a peculiar form of fasciation, like a hair parting, called the crest of vegetation.



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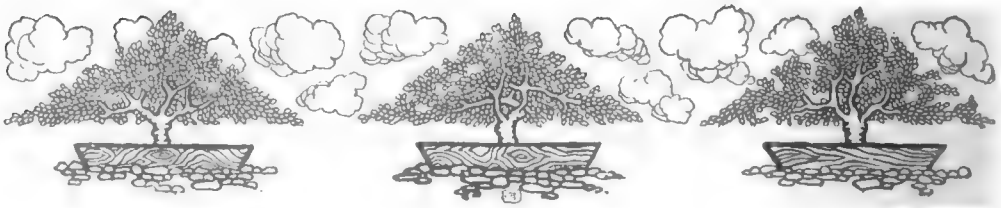
Through his experiments he has arrived at certain distinct conclusions. To begin with, species and varities must be considered as unities, which combine in the hybrids. The simplest example is color. The species consists of elementary unities, and these component parts form the object of experimental researches. Species have inherited most of the elementary unities of their ancestors, while adding new unities. These new qualities are often the same in different families, or even in different genus of the same family. Everywhere are found the same specific qualities, especially when simple ones, such as the color of flowers, the number of parts, the form of the leaves. They can be combined in groups, which can be best analyzed experimentally by hybridizing. Almost at will one can distribute the constituents of a group among different individual plants, and thus isolate them and study them separately. The dark red color of many flowers is an example of such group unities.

A fact well known to horticulture is that the object of hybridization is not always the blending of qualities. Often it is simpler—the transmitting of a single quality of a newly discovered species into a race of ornamental hybrids. In this way we have obtained the *Amaryllis* and the begonias of large flowers and long petals. This principle of elementary unities having thus been applied practically, De Vries resolved to use it in scientific researches. One has only to consider the number of elementary characters in which the parents of a hybrid differ from each other. Monohybrids are those whose parents differ in only a single character, and are ordinarily varieties, though others are recognized as species. The most interesting and simple deduction from the theory is that concerning the separating of the specific qualities in the descendants of hybrids; as, for example, of a cross between a blue and a white flower. Some of this hybrid's offspring will be blue and others white. A series of experiments extending over years have yielded the following conclusion: Self-fertilizing of monohybrids gives three kinds of descendants, one-fourth like the grandfather, one-fourth like the grandmother, and the rest hybrids, like the mother, or, in other words, half are not hybrids and half are hybrids. This rule gives the necessary principle for answering a difficult and long-disputed question—Can there be constant types among the descendants of true hybrids? Experimenting will establish the principle. Sow the seeds of a self-fertilized monohybrid. Three summers are necessary. The hundreds or thousands of descendants from the first single crossing are counted. From such large numbers, with several different plants, Professor de Vries concludes that seventy-five per cent. of the descendants have the dominant character, and twenty-five per cent. the recessive. Of the seventy-five per cent. group, twenty-five per cent. are of the constant type, and fifty per cent. of the hybrid type. The same holds true of each succeeding culture, that is, the preceding fifty per cent. of hybrids will again split up in the same proportion, that is, seventy-five per cent. of the dominant character, and twenty-five per cent. of the recessive, and so on, and so on. Here we have from the Dutch botanist a law of very general significance in the vegetable kingdom, as well as a curious little sermon on heredity.



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THE LOOSE SCREW.

By Frances Powell.

Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek.

FELIX FADD'S letter to Dr. Strong ran thus:

East Hampton, Long Island,
July 21, 1898.

Dear Strong:

Always glad to be of service. Executed your commission yesterday. My opinion is that female companionship is needed. Select and send one of the Pig, Deer, or Mongoose variety. First-named to be preferred. *Not* sty-bred Pig of Civilization, but free, roaming Pig.

The human Deer is generally egotistical, the Mongoose over-meddling. Still, if no Pig is to be had, one of these last must answer.

Remember you asked for advice. Take or leave it, as you please, but spare me narrow-minded objections.

Yours, etc.,
Felix Fadd.

To Dr. James Strong,
Hilltown-on-Hudson.

Said Miss Susan Mast:

Well, you see, it happened like this. I'd been busy shoppin' all the mornin', list as long as your arm—you know how 'tis when you live four mile out of town! Just as I was untyin' "Old Whitie," and taking off his sheet—the flies was somethin' awful, last week in July and powerful hot—along comes the Doctor's buggy and he pulls up.

"The very person I wanted to see!" he says; "can you stop in on your way home?" I said I could, and I put "Old Whitie" to the hill, and followed on up after Doctor, wonderin' what on earth he could want. He was reading a letter when I went into the office, and I knew he was real worried over something 'nother, because his lips was all pursed up, and his eyebrows drawn away down till his eyes was most out of sight.

"Minnie's ill," he says, in that abrupt way he has.

"Sakes!" I says, "not Minnie Moyneau?" "*No!*" and he hollered it out real loud; "*not* Minnie Moyneau—Minnie *Gift*."

I was that taken aback I just sat still and said nothin'.

"Did she ever ask you to visit her, Susan?" lookin' at me anxious and careworn.

I nodded.

"Never set no special time," I says; "just told me to come whenever I had a mind to."

"Should you object to writing that you'd like to visit her next week?"

I just sat and stared at him, mouth wide open.

"Well, Susan Mast, should you, or should you *not* object? Come, speak out!"

But goodness me, I didn't mind Doctor's fierce way! It don't mean anythin'!

"State your case," I says, "and state it plain. Give me reasons, and I'll give you decisions. Sakes alive, Doctor, ain't we *both* Americans?"

At that he smiled kinder grim and explained matters, and I said I'd go. Seemed he'd got real worried because Minnie's letters sounded so kinder downhearted, though not to say complainin'; she never was one to complain, was Minnie. The Doctor couldn't well get off to see what ailed her, himself, not only that he was real busy, but because he and Minnie's husband didn't sorter seem to get on right well, Minnie bein' the Doctor's ward, and he not having wanted her to take Mr. George A. Gift.

A sweet little thing, Minnie Gift! As bright as a bird—fourteen years younger than me—she was twenty-one that summer, and I goin' on thirty-six. She boarded with us five summers when she was a little tot.

"My friend, Professor Fadd," says Doctor, "is in Easthampton at present. He went to see Minnie, and advises me to get some intelligent woman to stay with her for a time. I'm afraid, from his letter, there's a screw loose somewhere. Susan, I'm sorry, but I must ask you to play the spy." And he looked real cast down and ashamed.

"Well," I says, "I've never been much on the snoop, but I guess I can do it." Then, rememberin' how good Doctor 'd been to me and mine in worse trouble than sickness, I says:

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"Don't you worry, sir! I'll take care of little Minnie. I'll look real dumb and be real watchful, and if so be a lie is needed—well, I never do lie, but I guess I could at a pinch as well as the next, and seein' I do it seldom, p'rhaps better."

It was the 2d of August, I remember, that I started for Long Island—a real dog-day, hot and muggy. I sat out in front on the "Mary Powell," all the way to N' York, so you may guess what the heat was! When I got off the train, there sat Minnie in a handsome victoria, and the welcome I got! The child was just delighted to see me and asked questions so fast I hadn't a chance to get answers in. First, all about father and the farm, and then, had I seen the Shinnecock Hills, Peconic Bay, and the cottages? Had I noticed Southampton, the gay crowd at the station—such a fashionable place! Wasn't the Lake at Water Mill lovely,—or had I looked towards Mecox Bay? How did it all compare with the Hudson—and our Highlands?

"Minnie," says I, "I don't know as you know that I've got Dutch blood in my veins. No? Well, I'd forgot it myself till I saw these flat green fields and the old wind-mills, and then I remembered all of a sudden that I loved *tulips*, too!"

She laughed out as gay and pleased. "I'll tell George that," she says; "you are *so* intelligent, Susan!"

I own I was disappointed when, 'stead of drivin' towards the sea, we went inland—straight north, between real good farm-land. The houses looked careless and tumble-down as if the folks who owned them weren't so to speak poor, but just too lazy to fix things neat.

Just in front of us was a low wooded ridge. "There!" says Minnie, "that's the backbone of Long Island. The natives call it 'The Mountains.'"

The carriage turned sharp to the left, goin' westward. To our right was a pond—a biggish pond—apple-orchard clamberin' up a steepish bank. Minnie said they called it a high hill. On the top, under quite a lot of trees, stood an old-fashioned house. Back of it big gray barns—back of them the woods of the ridge. We stopped before a little gate and walked up a narrow path, between over-grown bushes of box—full of spiders, —to the house. There was a nice broad piazza, but the flooring was in a dreadful state—swayed under me as I walked across! A colored man took our things in the hall.

"Where is Mr. Gift, Bruce?" asks Minnie.

"In the woods, ma'am," says the man. "Some birds are needed."

Minnie says, "That'll do, Bruce," quite sharp, and sent him upstairs with my bag. When the excitement of meeting an old friend was over, I saw she looked real pale and miserable. I'd noticed before how thin she'd grown. After she'd left me to wash up for tea and I saw myself in the glass—she seemed more peaked than ever to me! I could have sat right down and cried over the poor little thing!

My room had two windows lookin' to the ridge, and one west, squeezed in 'side of the big fire-place. Trees grew close up to the house, and when I hung out of window and looked down I saw nothin' but weeds and rank, coarse grass under them. The place wasn't kep' up at all; everything just ruinous! I didn't wonder Minnie's spirits were low. I hate to see things neglected. The furniture, too, which had been good in its day, might have been left just where 'twas since the Ark landed it! I never saw such miserable rotten old things in a spare-room! And the curtains, dull green rep, darned and darned! 'Twas the same downstairs. The house was the two-room-deep kind, back room smaller than front, hall running through the middle. The west parlors was kep' shut up, the dinin'-room and sittin'-room looked down the apple-orchard towards the pond, and if the weedy trees in the front yard had been cut away, the view from the sittin'-room windows would have been fine—across splendid rollin' green meadow-land, away and away to the ocean. But you couldn't see a mite further than the fence!

Mr. Gift lounged into the sittin'-room before tea, and shook hands when Minnie introduced me to him. A tall, loose-put-together man. Not flabby neither, but just lettin' his muscles slide round, so to speak. I took a real good look at him when I got the chance, for naturally I was powerful curious about him. He had light gray eyes—small ones—and his hair was sandy; so was his complexion—take him altogether, like a piece of dress goods, he was a kind of drab color. A more uninter*est*ing lookin' gentleman I never saw, and it was a perfect wonder to me the way Minnie fluttered round when he came in. Just as *excited*—

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and she married goin' on over two years! Of course, I saw her nerves must be out of order or somethin' the matter, for she didn't behave natural. Her color comin' and goin', her eyes as bright as bright—and he—well, *he* was cool enough! He didn't seem to appreciate her one bit, but after supper slid onto a sofa, and lay there like a log.

Sakes alive! to see her twittering round like a little anxious bird, and he hardly answering her—you'd thought he was asleep if it hadn't been that his eyes was open, and shinin' at her so steady—well, it made me so mad I felt like wrenchin' his ugly head off, so I said I guessed I'd go out for a bit and look about me.

It was beautiful out on the road. A young moon, the stars sparkling, and Cygnus a-flyin' down the Milky Way, wings outspread. A soft breeze, like as if it had been the little sister of the one that met me when I come. And a sound in the night that seemed to fill the world—the sound you hear when holding one of them round shells to your ear, the sound of the sea!

I forgot I'd ever been out of patience with anybody ever in my life. I stood stock still, and listened and listened. And I wondered if the waves of eternity, beating on the shores of Heaven, sounded anything like that. And I said to myself, if so be I ever got to Heaven, and that sound was sweetening the whole air there, I'd ask please not to have to listen to the angels singin' and harpin'—the waves' song would be enough for me. Then I remembered I'd been out ever so long, and what would Minnie think? I went softly up onto that shaky old piazza, and then I had a bashful fit. I peeked in the window to see if I was wanted, but with no idea of hearin' what was bein' said, yet I got an eavesdropper's punishment.

"Are you quite certain that this *is* the real Susan Mast, Minnie? Or has Pa Mast, by way of a heavy joke, dressed up and sent his Prize Pig?"

"*Georgie!*"

"She's the image of a Plump Porker, my dear," he drawls out in his horrid way.

I was glued to that piazza. I couldn't stir a step to save me.

"She don't look a bit like one," says Minnie. "She's the kindest-hearted, most intelligent woman I know!"

I got away from the window at last, and my, I did feel mean! Not that I cared a cent what such a homely, slouchy-lookin' *thing* as George A. Gift thought of my looks! When I went upstairs and took a good scrutiny of myself in the glass—why, then I knew it was just his ugliness, and hateful teasing way. Pigs, indeed! He might have been thankful if he'd looked like anythin' half as nice as a good, clean pig! They *are* clean, if folks will only give 'em half a chance—and sensible!

The first week slipped along pleasant enough. 'Twas hard to see little Minnie lookin' so peaked, but there seemed no special reason for it. First I thought maybe the house was unhealthy. It smelled kinder damp and musty. When I mentioned it—kinder casual—she said Mr. Gift liked old houses. Hated everything painted spick and spandy. I says to myself:

"It's early August—and that pond an acre away—and the sea a matter of two mile off. It can't be the damp that ails her," so I turned my attention to her husband. I didn't like him—or his ways—but there didn't seem to be any special harm in him. Hating society and likin' rotten old houses ain't pleasing traits in a husband p'raps, but my, every wife has somethin' to put up with, I guess. Minnie's clothes and her carriage was elegant, and as for her table—well, I guess I know what's good in the eatin' line! He didn't stint her in money. So what to write to Doctor I didn't well know.

Minnie drove me all about the country. I saw everything, and had some lovely ocean baths. Mr. Gift stayed right at home most of the time, shut up in his own rooms. They was across the hall from Minnie's and mine, lookin' towards the pond. The little hall bedroom in front was his dressin'-room—opened off Minnie's. Bruce was his valet. A soft-steppin' creature, slidin' along silent through the house. Always with Mr. Gift. In his rooms, or following him when he went to the woods, a big basket 'most always in his hand. Twice I says:

"Bruce, what you got in that basket?" but he never answered, only grinned like a silly. I didn't like him much.

At the end of my first week it rained—rained *hard* all one day. By tea time I guess some of us felt pretty cross.

"If it's clear to-morrow I mean to show Susan East Hampton," says Minnie; "she hasn't been there yet."

"Why do you run after Mr. Fadd?"

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says her husband, in his slow, monotonous drawl. "He doesn't care about you. Only one call, and that a duty call, and he was thinking about something else all the time he was here."

"Georgie! I thought you liked him!"

"I like his knowledge of toads and birds —I like his voice. Why don't you learn to

"THE WAY HE WHIRLED ROUND AND UP WAS A CAUTION!"

modulate your voice, Minnie? Look me in the eyes and tell me why."

I didn't see any sense in the conversation, but I knew he was teasing her. She had turned very white and flutterin'.

"Don't, George!" she says, kinder under her breath.

I glanced at him. My, but he *did* look ugly! There he sat at the foot of his own tea-table, kinder smilin' to himself, and staring straight at Minnie—his eyes glittering, and narrowed to mere slits, his head swaying gently from side to side. And Minnie, lips apart, breast heavin', watching him as if she couldn't move. I let a screech that could have been heard a mile off, and jumped up.

"A bat! A bat!" I cries, flappin' my napkin about my head as if I saw one just makin' for my hair, and running about like wild, and I managed to get in one good slap with that napkin right across George Gift's face! *Him* to sit grimacin' at his wife, scarin' her into fits! I *was* mad.

The next morning was clear; a northwest wind blowin'. Minnie had breakfast in her room; sent down word she was tired. 'Long towards noon I went through the orchard to the pond. It was a queer pond. No visible outlet. Just sucked away under ground, oozin' up again further along towards the sea, making another pond, and

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so on. Minnie showed me the whole chain. One, the biggest, folks said couldn't be sounded—too deep. But I guess that's nonsense.

I saw several snakes that morning. You see their holes was full of water after the rain, and they'd crawled out to sun themselves. I felt the same as they did, the old house was so damp. The shores of the pond was a mixture of yellowish sand and whitish pebbles—kinder slimy, too. I began chuckin' them into the water. One side of me was a dead tree lying stretched out on the beach. I thought I'd sit on it, but changed my mind because of its rotten appearance. When I'd thrown a couple of pebbles, I was sure somethin' moved behind it. I crept close and looked over. There, face down, lay George Gift, sound asleep! In my hurry to get away my foot scrunched heavy on some stones, and, sakes alive, the way he whirled round and up was a caution! I didn't know he could hustle so! And *mad!* Goodness, he looked mad enough to jump across that log at me and bite!

I was *real* sorry and said so, and he tried to be polite, pretendin' he hadn't been asleep, and sayin' I hadn't disturbed him—but dear me, if you're fairly puffed out and swollen with bad temper, there's no use soft-sawderin'! Not knowin' how to get away, I sat down and begun chuckin' pebbles again, and for the sake of saying somethin', remarked on the number of snakes I'd seen, askin' if they was poisonous.

"Not a poisonous snake to my knowledge on Long Island, Miss Mast," he says, and begun to tell me about them. Of the adders—so called—really only one variety of the garter snake, terrible fierce-lookin', and doing no harm; gray, brown, or yellowish accordin' to the color of the soil they live in. 'Sides these, black-snakes, garter snakes, water snakes—fat, short, and brown—and little green snakes that love to climb pine trees.

"These last I saw in the woods at Quogue when I was a boy," he says. "In those days we went by rail to Riverhead, and drove across the island through the woods to Quogue. The stage was a three-seated wagon, with a top, and curtains let down around the back, but rolled up where I sat, on the middle seat. The heavy sandy road was narrow, and the branches of the trees used to slap my face and drop spiders on me as we crawled along. The driver told me stories of the snake who was said to haunt the woods—the Great Sachem, the country people called him. All had seen him, it was said, but none could catch him. Our landlady vowed he was as big round as her arm—rolling up her sleeve to show its gigantic proportions—and when coiled the size of a bushel-basket! I never tired of looking for it—I never saw it," and he sighed.

"What kind of snake do you s'pose it was?" I asked.

"Perhaps a black-snake," he says, "that had lived to a great age. But in these parts black-snakes are very slender—no matter how long they are. I doubt if the Great Sachem was as large as they imagined. Fear lent it size." He begun to chuck pebbles too, then he says, "I saw with my own eyes the Great Adder of Montauk, so I know he exists—or existed. It was in 1881," he says. "I was there for many weeks. Hurrying home from the Cliffs one afternoon when a fog was beginning to roll in—in those days, with only three houses on the Point, getting lost in a fog wasn't pleasant—I was in sight of Stratton's when I saw a crooked gray pole stretched across the grassy track before me. It was very thick, and wondering to see it there—no woods near Stratton's—I stooped to pick it up, but before I touched it, it glided away into a tiny bog and disappeared. Mr. Stratton came out and helped me search for it, but in vain. He said he had seen it several times, but it had always eluded him. Some years later, in the Easthampton newspaper, I saw an account of its being seen again. A horseman, riding through the twilight, was nearly thrown by his horse shying violently from a huge snake. When he succeeded in forcing the animal back to the place, the snake was gone."

I was real inter*est*ed. Gettin' mad seemed to have waked up Mr. Gift.

Mr. Gift was chatty and good-natured that evenin', and Minnie swung in the hammock and enjoyed havin' him act sociable. When I started upstairs I felt real cheerful, and so sleepy I didn't even jump when I run into Bruce at the top, holding a wire trap full of live rats in his hand. When I got in my room I peeked through the crack of my door, and I declare, if he didn't carry the trap into Mr. Gift's rooms across the hall! "Georgie's study," Minnie called 'em. I'd never been in them, and the doors was al-

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ways shut. Bruce was forever slidin' in and out. Somehow I hadn't any use for that nigger.

I felt dreadful peaceful that evenin'. I'd about made up my mind that Minnie was only suffering from a kind of nervous dyspepsy. Mr. Gift wasn't the kind of husband I'd chosen for her, of course, too fond

"THE HOGS ENJOYED HIM."

of teasin' and kinder ugly at times—but few men is perfect. I went to bed all soothed down, and was off to sleep in a minute, but I didn't sleep so very long, because of a noise—which waked me. A kind of queerish thump close alongside my bed, as if somethin' soft, yet heavy, had flopped down off it sudden onto the floor.

I sat up in bed. The room was quite light—near full of the moon, and my shutters, old-fashioned ones, wide open. I could see every object plain. I leaned over the side of my bed. Slidin' slow away across the matting was a big black-snake! Sakes, but it looked horrid in that pale light! As I watched, it stopped short and lifted its little head, appearin' to listen.

I leaned out for my shoes and stockin's and begun to draw them on. It heard me and turned 'round. Well—'twasn't very pleasant! I never took my eyes off it one minute. It watched me the same. By my bed was a ordinary cane-bottom chair, old and rotten like all the furniture. If so be I only smashed the chair—well, life's made up of chances—and I took mine.

I just went for that reptile and I gave him Hail Columbia—the chair busted—I grabbed a leg—and for a minute we had it nip and tuck. So mixed up I scarcely knew

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which was me and which was snake, but I kep' a-goin' just the same! In the middle of the scrimmage comes a knockin' at my door—locked, thanks be praised! 'Twas Mr. Gift.

"Miss Mast," he hollers, "are you ill? What's the matter?"

The snake was near done for.

"A spider!" I says—thump! thump! "Biggest I ever saw!" Thump! thump! *thump!* "He's about dead now!" and *that* was true.

"Is that all?" he sings out, mad and disgusted.

"Ain't it enough?" I hollered back. "I'm 'fraid of spiders." Which also was true, and he went grumbling away.

I wasn't goin' to have Minnie know it was a snake! She'd have been scared to death. I heard her callin' out to ask if I was all right, and he sayin':

"Tempest in a tea-pot!" real cross.

What to do with the creature I didn't know. Of all the nasty work—but there, I won't talk about it! I locked him in my trunk and went to bed—after makin' things tidy of course—and had a good night, what was left of it.

The next day was Sunday. Mr. Gift fairly hustled Minnie and me off to church. He was cross and looked worried. I didn't pay much attention to divine service—too busy contrivin' how to bury my dead. On the way home I remarked an orchard with hogs rootin' in it. I says to myself, "*They* shall help me out." Minnie lay down after dinner. Mr. Gift and Bruce started for the woods, carryin' a covered basket.

I had a biggish umbrella. By dint of some coilin' and windings 'round I got him into it. Made the umbrella look dreadful bulgy-out and slovenly, but I tied it up snug around the handle and started out. My, but 'twas heavy! I wondered where so thick through a snake could have hid himself for so long 'thout bein' killed; then remembering Mr. Gift's saying black-snakes stayed slim in those parts, I wondered more and more. Some boys sassed me before I reached the orchard, inquirin' why I didn't put them stolen apples in my shirt, 'stead of bustin' my umbrella! You see, he'd sogged down till the umbrella *did* look dreadful fat and funny; 'twas all I could do to keep it closed up. The hogs enjoyed him. Made a hearty meal.

I went home real cheerful. Minnie's window was open, so I knew she was awake.

"Minnie," I calls out, "are you downstairs?" There come a kind of sigh from the dinin'-room. I looked in. The folding-doors between it and the parlor was open, and stretched on the floor, half in one room half in t'other, was a dreadful-looking snake. Minnie was leanin' back against the dinin'-table, white and faint. I seen she couldn't move a step to save her life. As I slipped into the hall to get a cane, I wondered if I was dreamin', but hadn't time to stop to find out. I was in such a hurry that I bounced back into the room, kinder rough, and the reptile seen me and got mad. When I heard his rattle I thought I was a gone-er for sure, and as he sprang I struck for his head—'twas all I could do. Yes, ma'am, luck, and nothin' else—hung limp, just as if I'd whacked the head of a poppy!

Dead? Sakes, yes—so was I 'most. Kinder glutted with snakes, you might say. I got some newspapers and, spreading them out, got the creature rolled up in 'em and upstairs into my trunk. No, I don't know how I done it—'twas six foot long and dreadful heavy. Color? Dullish-brown, with yellow, diamond-shaped marks all down its back. Wicked lookin'? I should say so! Middle of August, you know, when they're at their worst.

When Minnie come to, she asked right off for that reptile.

"Susan," she gasps, "where's the rattler?"—and she persisted, till I lied.

"I hain't seen a single snake, Minnie," I says; "not one," and, poor child, she believed me.

Just then in comes Mr. Gift.

"What's the matter?" he says, glancin' sharp round the room. "Why are you two here? I told you to stay upstairs, and to keep her with you, Minnie."

"Minnie ain't well," I says; "she's had a faint spell." Just then I spied the cane, which I'd forgot to put away. I felt kinder sick as his eye lighted on it.

"What's that here for?" he says, fierce and sudden.

So I told a yarn about comin' home and hearing Minnie hollerin' about a snake, and grabbin' that cane and runnin' in, only to see no snake, but just her faintin' on the floor. Sakes! when I got that far, the way he hustled me and Minnie upstairs was a

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caution! I heard him hollerin' for Bruce, and I *was* curious. The rattler in my trunk hadn't never been born North—and the black-snake? I judged the time for snoopin' had about come. 'Twasn't, so to speak, goin' to be easy, but bein' dangersome kinder made it seem less mean.

Tea was dull that evenin'. Minnie in bed and Mr. Gift real unpleasant—cross and kinder queer; actually swung his head at me like he done at Minnie one night. It made me mad, and I looked him down. How? Just kep' my eye fixed on his steady till he stopped tryin' it on. Made me nervous, too. When I went to bed, I couldn't sleep for thinkin'. By and by I got up and dressed, all but my shoes—them I put in my shirt-waist front. I got the bundle out of my trunk; but the umbrella was too small this time, so I used a petticoat, and kinder wobbed the newspapers around. Makes you feel sick? I'm sorry. Well, I opened my door and peeked out. The house was as still—near one o'clock, but not dark, because of the moon—and I seen the door of the front room opposite was ajar. I went across, steppin' soft, and peeked in. The shutters was open, and the room just flooded with moonlight, so I saw every object plain. Against the walls was ranged glass cases set on top of stout wooden uprights—in the middle of the room one monstrous big one—and they was *full* of snakes! I 'most laughed out when I seen them—everything explained so comfortable! Mr. Gift was just a naturalist—a snake collector. I *was* relieved. Of course I knew then where my two come from; still I couldn't be sorry I'd killed them, seems kinder wrong not to—anyway, it comes natural to me.

The door leadin' into the back room was of glass—a solid sheet. I looked through. The casements had been taken clean out and the window spaces filled with stout wire netting. In the middle of the room was two poles, with cross-pieces—no furniture, floor covered with oilcloth. On the floor lay a big black-snake, bigger even than the one I'd killed—its mate I guessed, 'twas so uneasy—glidin' 'round, and liftin' its head curious. In one corner, makin' himself as small as possible, was a young rat. Every time the snake moved, restless, the rat shivered and crouched lower. I don't care 'specially about rats; still—well, I was glad to get back to my own room.

I picked up my bundle, took my knife, and creepin' down-stairs went out by the back door. My knife? Well, you see, I didn't dare give the head, with it's poison bags, to the pigs to eat. When father was a boy, there was rattlers on our farm—more varieties of snakes in Orange County than in any county of the State—and the pigs killed 'em. Let the snake strike first one cheek, then t'other—nothin' but gristle, you know—then trod on the reptile, wrenched his head off, and ate him! Hogs *are* intelligent. No; I won't go into details. I got it off, scrunched it well with stones, and left it in the middle of the high-road. Then to the orchard, and back home—gettin' in safely—and to bed!

Afraid of the mate's gettin' loose and into my room? N–o; that wasn't what made me nervous, it was the look in George Gift's eyes when he wagged his head at me. He was queer at breakfast the next morning, and I kep' wonderin' why he never talked about his collection. Folks who like bugs, and such things, mostly talk your head off 'bout what they pick up. Not a word 'bout the lost snakes neither. Tell you what, I walked 'round wary, one eye over my shoulder and a couple of good stout sticks handy in my room. Poor little Minnie was on the jump, seemed as if she couldn't keep quiet a minute, and George A. Gift was as restless as Hamlet's ghost! That night at supper he swung his head at his wife, and I had to drop my tumbler onto the floor before I could stop him. His eyes looked terrible. I went upstairs and wrote to Doctor what I suspicioned, beggin' him to come at once and judge for himself. I didn't go to bed right off, but sat by my window lookin' northward to the little ridge they call "mountains." I was perturbed, didn't rightly know what to do. The old clock in the hall struck twelve. I jumped up, thinkin' to hurry into bed. Just then I thought I heard a moanin' sound in Minnie's room.

"Has that child the nightmare, or what?" says I to myself, and I opened my door soft and stepped out—cautious. The door leadin' into the little hall-room—Mr. Gift's dressin'-room—stood wide. I crep' along and peeked in. The window was open, the room empty. Then there came a soft rustle against Minnie's door on the inside, as if some one leaned sudden on it, and goin' swift I turned the knob—gentle. The door was locked. I breathed her name. "Minnie!" I says. There come a low moanin' in re-

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ply. I made for the window of the dressin'-room and clumb out. The rotten old piazza-roof swayed under me, but I kep' right on to Minnie's window. It was open. I looked in.

The moon was at the full, so the room was as light as day—with spooky moonlight. Against the door leaned my Minnie, her hands pressed close to her little beatin' heart, her big eyes fixed, her life 'most gone from her; and wrigglin' towards her 'cross the floor came her husband, as deadly and dangersome as the reptile he 'magined himself to be; lookin' with his foam-flecked mouth and glitterin' eyes like—well, like a devil.

For a minute, seein' him slidin' along over the floor—"Upon thy belly shalt thou go," says Scripture—I was too flabbergasted to move; the next, I was into that room and had sat down hard on his back. No, I didn't mean to go down so ker-squash, but he was so near to Minnie I hadn't time to think much. And really, I had no *idea* I was that heavy! You see, I hadn't been weighed for years. I'd not the remotest notion I was gettin' stout. To make matters worse, the poor child sank down unconscious right there, and I lifted her little head up onto my lap; and though I screeched and hollered like mad, 'twas some time before I got help and could move.

Well, I didn't mean to do it, and all the lawyers and other gentlemen was very kind. I told them I was *real* sorry—and I was! Howsomever, the doctors said he'd have been a maniac if he'd come to, and that's a great comfort.

Minnie? Oh, she's abroad now havin' a real good time. Got over it? Sakes, yes! Why, it's goin' on three year now since it all happened! I s'pose 'twas all for the best my goin' there, and that. Anyway, I scarcely ever think of it these days.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR FADD TO DR. STRONG, WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1898.

DEAR STRONG:

Not being a member of the medical profession, my failure to detect symptoms of incipient mania in the case of George Adderly Gift was, I trust, pardonable.

You ask an explanation of advice given. You acted upon it, hence the demand is just. What I believe to be a fact, you may consider mere hypothesis.

Each human being resembles some member of the lower creation—is in sympathy with this Beast, Bird, or Reptile. Has its tastes. Dislikes, or is strangely attracted towards its natural enemy—and towards its prey.

This fact I discovered in a Parisian Pension some five years since. My vis-à-vis at table resembled a black, hairy Spider; his wife, a common House-fly. He was small, she very large. When he would have stung, she buzzed loudly; terrified, he shrank back harmless.

My interest aroused, I looked about me and saw:

A Tiger who had married his Jackal—an unhappy pair. A Dog and Cat couple—he snarled, she scratched—they are now divorced. A Cat and Bird, she has since learned to peck hard; she had an aviary. A Dog and Mare, congenial companions—*und so weiter*.

The half-hour with the Gifts convinced me that the husband belonged to the genus *Crotalus durissus*; the wife—*Aves passeres*.

To discover the hidden evil in this household, I desired to introduce the born foe of the supposed guilty party. The Mongoose is a busy-body, and sometimes attacks birds. I barred the Mongoose. The Deer will kill the Snake when driven desperate, but loses its presence of mind in other crises. Remained—the Pig.

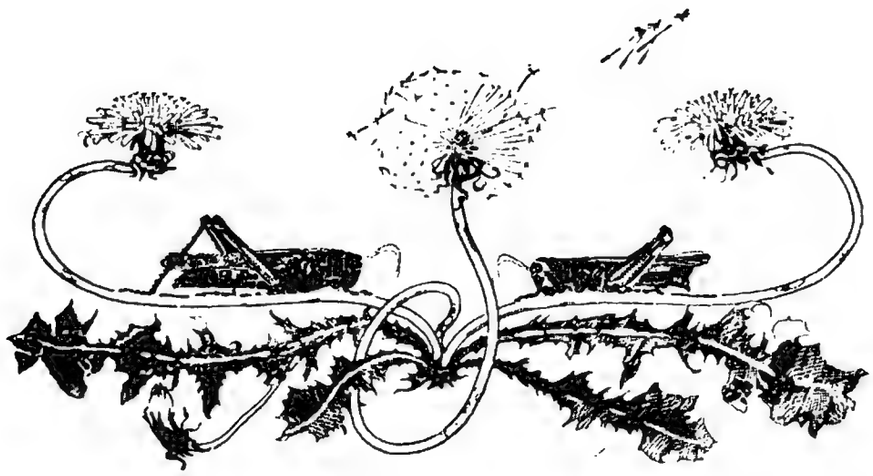
Is the result unsatisfactory? The *Crotalus* destroyed, the *Avis* unhurt—and free!

Foreseeing further query: *Canis familiaris*—you, the wiry, clever Terrier; I, the keen-nosed little Beagle, never leaving a trail!

Yours to command,

FELIX FADD.

P. S.—Was the Coluber Constrictor loosed to discover the escaped *Crotalus?* Or, *vice versa?* We may never know! The battle between two such foes would have been of interest—their common enemy destroyed them both.



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TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By An Author.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

According to Madame Petunia Dewey, a woman of the world and half-sister of Rufus, the latter is "only related to" his "Club and his Son." Suspecting this Son to have a growing tenderness for some theatrical unknown, Rufus seeks advice from his half-sister and from an old club friend, Major Downs, both of whom agree that it is wise to let young bloods have their swing; which advice horrifies Rufus's self-accusing conscience, and he, in his perplexity, begins to think seriously of Madame Dewey's casual hint that he himself should get married—incidentally to Madame Coldcream. Charlie also has an anxious interview with Madame Petunia concerning his father's failings in the matter of the unknown Madame Coldcream, in which it appears that father and son entertain similar views toward each other. It so happens that at this time Rufus receives a most opportune letter inviting him with his son to make an old friend, the Doctor, a visit to the country. With model unselfishness, each considering such a visit to be a capital cure for the other's malady, they set off together on a May day, and arrive at Tuskaloo, Penn., called by the Doctor "Beulah Land," where the sly Doctor's tangle, like vaccine, soon begins to take with an energy unsuspected save, perhaps, by the ingenuous Polly, the Doctor's niece, and Io her friend, the first managing Rufus, the second, Charlie; more particularly when one day the latter, out for an early morning ride with indifferent Miss Io, comes suddenly upon his father carrying Polly across the stream of the Swirl, a mortifying situation considerably strengthening the friendship of the delinquents, who loiter homeward by the way of the Lodge, where milk and bread and butter can be obtained, and are met by Boylston, the coachman, with his team, and driven home. A few days after this Rufus and the Doctor, in the library, are interrupted by Polly, who insists upon being admitted to the conference, in which an understanding is arrived at concerning the future of Charlie and Io, and Rufus is introduced more intimately to the charms of the fine old country-place and to Mr. Fancher, a beau of Io's, and a dawning cause of jealousy to Charlie. Just at this time Polly takes it into her head to visit neighboring cousins at the Clove, so thither Rufus and the Doctor are compelled to walk one summer day to seek advice and to bring the young woman home. On the way, the Doctor-philosopher, explaining to his companion that he is one who "isn't content to furrow the land, but fraternizes with it," calls Polly a sheep who has strayed because she "scented the conspiracy and resented the omission" and detested Fancher. They find Polly at the Clove, Boylston coming up later with "Mother" in the phaeton, and shortly after Io and Charlie on horseback. Polly is delighted, and from her window takes a snap-shot of the group. When at home, on the Rose Bench, Rufus, confiding his troubles to Polly, finds that she is the very young woman from whose influence he thought to have removed Charlie when bringing him to the country. They soon mend this misunderstanding and return amicably to the house, only to find that Fancher has proposed to the Doctor for Io's hand and been refused. Rufus discusses his own situation with Charlie, and has just determined to forget Madame Coldcream, when a letter arrives from his sister with the information that she and Madame Coldcream have accepted Fancher's invitation to the annual tournament of the club, at Tuskaloo, and with a hint that Rufus's tender sentiments are not unknown to their object, Madame Coldcream; followed by the Doctor's announcement that the guests are his, to the utter confusion of father and son, who now blame each other for the state of affairs. But Charlie soon joins Io, and, later on, while the Doctor and Rufus discuss Polly's awkward situation, the guests arrive escorted by Fancher.

X.—IN WHICH I BECOME A NONENTITY.

THE old Manse wore a livelier air of contemporaneous life when these visitors came to it. My excellent half-sister, Petunia Dewey, fluttered the Mater of the house you may be sure; it was such an event to have personages of affairs come this way from a seething centre and sit down at the archaic board and make the recluses feel how provincial they were. But the Doctor gave no heed to such considerations. His exuberant hospitality stopped not at trifles, but went on its overflowing way without recognizing any new responsibilities. I think that he exulted a little as a provincial patriarch might, in being able to show off his rusty courtliness to such good advantage.

The moment that all the preliminary greetings and welcomings were over, and the guests were adjusted to the menage, Petunia pulled me away to herself and came at me with interrogations as the crow flies.

"What is the situation here?" she asked. "Have you and your precious scion taken such good care of each other that the inevitable is a back number?"

"Petunia," I said, "you are disingenuous. You probably know that I ran away from a temptation only to rush into its arms. Between you all I have been made the dupe of my own solicitude."

"That is interesting," she exclaimed. "Tell me all about it."

"I would if it could possibly have any novelty for you."

But Petunia vowed that she had not the slightest idea of what I was talking about, and sometimes her vows wore the aspect of sincerity. So I told her, making my explanations as brief as possible. She was frankly amazed, and disavowed all complicity.

"It is not a plot," she said. "It is fate."

"Then permit me to say that fate is a bungling playwright. No sooner does it arrange its *dénouement* than the actors strike. My wayward scion appears to have fallen in love with the leading lady here."

"Then it is not fate that has miscarried, but the stage manager."

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"Who is the stage manager?"

"You. You have changed your point of view."

"My son has changed his point of view."

"And for some reason that I do not understand, you appear to regret it."

"Yes, I cannot help feeling annoyed at an exhibition of such wayward susceptibility. I rather counted on the fellow's stubborn loyalty to his first love."

"Then he has fallen in love again. He is vivacious, isn't he?"

"He has had his youthful sensibilities touched by a new face."

"Then, in heaven's name, Rufus, let nature take its course this time, if there are no other new faces here. I warn you that I shall throw all my influence on the side of nature, unless you tell me that the latest is out of our class."

Petunia's estimate of these things was entirely social. Like a great many other estimable women, she had relegated her conscience to her set. It was useless for me to tell her that I was governed in the matter by the fitness that insured the future.

"You observed Miss Io," I said, "and probably measured her charms, if not her capacity. Isn't she a beautiful girl?"

"She is good-looking enough," replied Petunia with a woman's conservatism when speaking of other women—"good-looking enough as girls go. The question is, is she able to take her place in the circle that your son will move in?"

"As to that," I said, "I suppose that with such a face and figure, the circle, whatever it may be, will square itself to her authority."

"Humph!" she observed. "It is very evident that you and the Doctor have arranged it. I didn't think you were so lively."

"We have recognized it."

"Where is the other one, into whose arms I understood you to say you had rushed? Is that arranged, too?"

Now, the "Other One" had withdrawn into the background. I presumed, that like myself, she had made up her mind that it was folly to oppose the inevitable, and was over at the Lodge, packing her trunk. At all events she was not in evidence, so I could not expect Petunia to make any immediate comparisons, and I said:

"See here, Petunia, I have only one desire in this matter, and it is that boy's future. I don't care a rap for what you call his or his wife's social position."

"Since when did you execute this lightning change?" she asked.

"What I want," I continued, "is to secure his future domestic happiness, and if I felt sure that his present susceptibility would insure it, I should give no further thought to the matter. But that is just where I am baffled. Such beauty as Io's is sphinxine, at least to a man. I have been here some time, and I know no more of Io's character than when I came, and the worst of it is she appears to know that she can dazzle any man's judgment by looking at him."

"What rubbish," said Petunia. "The only amiable weakness that you have not outgrown is an inveterate quality of sex. She can't dazzle *me*."

"I know it. Therefore I expect you to lend me your unblinking judgment."

"Let me see them together, and I will tell you all about it. These dazzlers have one excellent quality—they are transparent."

If Miss Io had known that Madame Dewey's eye was upon her and going through her during that visit, I think it would have given her an extra charm of nervousness. And yet, now that I think of it, how do I know that Io's eye was not placidly on Madame Petunia, making an equal inventory and defying her? Who can follow these reciprocal processes? The women probably read each other through and through, and never for one moment acknowledged each other's acumen.

I hope the reader perceives the dilemma in which I was placed, and understands my further dilemma in being the narrator of what the reader fondly believes is a love story. When did the reader get a love story from the father's point of view? It is a most incredible undertaking for a man of my age, for a father has qualms. He may carry, as I did, his susceptibility to beauty up to the edge of the sear and yellow, but, confound it! he carries his experience also, and they are sure to lock horns. He turns over the page of the new book, and the rhetoric holds him with its fresh glitter. But he knows the trite plot at a glance. Most of the veterans, they tell me, leave the theatre at the end of the second act. They have seen the new beauty, and they know the rest. Nobody ever thinks of get-

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ting a new plot, only of seeing a new woman. That is why popular plays depend on the relays, not on the reason.

The only advantage that a father has in trying to tell a love story, is that he is a little suspicious of superlative beauty. It is no longer a guarantee. He has learned, perhaps, that nature's purpose in getting up what we call her divinities, is wholly disassociated from anything but her own idea of fecundity, and that consequently she often adorns the shallowest souls with the most regal lines and colors. It takes a man generally about forty years to learn that real beauty is like Truth—*like* Truth? I cry you shame. It *is* Truth, and it never bursts upon the vision, outside of the current novel, with the blazon of voluptuous facts, but glimmers up slowly according to the law of evolution and shines securely when Aphrodite is grown obese and dull.

What the world has consented to call beauty in a woman, ever since the Argive Helen, is often a vacuum which that same world rushes to fill with its fancies. When Beauty consents to die, or, what is worse, to live on beyond its attractiveness, we can discover nothing but the vagaries we imputed to it.

I suppose, if the truth must be told, that I was mean enough to harbor a skulking distrust of Miss Io. Her imperious superiority to all the demands of a father; her unauthorized sovereignty of line and color aggravated me in some unknown way. She often looked at me with a mild and matchless contempt that only I could interpret, for it said to me, "Pish, for your years of watchfulness and of anxious guardianship! I override them all with contour and the divine right of effulgence."

I was not sure even while experiencing this unworthy feeling that I was not doing her great injustice. One thing I was sure of. I never came under the spell of her beauty without feeling the absence of something. I dare say I was foolish enough to think of an overflowing girlhood somewhere; something scintillant, in buckled shoes; daring to throw its arms about my neck; now looking at the shadows of its own temperament through tears, and now dancing a gavotte—interpreting itself like a windharp, as the breath of heaven touched it. And then I wondered at the majestic keyboard of this other instrument which kept every player at a distance.

I had already learned that there are two occasions in a father's life when he is expected to become a nonentity. One is a birth and the other is a death. I had now to learn that there are three, and a marriage must be added to the periods of self-extinction, when your friends push you aside and take upon themselves the management of what looks to you like your destiny. Now that I had a marriageable son, my individuality was kindly reminded on all sides that it should remain at zero.

The Doctor caught me by the arm and walked me up and down his veranda with complacent patronage.

"Now that the house wears a gala day aspect," said he, "we might top off with a wedding. What do you say? Suppose we seize the opportunity and tie the knot."

I shrank a little at this unexpected precipitancy.

"Better wait a while," I said. "There is nothing gained by taking the matter out of its natural course."

"Certainly not, certainly not; but having ascertained the natural course and determined the result, we might as well arrive at it and have done with it. Just tell your youngster to fix the day while the company is here; to strike while the iron is hot—you understand. One day is as good as another. By the soul of Andrew Jackson, I feel like shaking an archaic leg myself and tapping tuns of wine and tripping it gayly on the greensward. I haven't had a square merry-making these forty years. Gads, my old friend, we'll renew our youth and pack these perilous young responsibilities off in the narrow path of honor and offspring while the roses are in bloom."

It is astonishing, I said to myself, with what avidity philosophy worms itself into other persons' affairs. Here was my discreet old mentor thrown off his balance entirely by a prospect of orange blossoms, and ready to avail himself of the hallucinations of youth, to fasten two young persons irremediably together for life.

I told him I would consult with one of the principals and talk further of it. But they kept the principal out of the way between them. Charlie and Miss Io had ridden up to the Club to make inquiries about the Tournament. I imagined that he slipped out in the morning before I was up and lingered round somewhere at night till I had gone to bed. Some kind of a film had come between us already.

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In such an uneasy condition of mind, made restless by the conviction that I no longer had any determining voice in that which alone interested me, I felt an impulse to rush after my son and throw my arm about him with the old-time confidence and say, "Come, come, Comrade, our interests are identical; let us tear ourselves away from all this and recover our implicit candor born of so many hours of affection." The more I pondered over these intricacies of my own weaving, the more vividly I remembered the spontaneity and motiveless vivacity of Polly, who had no purposes—only instincts.

I am afraid the Doctor's circle began to bore me a little. Madame Coldcream put my complacence to a severe test. I was kept at a continual pitch of decorous consideration by her well-bred platitudes and her unexceptionable artificiality. She had brought her groove with her, and one could not be polite without walking in it. The Doctor appeared to think it was a luxury to bounce about her with elephantine courtesy and practise some of his old social graces. But I had no vanity of hospitality to sustain, and when he carried them all off for a drive to show them the country, I begged out of the group and was left behind in the big echoing house with the servants. Then it was that I seized a sombrero from the hat-rack, and, clutching a heavy cane, set out for the Lodge. I never before had been so destitute of a definite purpose. If you had asked me what I was going to the Lodge for, I should have looked at you with a vacuous ignorance worthy of a wax figure.

It is well, perhaps, that one does not at times know what he is about. He is thus enabled to stumble on providentially.

When I arrived within a stone's throw of the house, the plunk of a banjo came through the roses. The free jocund stroke of its few strings called to me from very far back, and I kept step to it as I entered the enclosure and found Polly in the back yard sitting on an overturned wash-tub, one leg over the other, strumming some kind of barbaric stave.

Suddenly as I had come upon her it did not surprise her. She might have been expecting me for all the change that my appearance made in her manner.

"Listen to this," she said. "I have been picking at it two days, and I have just got it—snatched it like a bunch of marshmallows, down in the meadows where the boys play it to the cattle.

> "Wait a while, my honey dear,
> Summer time's a-comin'.
> When the snow is melted, suah
> You'll hear de bees a-hummin'."

One makes quick estimates sometimes. I said to myself in one of those lightning calculations that astonish us afterwards, I know now what is the matter with Miss Io and Madame Coldcream and Petunia herself—they have no banjo in their dispositions.

"Polly," I said, looking round for another overturned tub and not finding it; "have you abandoned us? There is something atrocious in leaving us to our own resources at such a crisis."

"Us?" repeated the minstrel with an interrogative plunky-plunk. "Are you speaking for the company?"

"No," I replied, tumbling at the first stroke to her own frankness; "only for myself."

"There is something funny in a man of your resources coming to a church mouse." (Plunkety-plunk.) "Listen to the second verse."

"Wait a moment," I said. "Aren't you going to the Tournament with the family?"

"Nobody axed me, Sir," she said. (Plunkety-plunk.)

"That explains why I am here."

"To ask me?"

"Will you go with me?"

"Yes, with you." (Plinkety-plink.)

She jumped up, ran to the door of the house, placed the banjo inside, seized her chip hat, and, coming back, slipped her arm through mine.

"It was real good of you," she said, and we walked along. "I was afraid I had offended you."

"Well, Polly, I have turned it all over in my mind, and, do my best, I cannot find anything to be offended at—in you at least. I have been a little disappointed, I suppose, but we get over those things."

"And you are recovered?"

"Somewhat. It is a man's duty to rectify mistakes when he cannot prevent them."

"You mean other person's mistakes."

"No, I don't. I mean my own. Polly, I want you to tell me exactly how old you are."

"You can't correct that. I was twenty-two on the first of April. All Fools' Day.

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You might have guessed it—I mean the day."

"True, if I had thought of sunshine and showers, which you take such good care to remind me of. But, after all, what have years to do with it? Some girls are born women, and some men remain boys. You know we were so confidential at the start."

"Yes—at the start."

"Why shouldn't we be at the finish?"

She stopped short in the grassy road and looked at me with one of those quick, involuntary starts that were her own property, and in which she always played the echo.

"Finish?" she said, with a soft, rose-tinted alarm. "My—what has happened?"

"You have," I replied, catching hold of her and resuming the walk. "If you had been content to remain an uncertain danger, all would have been well. But you must happen in *propria persona* and muddle everything—even me."

"Walk along this path to the meadow," she murmured. "I want you to see the Holsteins. When I am muddled I come down here and look at the cows. Aren't you fond of cows?"

"Polly," I said, "you may be able to relieve my mind of a burden. I feel that my family has placed itself under some kind of obligation to you, and as a man of honor I think it ought to be redeemed, if not by one, why then by another member of the family. Has it ever occurred to you that Charlie may be too young to see it in that light?"

We had come to the heavy stile at the meadow, and we both leaned upon it close together. The Holsteins dotted the green stretches with their white stomachers, and the long afternoon shadows reached across the fields in soft bars.

"You really feel sometimes," she said, "that you are younger than Charlie, don't you? Is that what you mean by being muddled?"

"Would you mind telling me what *you* think?"

"I don't think there is so much difference between you as one ought to expect."

"Oh, yes there is. I cannot do the same things that Charlie does—at least with his indifference. A young man never has so much consideration for other persons."

While we were talking, the Holsteins that were scattered about the field began to move slowly, in converging lines toward us, so slowly and softly that I did not notice it until they had drawn together at some little distance, and were all pointing at Polly. I looked up and saw the absurd semicircle of beasts that had closed in upon us, as if, indeed, Polly carried her magnetism into the fields and all things came toward her.

"Wait," she said, "I have some salt in my pocket. You shall see them stick out their big jolly tongues and lick my hand. Aren't they handsome with their velvet belts and big, agate eyes?"

They came so close that I could smell their minty breaths—a warm, musky fragrance, picked up from daisied glades and gathered along wet odorous paths, lush with medicinal shoots and blades of balsam. One or two of them tried to say something in their own absurdly inarticulate and mumbling way—a way that opened great coral caverns of mouths and emitted soft, rumbling interrogative moos, not unlike the summer rumble of the heavens after a hot, dry day, when you listen to the mooing in the far-off mountain.

Polly held out a little white hand, and they all came up in turn and kissed it—beautiful half-mute obeisance, trying to contribute its homage from the nature of things, and she pulled their velvety ears, and stroked their massive jowls, and had untranslatable words for each one that belong to the mid-kingdom between instinct and reason.

I believe the influence of the honest kine must have affected me. Perhaps I tried myself to moo. It is some time ago, and I cannot be accurate. I leaned close to my companion and said:

"Polly, be frank with me—Charlie has hurt you."

She gave a little start, as if I had tried to open the lid of a forbidden casket. But her impulsive frankness dominated her.

"Yes—a little," she said, "but it does not count now."

I pulled her a little closer.

"Yes, it does count," I insisted. "We are both hurt in the same way."

"Oh, no—not in the same way."

"Well, at least by the same act."

"No, no—you are unjust."

"He pretended to love you."

"Pretended? Dear me."

I held her fast, for I could feel her shrink from the subject.

"It must have been a pretence if it was

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so short-lived. Something or somebody interfered with it."

"Well?"

"Why do you say well. It is not well."

"Isn't it?"

"Why, no. How can it be? Now he loves somebody else. It's Io, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, certainly not."

"What?"

"It isn't Io."

"Then who, in the name of all the youthful follies, is it?"

"You."

"Try and be serious a moment. He cannot help that, and it is no great credit to one's flesh and blood. You understand that I am speaking of his recreancy to you."

"Yes. It was his fidelity to you. I rather admired it, it was so original. He couldn't love anybody unless you did."

"What imbecility. Do you mean to say that my son has never grown out of his infancy, and has to ask his father what kind of emotion he shall experience?"

"Oh, his father stands first in his consideration. You don't know him."

"Polly, tell me honestly, did Charlie ask you if you could love him? Speak up. We want to understand each other."

She turned her head away and put her salty hand to her mouth, so that she answered through her fingers.

"He asked me if I thought I could love his Governor."

"Great Solomon, Polly, and what did you say?"

"I said I could try, he had set me such a good example. And I did try."

She must have rubbed her salty hand across her eyes, for, as I pulled her face gently round, those violet eyes were swimming again. This was too much for me. I had no immediate words that were fitted to the occasion, so what should I do but pull her a little closer and kiss her—that being in some sort an acknowledgment to her as well as a comfort to myself, the cows looking on complacently, as if it were part of the ordinances.

"I think we understand each other better," I said, not quite understanding myself.

"Yes, and so we need not mention the subject again, for, after all, it isn't a matter of life and death. I should hate to imagine myself bereaved."

"You never shall. When a father sees his duty clearly, he always expects his son to perform it."

This was at last so exactly idiotic in its fitness to the occasion that one of the cattle smiled ponderously, which looked very much like a yawn, but Polly only said:

"He always performed it, didn't he?"

"Yes, according to his changing lights. He may consider it his duty now to be a ninny."

"His duty to you?"

"Suppose we hurry back. I should like to give him some fresh points on what may be his duty to me."

"I am sure it would be more comfortable for everybody to let him find out for himself. Besides it really isn't of so much importance."

Then we returned along the lane, Polly hanging to my arm with what I thought was a new confidence, and after some little argument, she consented to accompany me to the Doctor's mansion and undergo the ordeal of Mesdames Dewey's and Coldcream's inspection, an ordeal from which she did not flinch, and the success of which I, in my infatuation, had not the least doubt.

That evening down came Mr. Fancher and two or three of his associates to pay their respects to the guests, and to make the old house ring with their merriment, in which the Doctor joined with a youthful zest that was amazing, and Polly with her banjo and her vivacity violated all forms and delighted everybody.

Madame Coldcream and I watched the young people from our corner, vainly endeavoring to read, between all the lines of merrymaking, some sober purposes that might be lurking there. Charlie did not hesitate to rival Mr. Fancher in dancing attendance upon Io, and I could not see that Polly was at all distressed by it. When it grew late and those of us whose stock of merriment was not large, were preparing to leave the young folk to make a night of it, my sister caught me in the hallway.

"Rufus," she said, "you are entirely off your base." (My excellent sister occasionally uses sporting terms.) "I wouldn't give that" (snapping her fingers) "for your or the Doctor's discernment. It is too late to explain, but nature does not need my assistance. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

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IN high society there are examples of strenuous life which in their own sphere parallel the activities of President Roosevelt and the German Emperor. The Duchess D'Uzes, for instance, is by turns a sportswoman, an author, an artist, a sculptor, a *chauffeuse*, a ministering angel to the poor, a *grande mondaine*, and an industrious mother. At Bonnelles, on the borders of the forest of Rambouillet, the duchess hunts her own hounds. There are superb kennels nestling against the edge of the woods containing fifty couples of the massive well-shaped animals used to hunt the stag. In all the curious and picturesque lore of French *vénerie* she is well skilled, and it is a splendid spectacle to see her in black velvet habit, swaying with the vigorous motions of her big English hunter as she gallops in the wake of the crying pack, through the green glades of the forest. But that is only a phase of her life. Of all her country seats, Bonnelles is the favorite working place. There is her studio, her library; there the artistic treasures, pictures, tapestries, marbles, accumulated by the family through centuries of preëminence. There, too, was formulated the Boulanger fantasy, of which this Diana was the chief aid and support. It was at a period of intense unrest in the national life. The malcontents of France were seeking a head and here was a brave and gilded figure who seemed the embodiment of a Cæsar. The millions of the duchess were used to aid the cause of his elevation; her scheming, active brain supplied him plans of campaign. Alas, at the moment when triumph awaited him, he suddenly collapsed, not daring to grasp the prize within his reach.

At Tientsin when the Boxers began their depredations, all foreigners were ordered within the English concession where they could be guarded against the furious, brutal onslaught of the fanatic Chinese. One man, an American missionary, living in a beautiful villa in an outlying district, refused to come in or to remove his household goods to a place of safety. At last he had to flee for his life before a horde of Boxers. The abandoned house was discovered by a company of Russian troops, who at once began to loot it. They swarmed through the rooms, plundering and destroying. Two correspondents came up with the Russians and warned them to desist. They scowled at the newspaper men and continued to load themselves with such of the treasures as seemed portable. Then they assumed military formation outside the door and marched forward with monstrous unconcern, followed by the correspondents still protesting vehemently. Down the street came three Russian officers—one a colonel in the uniform of the marauders' regiment. The troops saluted. The correspondents accosted the colonel with their complaints. A gruff order brought the company to a halt. Another set them in single formation against the wall of a Chinese garden. An officer searched them. Out came jewels, silverware, ornaments, silks, embroideries. There was no defence, no possibility of defence. The Russian burred an order to the first man in the row against the wall. There came a gruff murmur of numbering down the line. Every fifth man stepped forward. The others paced a score of yards up the street and halted. The six backed to the wall, stood still against it looking after their comrades. Around them the ground was strewn with plunder. Not a sound. Then another hoarse order. The company took aim, fired, and the six fell forward among the jewelry, ornaments, silverware, and silks—shot to death. The colonel looked at the correspondents, nodded his head as to say, "That's how we Russians punish them." The company, completely unconcerned, shouldered guns, and trotted along towards camp.

It was very late. A door opened; there came a slight murmur of voices and a rustling in the darkened hall. Then a stillness. The elder sister, supposing the young man had departed, leaned over the balustrade, "Well, Bessie, have you landed him?" Another interval of silence, broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man, "She has."

Kiyosai, the greatest of Japanese artists, paints best when drunk. A strange, small, ugly creature, his face pitted with smallpox, and with tusk-like teeth, he looks, for all his genius, more like a fierce small animal than a human being. He is yet possessed of a high dignity and never, even when saturated with sake, does he lose self-possession. To an embassadorial function in Tokio a dozen of Japan's most distinguished artists were invited to paint pictures on the floor, for the amusement of a score of important guests. Kiyosai, though he resented the idea of exhibiting his art to satisfy mere vulgar curiosity, allowed himself to be persuaded to attend, but as the affair proceeded, grew more and more indignant. He was given cupfuls of spirit to build up his enthusiasm, but kept postponing his drawing until all the other eleven had finished. Before him on the floor lay the silk prepared, with the brushes and ink ready to his hand. Mad with rage, at last he dropped

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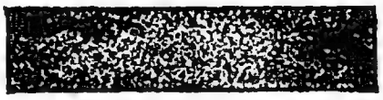
on his knees, glared fiercely round, then grasping the brush, holding it downwards in a tense, fierce grip. For a moment he stared at the silk—he was seeing his picture. The eyes of the little important audience were riveted on him. He executed a flight of crows—a masterpiece. Kiyosai knew it was a masterpiece and proudly drawing himself up to his full height, quivering in every limb, he threw down his brush, contemptuously skidded the silk along the floor to the spectators. "That is Kiyosai," he growled, and tore roughly out of the house.



A retired poet, who is prospecting in the Rockies, writes to a friend his impressions of the scenery. "Whenever I can," he says, "I slip out on some lone peak and drink in a thirsty soul-full of sunrises and sunsets, pine-song, star-dream, and all the myriad enchantments of virgin nature. There is a beauty-fantasy, a joy-illusion about every slope that lifts its tree-fringed lines up to the solemn, snow-encrusted heights. In all these runes and hieroglyphs, I read God's beauty message unto man, who refuses to read. The other day, I was out with a man on horseback, and the cliffs and tints of a mountainside so appealed to me that I said to him, "Jim, look at that hillside,—isn't it wonderful?"

"Yaas," Jim replied; "I'm a-goin' to take it up fer a goat ranch."

"I didn't shoot him," concludes the retired poet, "though I had the gun and the will."

It is typical of the mind of the German emperor that no subject is too difficult for his strong and intense intelligence to cope with and nothing is too minute to excite the lively suggestiveness of his lighter talents. He is said to know the German fleet through and through, better, for instance, than any single person in his service, but he is fully as well acquainted with the details of Berlin's municipality. To him all designs for public buildings and sculpture are submitted and he rejects with ample explanation of his ideas whenever the plans do not suit him. His conversational powers are striking. Out of the fulness of his knowledge he discourses with unhesitating and vivid fluency. He has little time for reading or study and seeks information from living sources. When he wants to know anything, he sends for the expert on the subject and in trenchant cross-examination he goes directly to the root of the matter. He has the exceptional memory that enables him to make the best use of this method, for he rarely forgets a fact and never a face. But beyond all the emperor is a great speaker. No translation does justice to the warm magnetic influence of his oratory. It was a French critic who once described its Ciceronian sonorousness and flow of diction, the strong music of the voice and the thrill of the cadences.

U. S. Senator Patterson, of Colorado, in eight years past has been successively Democrat, Populist, then Democrat again; but in the interim participating in various independent political movements. After the State Conventions, a green canvasser was set to work canvassing the district in Denver, wherein Mr. Patterson lived. He rang the bell of the Patterson mansion and asked of the colored butler the name of the occupant.

"Mistah Tom Patterson, sah."

"What are his politics?" asked the canvasser, reading from off a printed list of questions.

"Why, sah," said the butler, "I don't know. He ain't been home since breakfast."

Perhaps the most fortunate man in the world is Lord Rosebery, who, at fifty, is the first public speaker and the most interesting personality in England—an author with an admirable style, immensely rich, master of a superb town house in Berkely Square; of Mentmore, the most magnificent mansion in England, the interior of which has never been photographed; Dalmeny Castle, an ancestral hall outside Edinburgh; the Durdens, a delightful country seat at Epsom; and a picturesquely beautiful villa in Italy, where he is to entertain the King of England this summer. Nor did the gods deny him the happiness of a romantic attachment; for, while still a youth, his carriage collided with a drag in which sat Miss Hannah Rothschild. It was in a crowded London thoroughfare. With extraordinary agility he managed to jump out, catching her as she fell, and carrying her, stunned, into a neighboring residence. A passionate love was the consequence of this chance meeting, and to her Rosebery devoted all the ardor of his nature. Despite the intense opposition of her father, Lord Rothschild, he won her hand. She brought him a dowry of many millions. The death of this deeply loved wife, at a tragically early age, was the one blow fate has dealt her fortunate son. Then for two years he retired from politics and the world, and he has often been heard to declare, "But for my wife I should never have been anything."

A candidate for parliamentary honors in a suburb of Newcastle, England, visited a colliery during the noon hour to ask for the men's votes. He spoke himself briefly, and then invited "Old Ben," a supporter, who worked in the pit, to say a few words on his behalf to his mates.

The old man hung back, but was finally overpersuaded. He laboriously mounted the stool that served as a platform—

"Weel, mates," he said, "I ain't a-goin' to tell ye as we're gettin' a real straight, fair, honest candidate. You knows as well as I does as there ain't no sich thing as a honest politician breathin'. Howsumever, I've heard both candidates, an' I've picked oot wot I think is the best of a sorry pair! Ye'd better vote for him, chaps! This," indicating the by no means comfortable candidate, "this is 'im." That was all.

The Sultan of Johore is a picturesque figure at the favorite resorts of the fashionable world in London—from the aristocratic Carlton to the bohemian Covent Garden Ball. This oriental prince has youth, vivacity, the fine dark eyes of his race, and invariably he is accompanied by a crowd of pretty women, to whom he is all urbanity and smiles. Precious stones he has galore, and all the Indian's love for color and glitter. Recently His Highness had his chief jeweller make for him four golden teeth set with diamonds, and an eminent dentist at his orders removed the plain unadorned weapons of nature's equipment and inserted the dec-

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orated molars in their place. The effect is curious rather than agreeable.

To Père Monsabré, the distinguished French preacher, there came one Sabbath, after mass, a lady who insisted she must see him on an affair of great importance. It was a matter of conscience, and she explained that she was most seriously disturbed. In fact, she was sadly given to vanity. That very morning, she confessed, she had looked in the glass and had yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty. Père Monsabré looked at her. "Is that all, my daughter?"

"That is all."

"Then go in peace, for to make a mistake is not a sin."

Beyond all his misfortunes Lord Methuen, who has either suffered or precipitated so many catastrophes on British arms in South Africa, is a man of high character and real distinction. Tall and big, with a strong, square chin, such as Kitchener has, he fulfils all the exterior requirements of one of Ouida's guardsmen. He is a great athlete, a tremendous worker, a martinet in enforcing discipline, ascetic of habit. He seems to have done everything imaginable to deserve the success that has been denied him. In England's little wars for the last quarter of a century he has participated. He trained the troops of rough riders known as Methuen's Horse, which performed such splendid service in the Bechuanaland expedition. Instead of aimless evolutions, these men were taught bush warfare on practical lines. Game then abounded in the country and skirmishing was rehearsed against bands of antelopes, the long line of riflemen advancing in fighting order and bringing down the deer, startled from their lairs as they pushed through the brush. In Egypt, in 1882, while press censor, it was not Methuen's idea to place tiresome restrictions in the way of the correspondents. They were put upon honor to say nothing helpful to the enemy and *viséd* their own despatches with far more care than they had ever previously exercised.

The new maid was willing and eager to learn, and had been carefully instructed in the gentle art of carrying the silver card tray to the door when answering the bell. It was an "at home" day, and the domestic, immaculately attired in cap and apron, rushed to the door at the first tinkle. The caller was an imposing representative of the town's smartest set.

"Shure and she's in," said Ellen genially, in answer to the usual query. She started towards the stairs. Half way up she stopped and rushed back, snatched the card tray from the table, and holding it out to the visitor, said, "An' wasn't I after forgettin' me pan."

The distinguished historian, E. A. Freeman, was neither polite nor agreeable to his neighbors, among whom was the Dean of Wells, who had suffered from his lack of manners. It was the dean's duty to introduce the great man at a learned society's banquet. This is what he said: "I rise with great pleasure to propose the health of our eminent fellow citizen, Mr. Freeman, who, in his own personal characteristics, has so often depicted for us the savage characteristics of our first forefathers."

There were two Lord Dufferins—the first a dandified gentleman, whose long, prominent nose, lantern-jawed face, waxed mustache and pointed beard, suggested a Frenchman of distinguished family. Invariably well dressed, he never lost the habit of the English eyeglass or the little affectation of indifference or *ennui*, which characterized the gilded youth of his early period. But whoever presumed on this frivolous air, or the slight lisp, was quickly corrected by the dignity of his glance and the arresting quality of his conversation. In an unusual degree he had the ease and charm of manner, the facile grace of speech which characterize the Irishman. Linked with this was a faculty for affairs, intuitive perception, and high industry, and you have the most successful of modern diplomats.

When Lord Dufferin was the English ambassador to Italy, he had occasion to call on Crispi, then prime minister. Crispi prided himself on bluff arrogance of manner. Without rising from his desk, or looking up from his paper, he grunted, "Good morning—sit down." Dufferin remained in the doorway. Crispi glanced up, nodded, "Come in and sit down." Dufferin never moved. Then Crispi realized that his rudeness was resented. He rose, and with a great affectation of hearty cordiality, stepped forward and took the Englishman's hand, leading him to a chair beside him.

The height of Dufferin's career was his term as Viceroy of India. The splendor and dazzle of the rôle suited his temperament, and he rejoiced in all the ceremonious magnificence required of him. At a state reception in the Government House at Calcutta, a flourish of trumpets announced his advent and into the huge hall to the great chair of state he walked alone, followed by a glittering suite, their coats sparkling with the gold and jewels of stars and orders. From the viceroy's shoulder hung the pale blue silk robe of the Star of India, its diamond insignia on the cloak, his breast adorned with the collars and ribbons of his many decorations. Gorgeously dressed native princes, whose turbans and waists shone and sparkled with jewels, attended him. The noble spaciousness of the room, the marble pillars and brilliant coloring, the light, the music, the gallery—altogether, it was a spectacle of royal splendor and magnificence.

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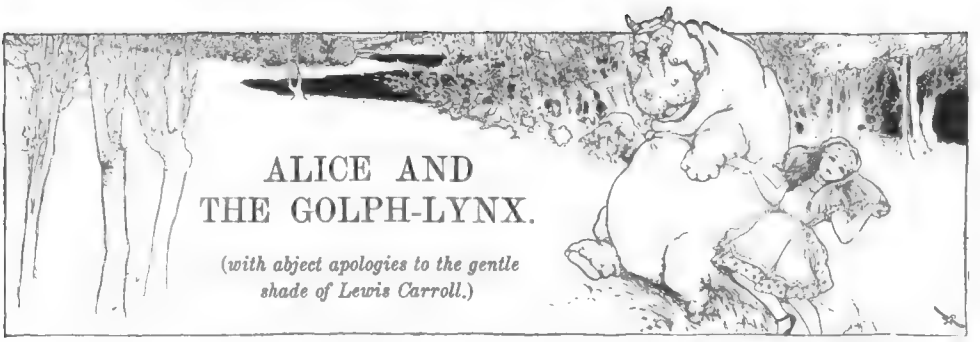

ALICE AND THE GOLPH-LYNX.

(with abject apologies to the gentle shade of Lewis Carroll.)

By a Girl and John Ten Eyck Tompkins.

Illustrated by F. Richardson.

TWO large tear-drops trickled slowly to the point of the hippopotamus's nose.

"You're always in trouble," said Alice, the least bit impatiently. "What can be the matter now?"

"I guess *you* wouldn't like to bunker all around the course," retorted the hippopotamus. "That's what it is to be on the green committee. I *was* green. This is the fifth time this week; and yesterday the dormy stymied me dreadfully. Just look at my eye!"

He rolled one eye wide open and squinted at Alice. Alice looked into his eye. It seemed as if she could see miles and miles, but she could not see a sign of even the least bit of a stymie. "Do you think cleek and garlic would cure me?" added the hippopotamus, in an anxious tone.

They hurried along past fields and rivers.

For a time the hippopotamus said nothing, but silently wiped his eyes with a lace pocket-handkerchief.

Alice was beginning to feel tired, for they had been running along very fast indeed. So when they found themselves in a nice shady orchard she was glad to throw herself down on the ground. Spread all about her on the grass were little round fruits she had never seen before.

The hippopotamus, observing her inquiring look, hastened to explain.

"This is the golf orchard," he said; "that (pointing to a tree) is an Ohcobo tree; there is the Kusselburgh grove." Alice wondered whether she would like to try a taste; they looked so white and nice; she saw one lying beside her, and reached out for it; to her amazement it vanished. She tried another; that vanished in the same mysterious way. She began to grow quite irritated.

"Well," said the hippopotamus, "it's easy to see you never played golf."

"But I do so want one," exclaimed Alice.

There was a rustle among the leaves in back of her. She heard a cry of "I'm playing the odd." She turned around and, with a little gasp of surprise, thought to herself that he was odd indeed. His face was brown; he had just two long sticks for arms and legs; and his hands and feet were of iron.

"It's a golph," whispered the hippopotamus.

"How do you do?" said Alice, with a bow.

"I'm away," said the golph.

"Away?" echoed Alice. "Why I thought you were here."

The golph looked pityingly at Alice.

"Can you tell me, please, how to get one of those?" Alice continued, pointing to the golf-balls. "I do so want one, and they have the funniest way of vanishing."

The golph looked more pityingly than ever.

"Ball—Alice; Alice—Ball," said he. "Now you're introduced. Now you can address them." With which remark the golph picked up a half-dozen or so and hastily, much to Alice's amazement, swallowed them.

"That," said he, "is fifty-seven. The Champion is sixty-nine. He's only seven up."

"Seven?" inquired Alice. "I thought fifty-seven from sixty-nine is twelve."

"THE BALL HIT ONE OF THE BENDELOW'S EYES."

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"'IT'S A GOLPH,' WHISPERED THE HIPPOPOTAMUS."

"Stupid! The people who count the poorest are the champions," said the golph. "It's just like my nephew."

"How?" asked Alice.

"There was once a young golph in a basket
Who had a white ant for a mascot.
When they said, 'Is it black?'
He gave them a whack,
Exclaiming indignantly, 'Ask it,'"

said the golph, and disappeared.

Alice began to think golf a queer game indeed. The hippopotamus got up and started running along, Alice scampering after him.

"Here we are," said the hippopotamus, at last. "How far have they got?"

"They are at the first foozle," replied the bendelow, who seemed to be superintending the game. "There they go. Really it makes me sclaugh. And that reminds me of a sclaffing song." And though everybody put his hands to his ears (excepting the hippopotamus, which had no hands, and the little pitcher, whose ears were too big to cover), he loudly sang as follows:

"Said Alice to the bendelow,
'Will you have a cup of tee
With a slice of bread and putter?'
"'Divot a bit' says he
'For I've eaten cake beforesome
And ——'"

There was a sudden loud cry of "Fore." Everybody was crying in chorus.

"Why do they cry 'fore'?" Alice inquired.

Before any one could answer, the ball hit one of the bendelow's eyes.

"To let me know I am hit," said the bendelow.

"How stupid!" exclaimed Alice. "As if you wouldn't know."

"Well," retorted the bendelow, "you do know when they do yell. It follows that you don't know when they don't."

"THE DORMY PULLED A FEATHER FROM THE PEACOCK'S TAIL."

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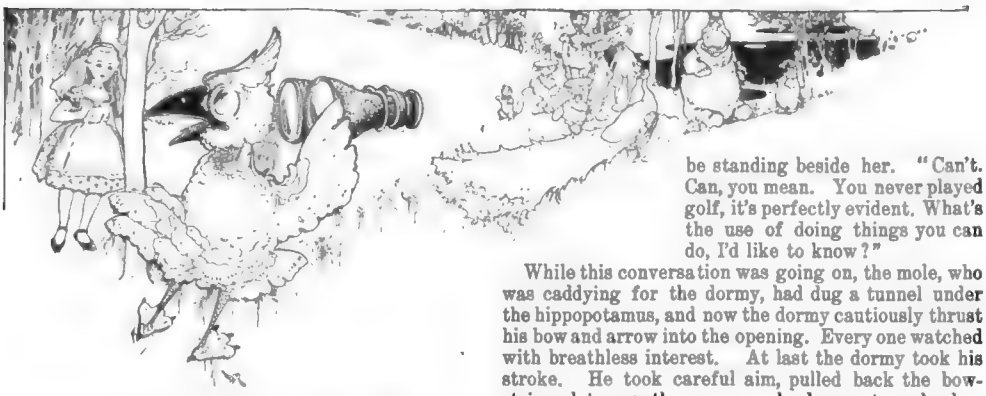

"'IT'S SO THAT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WON'T BE SO BIG.'"

The bendelow looked so angry that Alice thought it better to change the subject. So she asked whether the match had begun and who was to play.

"The dormy against Colonel Bogie," said the golph. "But I'm afraid the dormy will lose. He forgot his clubs, and it certainly is hard to play with a bow and arrow." He turned to the hippopotamus, who was vainly trying to hide behind a fresh-laid stymie. "Come," he said, "you've got to go and bunker," which the poor creature, with tears in his eyes, proceeded to do.

The dormy pulled a feather from the peacock's tail, adjusted it to his bow, and, squinting with one shut eye, began taking a careful aim. Everybody watched with great anxiety.

"But where is my ball?" the dormy suddenly exclaimed.

"It's under the hippopotamus," said Alice.

No one paid the slightest attention to Alice's remark, but all began frantically consulting the golf rules to find solutions of the difficulty.

"It is a lost ball," said the bendelow at last. "The dormy wins. It is two strokes and three up."

"Three up!" exclaimed Alice in wonder. "Why doesn't the hippopotamus get up?"

All the caddies and the spectators looked pityingly toward Alice. Alice said afterward that she never felt so ashamed of herself in all her life.

"Oh, of course," she hastened to add, "I forgot he can't move."

"Can't!" echoed the popinjay who happened to be standing beside her. "Can't. Can, you mean. You never played golf, it's perfectly evident. What's the use of doing things you can do, I'd like to know?"

While this conversation was going on, the mole, who was caddying for the dormy, had dug a tunnel under the hippopotamus, and now the dormy cautiously thrust his bow and arrow into the opening. Every one watched with breathless interest. At last the dormy took his stroke. He took careful aim, pulled back the bowstring, let go; there was a loud report, and when the smoke cleared away, dormy, mole, bow, arrow and all had vanished. Every one began shouting and huzzaing wildly.

"What can be the matter?" and Alice, turning to the popinjay, whom she noticed was intently staring through the wrong side of an opera glass.

"My dear Mr. Popinjay," Alice continued, "excuse me for mentioning it, but you are looking through the wrong end. That makes everything smaller."

"Well," growled the popinjay, "don't you suppose I know that? It's so that the hippopotamus won't be so big." And with this remark he suddenly ran at top speed toward the hippopotamus, and hopped into the cavern after the dormy. No sooner had he done this than all the others followed.

"DORMY, MOLE, BOW, ARROW AND ALL HAD VANISHED."

At last there was no one left but Alice and the golph and Colonel Bogie, who was waiting to take his stroke.

"How unfortunate," said Alice; "it spoils the match."

"Spoils it!" echoed the golph. "Spoils it! It is the finest match we ever had. It is a wonderful victory for the dormy."

"What?" roared Colonel Bogie. "When I have lost nine balls, three caddies, two niblics, and four to play?"

"It was a wonderful game you played," said the golph; "but who ever before heard of a player losing himself? Eh, Colonel?" and the golph unfeelingly poked the poor dejected colonel in the ribs.

Though Alice was too considerate to say so, she thought golf the silliest game she had ever seen, and wondered what would happen if they ever found the dormy; but no one has ever seen him again.

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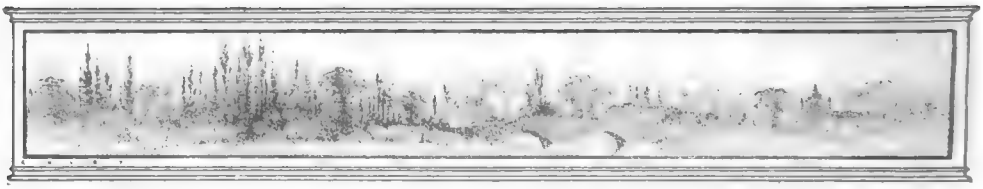

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of untrained workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for their services unless shown how to go about it. Many practical *ideas* have been received in competition for a prize which has been awarded. An announcement of a further prize for the *carrying out* of the accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements.

The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ONE very unusual phase of this Woman's Work Department is the fact that it is read by *men*, and that they are interested in it.

Perhaps they are attracted by the title, hoping to find plans by which they may benefit. We trust they may. We give our ideas freely, and the more fellow creatures benefit by them, the better pleased the contributors to the Department will be. To prove man's interest, the editor takes pleasure in telling that a letter has been received from a progressive druggist in New York City, asking for the names and addresses of several well-bred women, who will help him put in practice Florence M. Tremont's suggestion of "A Dentist's Solicitor," published in the April number—only making it a "Druggist Solicitor" instead. A few days later a young suburban dentist wrote, expressing great interest in the plan, and asking for further help that he might try the method in building up his practice. The editor will be glad to hear from any woman who wishes to work along this line. Those who do not remember the suggestion are referred to the April number of EVERYBODY'S, which contains a description of the scheme.

We hope the men will continue their interest and patronize the makers of "fishing flies" mentioned below.

Perhaps the most popular of all the suggestions published is that entitled "Flies Made to Order," also printed in the April number.

This idea seems to appeal to a great many stay-at-homes, and women who wish to earn pin money. A number have decided to try their luck at it, and others have written various inquiries. Some who inquire have never handled a "fly"; others ask directions for making them. Full directions and samples of materials are given in a book published by a well-known sporting concern. By writing to the editor, arrangements may be made to procure this book at a discount.

M. M. Welch, of Ware Neck, Gloucester County, Virginia, has undertaken to manufacture "flies," as have also Mrs. Cora B. Wright, 56 Hollywood Street, Worcester, Massachusetts, and Mrs. B. M. Francis, Missoula, Montana. Mrs. Francis writes she has decided to make and sell trout flies, leaders, and such fishing tackle as she can. She wishes to use the best grades of materials and feels confident of success in her undertaking.

Success be with the fly-makers! An enthusiastic fisherman lately confided to the editor that the sporting goods houses sold miserable flies, and that he would make his own "if he only knew how."

Miss Ellen Cronin, 521 Madison Avenue, New York, advises us that she is confident of success if she can find an opportunity to act as a "Demonstrator," explained in Mrs. Wm. H. Martin's suggestion in the April Number.

Mrs. G. W. Hodges, of Ashville, Alabama, has also decided to act as "Demonstrator." Mrs. Hodges lives in a small town, but her energy is apparently great. We trust that both of these women will have many good chances to prove the worth of their undertaking.

For the benefit of the numerous new readers of EVERYBODY'S who have not followed this Deparment from its start last September and also to help those who do not find time to look over old numbers in search of a suggestion that may recur in part only to an overcrowded brain, we give the following list of occupations for women, indicating where each may be found.

The prize of Fifty Dollars ($50) which was offered for the best suggestion was awarded for one entitled, "The Entertainment and Care of Small Children," printed in the March Number.

September.

A Private Librarian. | Cleaning Women's Shoes.

October.

Training Little Housewives. | Story Telling as a Profession.

November.

Bachelor's Mending.
Shopping Classes.
Polishing Silver and Brasses.
The Passe-partout that will sell.

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December.

Business Luncheon Service.	Grinding Scissors and Knives
Home Care of Pets.	A Private Library.

January.

Mending China and Bric-à-brac.	Company or Emergency Maid.
A Maid Substitute.	Observation Classes in Housekeeping.
A Professional Packer.	

February.

Women as Guides.	Magazine and Music Exchange.
A Summer Hotel "Assistant" Guest.	

March.

Entertainment and Care of Small Children.	Professional Bathing.
Palmistry.	Apron Making.
Small Livery.	Amateur Photography.
Preparing for Dressmakers.	Reading to Convalescents.
The Travelling Milliner.	The Modern Basket Maker.

April.

Newspaper Collections.	Sewing Class for Girls.
Demonstrators.	The Care of Lawns.
A Dentist's Solicitor.	Flies Made to Order.
A Novel Shopping Plan.	A Paradise in June.

May.

Caretaker of Graves.	Wild Flowers.
Home Laundry.	Work Wanted.

AN AMATEUR BAKER.

TWO years ago Mrs. Mattie Link found herself a widow at twenty-eight, the owner of a small house nearly free from encumbrance, but without income. Her sister would have been glad to receive her with her two small children into her own already large household, but Mrs. Link's independent spirit could not endure the thought of becoming a burden to another, even if that other were her sister. She declared her intention of supporting herself, though she had not then any idea as to how it should be done.

Suddenly an idea occurred to her which caused her eyes to sparkle and her pale face to flush with excitement. A few days later the postman left at many houses cards which from their outward appearance might have been invitations to a reception, but on perusal proved to be a rather unique announcement—"Mrs. Link, 1234 Walnut Street, is prepared to supply bread and rolls, plain and fancy cakes, either regularly or on special order." This was brief and to the point, and had a businesslike air that sounded well.

It happened that some of her friends knew of Mrs. Link's superior skill in this line, and these took occasion to speak of it to others. As a result several answers to the cards were received within the first few days. One lady wanted cakes for a reception, and didn't like the "soapy" flavor too often found in "boughten" cakes; another had lost her cook, and, declaring she "couldn't abide bakers' bread," proposed to give the new aspirant a trial. The first essay was successful, and within a fortnight Mrs. Link was obliged to bake every day. Using good flour and yeast, and possessing the "knack" that amounts almost to genius, she was able to turn out loaves that were light and white and wholesome. It was real home-made bread, without the unsubstantial and unsatisfying quality so often found in bread which is made to sell, and her customers were glad to pay a little more for it, both for this reason, and "because it went so much farther."

It soon became necessary to employ help, and then to enlarge her facilities for baking. Buying materials in quantities she was able to increase her profits without deterioration of the product. Now, after two years, she has paid off the mortgage on her property, serves many regular customers, and as many more occasional ones as her facilities will admit, and could, if she would, embark in the business on a much larger scale. She dresses herself and her children well, is healthy and happy and prosperous.

This is one woman's solution of the problem.

MRS. H. M. KINGERY.

PROFITABLE GARDENING.

THE cultivation of flowers is an occupation which certainly seems more attractive, and quite as remunerative, as most which offer themselves to the untrained woman.

It is better, certainly at first, to devote one's energies to the cultivation of one or two of the most popular kinds of flowers; perhaps violets and carnations, sweet peas and heliotrope, or chrysanthemums and lillies of the valley. Roses, though always popular and profitable, financially, are delicate and might prove rather troublesome to an inexperienced person.

A small plot of ground, will, if properly fertilized, produce large crops of flowers. If one has sufficient capital to pay for the renting or building of a small greenhouse for winter work so much the better, but a good sized room having a very sunny exposure will give satisfactory results.

A person contemplating this sort of work should send for a catalogue from a reliable horticultural firm such as Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Cortlandt Street, New York, or J. M. Thorburn & Co., 36 Cortlandt Street, New York, and obtain from it more detailed information and suggestions than this brief article can give. Henderson publishes very helpful books for the amateur florist, and will furnish catalogue upon request.

The flowers may be sold by regular order to florists or wealthy families who use cut flowers constantly for table decoration, etc. One should be sure to cultivate the best varieties of whatever flowers are chosen, for they will naturally bring a better price.

For the person who is fortunate enough to have a greenhouse, or a very large room, it might be a good plan to house people's plants for the winter, as it would not be very much additional care and would be one more source of income.

Doubtless there are some desirous of earning who can have neither a room, garden, nor greenhouse, and for such the raising of edible mushrooms might prove a feasible plan, as they require comparatively little care. A fairly large cellar is a good place for this kind of work, and information regarding mushroom culture may be obtained from Thorburn's catalogue. "Mushrooms, Edible, Poisonous, Etc.," by Atkinson, gives very practical and valuable information regarding the many varieties.

Mushrooms may be sold at the city markets, or to private customers, hotels, and boarding-houses. The "summer boarder" is apt to be a mushroom-eater.

Although not such attractive work as flower culture, the growing of mushrooms is profitable and has the advantage of requiring much less attention.

JEAN HOLT.

THE CARE OF PLANTS.

HAVING heard women say that they would love to have house plants and window boxes, but have not the "knack" of caring for them, it has occurred to me that caring for plants might be made a re-

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munerative occupation for one who loves them, and has the "knack," which I think is nothing more than regular and careful attention.

We have heard of young women going daily to houses to dust fine bric-à-brac, but I think going daily to care for plants would be an almost new field for women. Rubber plants and palms need frequent baths to thrive well. Even one who has had little or no experience could in a short time fit herself for the work. Excellent "Floral Hints" are given in some of the magazines. A good book on the subject would be all that one would require.

Then also there is the care of plants out-of-doors, in the city back yard, about the suburban house and the country villa, for the householder who loves them but has not the time or inclination to make them flourish. Most women are by nature better fitted for the handling of flowers than men, and plants respond well to their fostering care.

A woman who can undertake the care of growing plants will be a valuable assistant in arranging floral decorations. M. P. C.

BUTTER AND EGGS.

KEEPERS of boarding-houses and those in charge of houses where many servants are engaged, are glad to find ways of reducing expenses, while keeping the quality of food supplies up to standard, especially if they can do so with little trouble to themselves.

Butter and eggs are necessities. If a woman, who wants to add to her income, have among her friends or acquaintances some farmers whom she can trust, she can use the following plan, which the writer once worked with considerable success.

I went to a number of boarding-house keepers and offered to send to them, as wanted, half firkins (fifty pounds) of butter direct from the farmer—at the market price; saying that if the butter were not satisfactory, it could be returned and no charge would be made. A like provision should be insisted upon with the farmer. My profit came from the difference between the market price and the price paid the farmer, less the expressage, which I paid. He received no more than a commission merchant would have paid him, but was glad to try the plan, because his returns were more prompt and more certain; more prompt, because my agreement with the consumer called for payment for each package as it was received by her—and I, in turn, made immediate payment to the farmer; more certain, because it *sometimes* happens that the market is overstocked, and the farmer's butter has to remain so long on the commission merchant's hands that it becomes unsalable. This plan affords him a sure and immediate market.

The address of the consumer was furnished the farmer, and the package went direct from him to the consumer by express, so that the "middlewoman" had no trouble in handling the goods.

The plan might be expanded by furnishing—to those who wanted it so—the same quantity of butter done up in smaller packages (one or one-half pound pots), the increased cost of handling calling, of course, for a slight increase in the price charged per pound.

Eggs could also be supplied, these often bringing a set price per dozen for the year. I know of one producer who receives forty cents per dozen the year round. Another (who appeals to a different class of consumers, though his eggs are equally good) getting twenty-five cents. A guarantee as to the age of the eggs must be given.

Lists of boarding-house keepers and small hotels were procured from Intelligence Offices, and the clientèle was enlarged as one customor often told of two or three more who would be glad of an opportunity to secure reliable supplies in this way. If one is not acquainted with farmers she could doubtless find them by advertising, or through others who do know them.

FRANCES A. ADAMS.

Many women throughout the country are engaged in raising eggs for market, with much success, and we have heard of a number of instances where producers receive a yearly price varying from twenty-five to sixty cents per dozen the year round for eggs guaranteed strictly fresh and marked with the date they were laid. The secret of success with with this business, which is open especially to farmers' wives and daughters, lies in claiming to supply the best, and in doing exactly what one claims to do. A middlewoman would be of great assistance to the women on the farm, for their secluded lives, as a rule, prevent a large knowledge of city customers. This is a chance, perhaps, for one woman to help many while helping herself.

ENTERTAINMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

A KINDERGARTNER who, during her training course had decided to undertake work outside the regular lines, made a success of putting into practice her original ideas for children's parties. She took full charge of the games for the afternoon, and kept the little folk charmingly occupied and amused, relieving the mother of all worry as to the success of the entertainment. Her programme was carefully prepared, and she interested the children with delightful new games. Her attractive personality won their love, and success was assured from the first entertainment she conducted in a small town. Following her removal to a larger city came several orders each week. She has countless resources, and has made a study of games of all descriptions, which are interwoven with her original ideas to form new games. The children are always on tiptoe with excitement when it is learned she is to conduct a party. M. A. DARTT.

A WOMAN UPHOLSTERER.

PERHAPS I can help some sister who is looking for a method of earning her own living by describing my own experience in that direction. About five years ago my "bread-winner" was suddenly taken from me. What property I possessed consisted of our little home with about one acre of ground surrounding it and free from debt, a cow, and a little over $100 in the bank—the beginning of a fund for the future, which we had started as soon as our home was paid for. The cow I sold, as I did not want the care of her, and with the $35 I received from her and what I had in the bank I could live for a few months, and in the meantime must devise some way of making a livelihood. When I came to take stock of my talents I became somewhat discouraged, as it did not appear as if I was especially fitted for any business or profession. In a somewhat disconsolate frame of mind I was one day sitting with a neighbor who called my attention to the rather dilapidated state of her furniture, which showed the result of fifteen years' use and the attacks of several small children.

"I *do* wish," she said, "that there was some one in this town to do furniture repairing. If I send an article to the city, by the time I have paid the upholsterer's bill and freight on it both ways, I might as well have bought new. I don't see," she continued, "how you keep yours looking so fresh and new."

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"Why," said I slowly, "I repair it myself."

"How did you learn the trade?" was her next question. And I was obliged to confess that I never *had* learned it, but only used my common sense. When I had a chair to re-cover I took the old cover off slowly and noticed how it was put on. Then I cut the new one with the old as pattern, and in course of time I had become quite expert for an amateur.

"Well," said my friend, "if you can do your own, I don't see why you can't do mine." And then and there found my trade. I commenced on her furniture the next day, and she kept me busy for two weeks at $2 per day. We expended $11 for upholstering goods, varnish, etc., and at the end of the fortnight her house was fresh and bright from top to bottom.

I average about two hundred working days per year. I buy the upholstering goods from one of the large department stores in our neighboring city, and they allow me a commission. As soon as they get in a lot of new goods of the grades I am likely to use they send me samples. I do my work at my employer's house generally in some out of the way room, as it is rather dusty work. I also make and hang simple window draperies and portières; also make chair cushions, head rests, sofa pillows, etc. Every fall I go into the country for a week, and lay in a stock of "cat-tail" heads. These I use as "down" for stuffing sofa pillows, making the case of good, strong, unbleached muslin, such as can be bought for five cents per yard by the bolt. These pillows I sell for twenty-five cents each, or I will make up the buyer's own material for the cover for forty cents (including the pillow); for a plain cover, simply edged with cord, fifty cents; for a cover with one ruffle, sixty cents; for one with two ruffles, seventy-five cents.

I have gradually accumulated a small outfit of tools, such as proper hammers, tacks, gimp-tacks, brass-beaded nails, a small glue pot, a wire brush for taking off old varnish, etc. I keep a supply of raffia on hand for repairing rattan furniture, and after tying and sewing all the loose ends, a couple of coats of enamel, and sometimes a pretty cushion in the seat, makes the chair even prettier than when it was new.

Taking everything, odd jobs, commissions and all into account, my earnings count up about $500 a year. My expenses, in round numbers, are about as follows:

Taxes and repairs on house	$50 00
Fuel and lights	50 00
Food	75 00
Clothing	75 00
Incidentals	50 00
	$300 00

So that I am able to lay by about $200 a year. The allowance for food seems small—but in these little Western towns living is cheap—and I have over half of my dinners at the places where I work. Breakfast and supper I get for myself, and in summer I make a small garden where I raise what vegetables I need for the year. I also have most of the small fruits growing. My original "hundred" has not been touched, and I have now nearly a thousand dollars out at interest. I think if a person has had no practice at such work, $2 per day would be too much to ask at first—until she had gained swiftness by experience—but after that $2 per day is much cheaper than regular upholsterer's prices.

If any one cares to ask for more particulars, I will be glad to furnish them.

A WOMAN UPHOLSTERER.

A VISITING NURSE.

DOROTHY GRANT stood looking dully down into the street from the height of a five-story apartment.

If there were only something she could do at home to bring in enough money to relieve the stress of their life! Dorothy sighed as she stared out on the uninspiring pavements.

A friend passed on the opposite side of the street, and the sight of a familiar face roused Dorothy from her lethargy.

"Poor Mrs. Dresser," she said, turning to her mother; "there she goes, taking that three-year-old tot to market. She says it's the only way he gets regular exercise and fresh air, for Maggie hardly ever gets time to take him out in the afternoons. I wonder how women who live in the city, and have little children, manage. It must be awfully hard, with just one servant, or, worse yet, none at all."

Dorothy grew suddenly thoughtful, and her eyes brightened with a new thought.

"Mother," she cried, "I was just thinking there must be plenty of women in just Mrs. Dresser's position if only one could reach them. Women living economically in little apartments, who can't afford nurses nor the time and strength to substitute themselves as nurses—to just such women I should think it would be a perfect boon if some nice, reliable, cultured girl would take the children out every afternoon for two or three hours. I believe I'll suggest it to Mrs. Dresser. *I* could do that. Suppose I managed to get several children within a few blocks of one another—I could take them out to the Park for at least two hours in winter and longer in summer and fall. I am devoted to children, and then there is my love of botany and birds. I could interest them in the natural sciences and give practical illustrations to my lectures." Dorothy laughed delightedly.

Mrs. Grant only smiled sadly. "It wouldn't pay you, dear. If your patrons can't afford nurses, they certainly can't afford to pay you a price that would at all compensate you for your time and labor."

"Yes, but they *could;* that's just it. Say I charge one dollar a week to take each child out every afternoon for three hours; calling for them, and taking them home. I could easily get half a dozen children within a very short distance of one another; and there you have twenty-four dollars a month—easy, healthy work, and I'm home all the morning with you."

"But," objected Mrs. Grant, "what would you do when the weather was bad?" Dorothy thought a minute. "I might bring those who could weather the storm over here for two hours, and read to them and play games."

The next morning Dorothy started forth, fortified with letters from Mrs. Dresser—who was delighted with her plan—introducing her to some friends who had children. Her general air of culture and refinement, and her obvious love and sympathy for children, endeared her at once to the mother hearts, which welcomed the idea of having their little ones under the responsible care and the influence of a gentle woman. Dorothy's first day's work netted her eight little "customers," at four dollars a month.

So every afternoon eight happy children walked and played in the Park, and eight relieved mothers enjoyed a sense of peace and rest that had not been theirs for many a day. An hour of each afternoon Dorothy devoted to telling the children charming lit-

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tle stories, which revealed all sorts of delightful secrets about the birds and trees and flowers of their daily walks.

The visiting nurse proved such an unquestionable success that she soon had more children than she could well care for, and was obliged to limit her patronage.

At the end of the first month each mother declared she "would not have a nurse now, for anything."

ANNIE HAMILTON YEAMAN.

A VISITING CHIROPODIST.

"DO you know," asked a woman of my acquaintance, "what I would do if I were suddenly deprived of a means of support? I'd be an itinerant chiropodist!"

"My idea is to go about from house to house, with the object of securing a regular class of patrons among the feminine members of well-to-do families.

"I think I am safe in asserting that the majority of women are afflicted with corns, and that there are but few of this majority—I refer to those in good circumstances, of course—who do not occasionally employ the services of a professional chiropodist.

"The reception-rooms of the professional are not in the resident districts—that is, not to any extent, and as a rule are very unattractive.

"I am convinced that such service would be in much greater demand if it could be secured in the privacy of a woman's own home, and be rendered by one of her own sex.

"It is understood that one must be endowed with good common sense, to begin with, and would need have, in addition, an intimate acquaintance with the small infirmities of the feet, as well as a knowledge of the proper treatment for each. Such knowledge can often be obtained in a very short time by acting as assistant to an already established chiropodist.

"One could carry everything needful in a small hand-satchel. A few necessary tools—a pair of scissors, a file, a scalpel or sharp pen-knife, and a bit of sand-paper. Then for application, some good plaster, and two or three bottles of soothing lotions and unguents such as will recommend themselves to those who have profited by their own sufferings. Really," waxing enthusiastic, "I don't believe it would take long for an enterprising, intelligent, tactful woman to establish a select clientele."

GRACE HASTINGS.

BABY LINGERIE.

THE coming of the baby is heralded with great joy by the expectant mother, and yet with all her happiness is a grain of alloy, for the little trousseau must be thought of and thoughts alone will not suffice. The beautiful muslins, the dainty laces, the soft flannels must not only be purchased—but there is the making.

Just now when there is such a fad for *handwork* on these dainty outfits, the *making* is indeed a problem. It is not difficult to find a seamstress by the day, but what can you say of her *handwork!* She can tuck and gather and hem—if you provide her with a machine—but what of her needle? I believe that if it became necessary for me to earn all or part of my daily bread, I would take up the work of the making of these dainty garments.

My plan includes not only the helping of myself alone, but several, perhaps many, others.

Among my acquaintances are several young girls and women who have decidedly slim purses, and yet who do beautiful handwork, embroidery, sewing, etc. They are not competent to do dressmaking, they are too proud, or not strong enough to go into the stores or shops, or are perhaps needed for a part of the day in their homes. These women would be delighted to use their talent in a quiet way in their homes, or go—with their needles—into a private home. My plan would be to solicit and plan the work; to execute part of it; and to hire these women to do other parts according to their abilities. Thus it would be possible to plan and execute a perfect and beautiful little trousseau in a short time. You will perhaps say that such an outfit will cost a small fortune, and how many women would be willing to pay the price?

Several women among my own friends, who are now sending several hundred miles to various convents for just such work, would be only too glad to have it done nearer home.

Perhaps the *whole* outfit might not always be desired—it might be simply a beautiful baptismal robe—a dainty bonnet—some hand-made bibs—some warm booties, heavy leggings, hemstitched bonnet-strings, or any one of the numerous little things to make the baby comfortable and beautiful. A few such things might be made up and kept "in stock" for the "emergency gift." As the business grew, perhaps a little shop might be opened, and materials for the construction of the wardrobes be kept for sale. I believe it could be made an undoubted success, especially in a city.

ELIZABETH HAGUE LINCOLN.

POLISHING GOLF IRONS.

A SUGGESTION which may prove available for earning pocket money in some localities is the polishing of golf irons. Golf has become such a general sport that it is not only the enthusiast who plays, but the fashion follower. The enthusiast, of course, polishes his own irons, and loves them as he loves his own children. The fashion follower is lazy, and would rather pay to have his irons polished than trouble to do the work himself. The subject may easily be studied by a novice, from the advertising pamphlets of any golf goods supply house.

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THE GREAT DRESSMAKERS OF PARIS.

WHAT THEIR NAMES STAND FOR TO-DAY, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF SOME OF THEIR LATEST CREATIONS.

PARISIAN dressmakers are reaping a harvest. From the shabby rooms of the little *couturière* to the magnificent ateliers on the Place Vendome, dressmaking establishments are full to overflowing with billowy mousselines, laces, nets, etamines, silks, and workers are plying their needles in frantic haste. The autumn season is a busy one, but it is in the spring that woman develops the most aggravated form of dress mania. The blossoms are out—summer is coming, materials are fresh, dainty, alluring. It all goes to Madame's head. She must have gowns and hats and all the frivols that go with them. Moreover, she must have them at once. She can't wait. She longs to burst into gorgeous blossom over night as the shrubs and plants in the Bois do. In order that she may be in tune with nature, the pale little *ouvrières*, with tired eyes and stooping shoulders, work far into the night and dream nightmare dreams of drowning in seas of mousseline and lace; but the proprietors of the establishments smile expansively and see visions of a glorious bucolic old age spent in country villas, not too far from Paris.

THE PASSING OF WORTH AND THE OLD SCHOOL.

They are the truly great men of France, those famous dressmakers. Politicians, statesmen, generals, writers, musicians, strut across the public stage and play their rôles; but Paris could do without them. Given a grand cataclysm, and a possibility of saving some one famous man for the Republic, Paris would unhesitatingly rescue Paquin.

There has been a revolution in the type of the illustrious ones, during the last decade. Dressmaking has its Champs de Mars; but, in its case, the new men have almost driven the old salon to the wall.

Paris to-day has two distinct schools of great dressmakers, the new and the old, but the survivors of the old original type are few and far between. With Worth, the greatest representative of the class died, and Worth has had no legitimate successor, though his son occupies a magnificent estate outside Paris, and spends a large fortune right royally.

In the old days, the head of the establishment was a sacred personality—a being to be spoken of in hushed tones and approached with tremulous awe. He hedged himself about with mystery. He represented creative intellect at its highest; and, when the intellect settled down to its sacred function, nothing short of battle, murder, or sudden death would present a satisfactory excuse for an intrusion upon the privacy of the Master. Only a few privileged ones, elect because of the size of their bills, their superlative appreciation of true art or the worthiness of their faces and figures, were admitted to the Presence, and they accepted the honor in a spirit of true humility. If an ordinary mortal, daring as Icarus, asked to see Monsieur himself, Monsieur's representatives were tolerant, but pitying. See Him! Impossible! So might the priests of old have regarded a Cook's tourist, asking to be personally conducted through the Eleusinian Mysteries.

But Paquin and his followers have changed all that. Ordering gowns is no longer an awesome function. It is a soothing, delightful experience. One loses in religious exaltation, but gains in beaming self-content.

PAQUIN, THE NEW KING, CAN DO NO WRONG.

Twelve years ago Paquin was a clerk on the Bourse, with no more knowledge of costuming than was to be gained by appreciative observation of les belles Parisiennes. Madame Paquin, who was not yet Madame Paquin, had a little dressmaking shop in an insignificant quarter. The two met, married. A rich patron opportunely turned up and furnished capital for an ambitious dressmaking enterprise. To-day, Paquin stands easily at the head of the great dressmakers of Paris. His word is practically law. "Paquinesque" is the word coined to express all that is most chic. "An ugly costume!" says the first Parisienne. "But no, it is of Paquin," protests the second. "Ah, *vraiment!* But yes, I see. It has fine points. Ah! *Mon Dieu*, yes, it is all that there is of charming," gushes the first critic. So much for being the king who can do no wrong!

The success is, first and foremost, a success of personality. Monsieur Paquin is the handsomest man in his trade. His manner is a thing to conjure with. He has worked it to its conjuring limit. Madame Paquin is pretty. Better than that, she is charming. Every one is fond of Madame. Every one admires Monsieur. From the first, the clever and ornamental young couple inaugurated a new *régime*. No haughty seclusion, no barred doors at the Maison Paquin. Madame was met at the door by Monsieur himself, and to be met by Paquin was a treat. The most beautiful of Parisian *élégantes* and the homeliest old dowager received the same flattering welcome, the same tender interest. There was no servility in the manner. It was merely the perfection of courtesy. The customer was enveloped in an atmosphere that was soothing, delicious, promoting of deep self-esteem. Madame Paquin continued the treatment. The charming woman, the handsome man, both so deeply interested, both so deferential, both so intelligent. This was a new experience, and the Parisienne smiled and purred, bought more than she had intended, and came again.

Vanity is a stronger lever than awe. Paquin and his pretty wife understood that fact and built upon it. Feminine Paris chanted, "The king is dead. Long live the king!" The revolution was accomplished.

EVEN THE MODELS SWEAR BY MONSIEUR FRANCIS!—DOEUILLET, ERNEST AND ARMAUD.

The sincerest flattery is imitation, and Paquin has been much flattered. A long line of more or less successful Adonises have followed in his footsteps. Francis and Doeuillet are perhaps the most successful of the list. Francis is young—only twenty-eight.

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He is almost as handsome as Paquin, and his youth is in his favor. His manners are a Parisian proverb, and, personally, he is doubtless the most popular man in his class. His customers adore him. What is more surprising, his work people also adore him. Even the models, who are the touchiest young women and prone to decamp at a moment's notice, swear by Monsieur Francis and refuse to leave or forsake him. Five years ago Francis was a poor salesman. To-day he is rich. Tailor-made costumes, or the Parisian modification of the tailor-made, are his specialty, and his coats and cloaks are famous. Doeuillet, too, has won fame and fortune within five years. He, too, is young and handsome and ingratiating. Six feet tall, with the shoulders of an athlete and the face of a frank, honest boy, he, too, is a "lion among ladies." Mention Doeuillet to a customer—she tells you of his eyes. "Such soft, honest eyes, *ma chère*. One would trust him anywhere, anywhere." The soft, honest eyes have been a valuable asset. Doeuillet has the most gorgeous dressmaking establishment of all that cluster around the Place Vendome. He caters to the ultra-extravagant, who do not care what they pay. His gowns are the elaborate ball gowns, the marvellous confections seen at Maxims, at the races, at Monte Carlo.

Ernest is another of the famous men of the new school; but the latest and brightest light is Armand. Armand, is, figuratively speaking, less than a year old. His career has been absolutely meteoric. Last September a wealthy patron put an unknown young subordinate of a silk house into the dressmaking business. The young man was Armand. He had a modest atelier on a side street. On March 1st, he moved into the famous Saye Palace or the Place Vendome, the palace in which Napoleon and Eugenie met for the first time. There, among the splendid carvings and frescoes, he has his superb establishment. Success, wealth, in seven months!

ROUFF AND THE SELECT DESCENDANTS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

There are dressmakers among the elect few who stand higher in the scale than many of these brilliant young luminaries. The Callot Sisters are possibly the most expensive firm in Paris. Doucet needs no introduction to Americans. Neither do Beer, or Sara Meyer, or Jeanne. La Ferrière has the most exclusive English trade as well as great Parisian vogue, and is the only Paris dressmaker appointed, by royal warrant, dressmaker to Queen Alexandra. Mme. Havet is a wonder in the realm of lace gowns.

Rouff, though mentioned last here, belongs very near the head of the list. He is lineal descendant of the "old school"; and, in his establishment, the traditions of the great old men survive to a certain degree. Monsieur Rouff is not in evidence as are the meteoric young men. To have a personal interview with him is an honor. The ordinary customer meets only his representatives. Perhaps, during the interview, the curtains of the door will part. A thin, dark, rather wild-eyed face will appear for an instant and vanish. That is Rouff.

He turns out many of the most exquisite dinner gowns and visiting gowns. With La Ferrière, he was responsible for the cream of the costumes at King Edward's first levee, and in his atelier are being made a host of elaborate gowns for the functions attending coronation time.

CONCERNING THIS MONTH'S COLOR PRINTS —THE FRANCIS GOWN, RED, RED, RED.

Fournerry has given us two representative costumes in this month's sketches—one of the simple tailored promenade toilettes by Francis of the new school, and one of the elaborate confections beloved by Rouff, who belongs to the old school in traditions of manner, not in style.

The Francis gown, sketched, has been a very popular model this spring, and is being carried out in linens and crashes as well as in heavier materials.

This original model was in beige tussore, trimmed in bands of poppy-red taffetas, stitched and outlined in black. The bloused bodice has flat basques, and its taffetas bands are finished with little antique silver buckles and pendants. A poppy-red straw hat trimmed with a soft scarf and loose bow of black, completes the costume.

The stitched taffetas bands, though not new, continue in high favor for tailored gowns, and red bands are particularly affected. In fact, a note of red is very noticeable all through the season's gamut of costume. Parisians have always understood the value of a touch of red, but Americans have lacked the audacity to make the most of the flaming color. This season, however, more red is seen here, and there is danger of its becoming an eyesore. No other color requires such skilful and artistic usage, and the woman who adopts red must do it after prayerful consideration. Used in just the right way, it may be the making of a gown; but it may easily ruin a gown, and a red hat, while charming with certain toilettes, is not advisable for general use, nor becoming to every woman.

On the popular black and white and pale beige gowns the vivid red is often particularly effective. One Sara Meyer costume, imported by a New York house, was of black Brussells net over white taffetas, veiled in white chiffon. The net was incrusted with white mousseline embroidery medallions, in a sunflower design, and wrought in with these medallions were great clusters of scarlet Alsatian cherries cut from velvet and appliquéd.

Apropos of fruit decoration, a rival of the Alsatian cherries so much used, is the grape. Clusters of grapes are made of tiny button moulds covered with silk bunched and applied to the gown material, with embroidered stems, and, sometimes, leaves. The fashion is much more charming than it sounds in the telling, and one of the most exquisite Paris gowns that has come to New York this season is of palest biscuit voile trimmed in bunches of grapes, exactly in the tint of the small green Delaware grapes. The note of soft whitish green is carried into the girdle and other details.

THE ROUFF GOWN OF PINK AND WHITE.

The Rouff gown of the sketch illustrates one of the recent elaborations in mousseline costumes. Not content with one silk slip, Rouff has given this pink mousseline two. First comes a rose pink taffetas. Over this is white taffetas, which takes on a shimmery rose glow from the underlying pink and gives an iridescent effect of delicate color not to be obtained in any other fashion. On this foundation is draped the gauzy pink silk mousseline, lavishly incrusted with creamy net lace. The collar, tiny yoke, sleeve puffs, and cuffs are of gathered Pompadour mousseline carrying out the pink and white scheme. The

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bodice is slightly bloused all around the pointed waistband of white taffetas.

White cut-out taffetas over pink taffetas is much liked for gowns, and white silk over yellow is also used, though not with such delightful effect.

Cut-out cloth is popular, too; and one of the most admired Auteuil toilettes was of white cut-out cloth over cherry-red silk, capped by a low, broad toque of white tulle, wreathed in cherries.

Cherries, currants, and other artificial fruit are still decorating some of the toques seen in the Rue de la Paix millinery shops; but, with warmer weather, flowers are reversing Nature's order and superseding fruit. Small flowers are much in vogue, particularly the small blue hyacinths, which, in combination with pale green tulle and foliage, have been used almost to excess. Forget-me-nots, tiny clustering roses, fruit blossoms, jasmine, are all having their day; and red geraniums have run riot until the fastidious now pass them by. The flower toques of this season are even larger, flatter, broader than those worn last year, and are bent down in front and up in the back, instead of tilting to one side. This change in form marks not only the flower toques, but many of the other models, and is a cause for congratulation; for the rakish hat, with the side tilt, had become a veritable nightmare. Few faces wore it satisfactorily, and on the woman without piquancy and charm it was a crime against public feeling. The large Capeline hats, so popular this summer, are almost as dangerous, and, though becoming to young faces, should be approached dubiously by the average woman. With the Trianon hats, wreaths of large loose roses take the place of the small flowers.

A ROSE BY ANOTHER NAME. "GRANDE MARQUISE," NOT "POMPADOUR."

Unquestionably, the Louis XV. period is the rallying point of this summer's fashion world; but Louis and his courtiers do not contribute mu h to the modern modes. The long Louis XV. coat was tried last year, and uncompromisingly put aside. It was universally unbecoming, and the great dressmakers made no effort to force it. They have turned to the Pompadour for inspiration, and, once more, France bows humbly to the whims of La Grande Marquise.

In Paris one hears little of "Pompadour" modes. The term has been sadly abused, and applied to everything—from a ten-cent fan to a hair cut. The Parisian arbiters of fashion rebelled against the indiscriminate use of the name, and have launched this season's exquisite modes as "Grande Marquise." Possibly the term may not convey to foreigners an idea as definite as that invoked by Pompadour, but France has had only one Grande Marquise, and every school child of the country knows who she was

Marquise stands to-day for all that is most dainty, most exquisite, most deliciously *frou-frou*. It means mousselines and laces, lavishly scattered wreaths and baskets of flowers, fluttering ribbons and sashes, soft fichus, flapping flower-wreathed hats, elbow sleeves, multitudinous frills, the most frivolous and alluring suggestions of the eternal feminine.

For the woman of taste, the Marquise modes present fascinating possibilities. The elephantine woman, the woman who cannot lend herself to artistic frivolity, has no part in them.

Mousseline, or Lyons mulle, strewn with corbeilles de fleurs as large as the palms of two hands are made into delightful gowns for garden parties and for the casinos and verandas of Dieppe, Trouville, Etretat. Marquise mousselines form the full, floating linings for coatees and cloaks.

Soft Marquise girdles and stocks appear on the white frocks, and Marquise brocade designs, cut out, are appliquéd to plain color.

Short coats in Marquise brocade are worn with filmy skirts of mousseline or lace.

Rosebuds, or tiny roses made of mousseline de soie, with leaves of the same material in pale green, are used for trimming on many of the gowns, and are a note distinctly Marquise.

A COMPROMISE WITH THE EMPIRE FASHION —WHITE AND BEIGE.

The Empire fashions are dead, save where they appear in evening gowns. There was little in the period to recommend it; but something new was a vital necessity, and the Paris dressmakers managed to utilize the Empire period by introducing the military note—later dubbed Aiglon. The feminine garb of the Empire offered absolutely nothing, save full evening dress, so the vogue was short lived.

One of the great houses of Paris has a reputation for its Empire evening gowns, and has recently made for a beautiful young duchess one of delicate pink satin souple, embroidered in the tiny gold laurel leaves so popular with the women of Napoleon's court. Up the front of the clinging skirt is embroidered a flight of golden bees. The gown is considered one of the successes of the season.

White gowns of every sort and description are literally a rage. First and foremost stand the white mousselines, lace-trimmed in bewildering profusion. Simpler white mousselines are worn for morning gowns more generally than ever before, and rival the morning frocks of white linen, piqué, crash, etc. White canvas, strapped with white taffetas, is also popular for morning and promenade wear. White voile, elaborately wrought with hand work and trimmed with lace or mousseline embroidery, is a favorite for afternoon and visiting wear. The mousseline embroideries are more exquisite this season than they have ever been, and are being used extensively upon silk and wool materials as well as upon sheer fabrics.

White glacé taffetas coat and skirt costumes are considered exceedingly chic. White lace, especially if Irish lace, is the joy of the *élégante's* heart. White crepe, with silk mousseline, white organdy, white dotted swiss—anything and everything white—is favored by the leaders of fashion.

Next to white, beige, in its varying shades, is favorite. It appears in everything, from pongee and linen etamine, both aggressively in evidence, to the most delicate and costly silky fabrics, and no summer wardrobe is complete without at least one costume in the color. Porcelain blue, the soft greens, pale mauve, are all in favor, and there is a certain cool creamy corn color or buff which makes a very fetching summer costume in combination with a poppy-wreathed hat and other relieving touches of poppy red.

TRIMMINGS—CLOAKS AND COATS.

Woolen lace, in a very fine delicate mesh, is effectively used for whole costumes and for trimmings upon woolen materials. It may be bought in écru or in any of the soft pastel shades. Embroidery in wools is also a popular feature of the voile, canvas, and cloth costumes. On taffetas gowns some of the Paris mak-

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ers are putting broad sailor collars of cloth, bordered with large, sprawling flowers, embroidered in wools and silks and cut out around the edge.

White doeskin, unlined and stitched, is employed for the same broad collars and, too, for belts, cuffs, and removable empiecements.

Hand embroidery crops up everywhere on gowns of any description, and the amount of it used is limited only by the purse of the buyer. It is done in art linens on the cotton and linen materials, and raises the cost of simple looking linen frocks to an appalling height. In wools, usually on a ground of white cloth, it ornaments the woolen frocks. In silks it is lavished upon wool, silk, lace, and the most diaphanous tissues.

Lace upon lace is seen on every hand, and mousseline embroideries are mingled with laces in intricate union. Medallions figure more conspicuously than insertions, yet the latter are used in profusion, and baby ribbon is often threaded irregularly through them to furnish a hint of color.

The carriage or evening cloak, always dear to the Parisienne, began a truly triumphal career in this country only last summer. Now, the woman, who year after year lived serenely cloakless, refuses to believe that she can exist without a cloak to wear over her delicate summer frock. There is wide latitude of choice in the matter; for, while it is possible to spend a small fortune on a cloak of lace and mousseline and embroidery, the woman of limited income can achieve triumphs of artistic effect in inexpensive pongee, or canvas, or taffetas.

The loose lace cloak lined with chiffon on mousseline is the most beautiful garment for wear over dinner or evening gown; and at the swell restaurants of Paris, during dinner hours, one sees scores of these lace cloaks, many of them representing thousands of pounds. Then there are the canvas or etamine cloaks in white, palest biscuit, blue, rose, mauve, lined with flowered marquise mousseline or chiffon or taffetas, strapped in taffetas, appliquéd with lace, embroidered by hand. The glacé taffetas cloaks, too, are numerous, preferably in white or black, and lined with fluttering mousseline. A white taffetas cloak, first seen at Maxims, but now in New York, is trimmed with medallions of lace, under which the taffetas is cut away, allowing the soft rose of the full mousseline lining to gleam through the lace. The rose mousseline also gives a pink sheen to the taffetas and floats in airy folds from under the broad, rolling, lace edged fronts.

The pongee cloaks, usually laid in horizontal plaits and trimmed in lace appliqué, have their charm and are particularly serviceable for day wear.

Whatever the material, the cloak must be loose, graceful, flowing in long, becoming lines; and the woman who cannot look well in such a garment is hopeless indeed. Paquin's favorite spring model in a coat for every-day wear is carried out in black cloth with a small basque ending just short of the centre of the waist in front. The body of the coat is slightly bloused and the sleeves, also bloused, are gathered into wristbands, stitched to match the upright collar. The coat does not close, but is held by enameled clasps at the throat and by a narrow glacé silk belt with enamel buckle to match the clasps.

THE WALKING SHIRT—SLEEVES—DOWNWARD CURVES—COLLARS AND THE REVERSE.

While even Paquin failed to force the short walking skirt upon Parisiennes, a stroll in the Acacias reveals the fact that even in Paris the long trailing gown for street wear has had its day. The walking skirt of the season just touches the ground, and in consequence of this fact, dressmakers are lining the cloth gowns with tiny silk flounces placed so closely, one over the other, that the swirl of the skirt shows a multitudinous mass of silken frills matching in color the flounces of the silk petticoat.

Sleeves are undoubtedly larger, and the fulness has gradually crept up the arm, until now it is seldom seen near the wrist. The elbow sleeve, ending pagoda shape at the elbow and finished with frills, is seen on almost all dinner gowns, though there appears, too, an entire elbow sleeve constructed of overlapping lace or mousseline frills. In sleeves for less dressy wear, the upper arm is moderately full, the fulness increasing until, at the elbow, it is gathered into a long, tight-fitting cuff, or falls loosely away from a close-fitting inner sleeve.

The 1830 modes have crept into favor side by side with the echoes of La Grande Marquise, and many of the suggestions are developed in the summer frocks; but in all the fashion vagaries one thing is marked. The word "erect" has been striken from Fashion's vocabulary. From tip to toe, the *élégante* is to-day compact of graceful downward curves. Only Madame's lips are allowed to curl rebelliously. All other lines must droop.

Once more a battle royal rages 'twixt décolleté and the choker collar, but the chances are that the contest will end in wonderland fashion. Judges will call it "a caucus race, and every one will have a prize." The popularity of the fichu and the broad collar insure, at least, a surplice décolleté on many daytime gowns, and some of the models even show a tiny square décolleté; but, on the other hand, high transparent chokers, particularly in lingerie effects, keep their hold upon feminine affection. As a matter of fact, women have for so long ruined their throats with high stiff collars, that they haven't the hardihood to expose those wrinkled and yellowed throats to pitiless daylight. The transparent collars and soft stocks that began to obtain favor last year, have, however, done something toward repairing the ravages wrought by their more uncompromising predecessors; and there is a chance that, through a continuance of their mild reform, woman may work around to a point where she can face the daylight world, unafraid, in demi-décolleté. One thing is sure. Never, save in England, will the bodice ending just at the base of the throat be popular. Season after season English fashion journals picture its hideousness and chant its "triumphs," but the Parisienne shrugs her shoulders and says, "Atroce! Ah, mon Dieu, ces Anglaises!"

Appropos of Parisian disapproval of English modes, it is worth note that, though nine out of ten American fashion journals copy their text and illustrations from English fashion magazines, there is no fashion correspondent who sees less of the inside world of Parisian fashion and is more strenuously barred from exclusive information at the great dressmaking houses than the correspondent of those same English fashion journals, and they are never in touch with the *dernier cri* of the Paris mode.

Insular prejudice and some degree of jealousy are doubtless at the bottom of the distinction, and the same discrimination, though in a lesser degree, obtains against the Viennese. Even the English and Austrian buyers do not see the latest Paris models until long after many American buyers have examined them.

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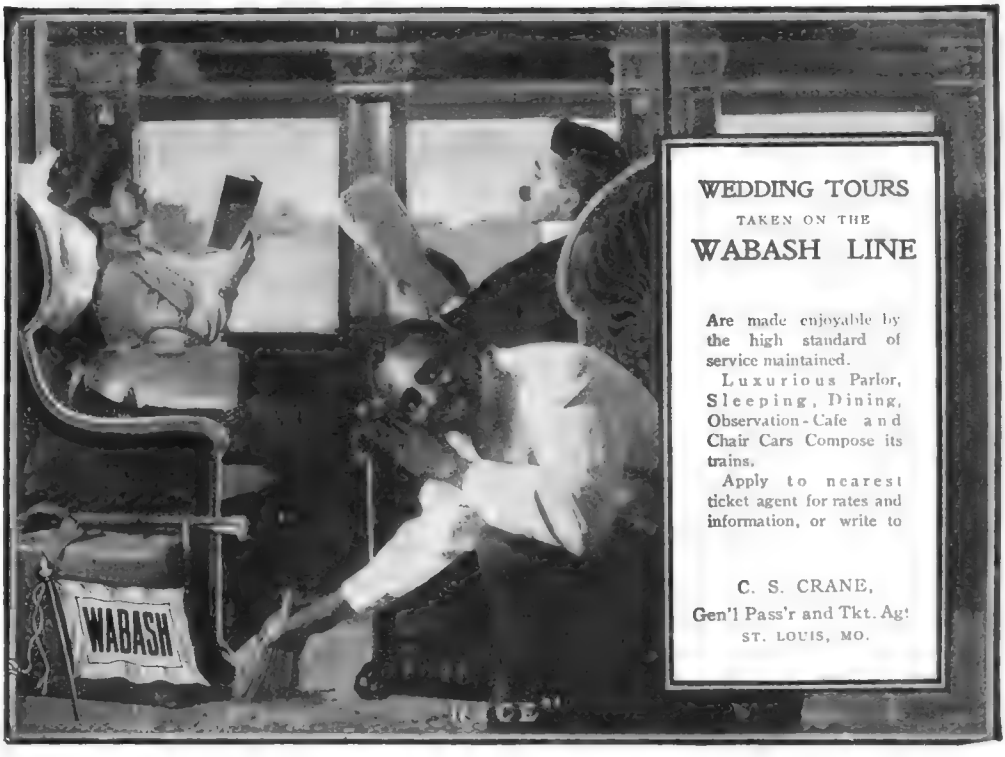

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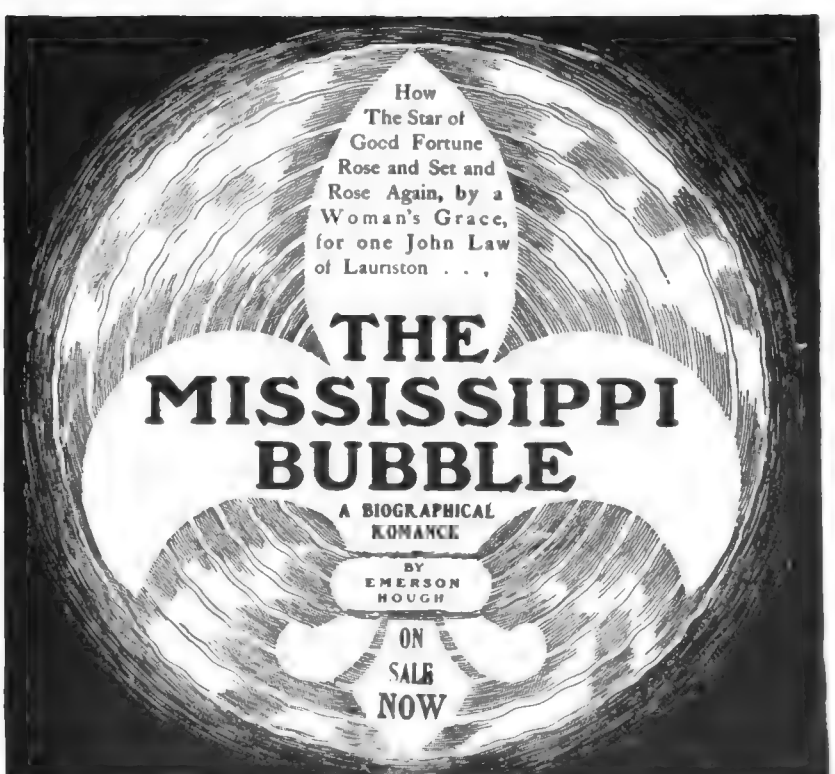
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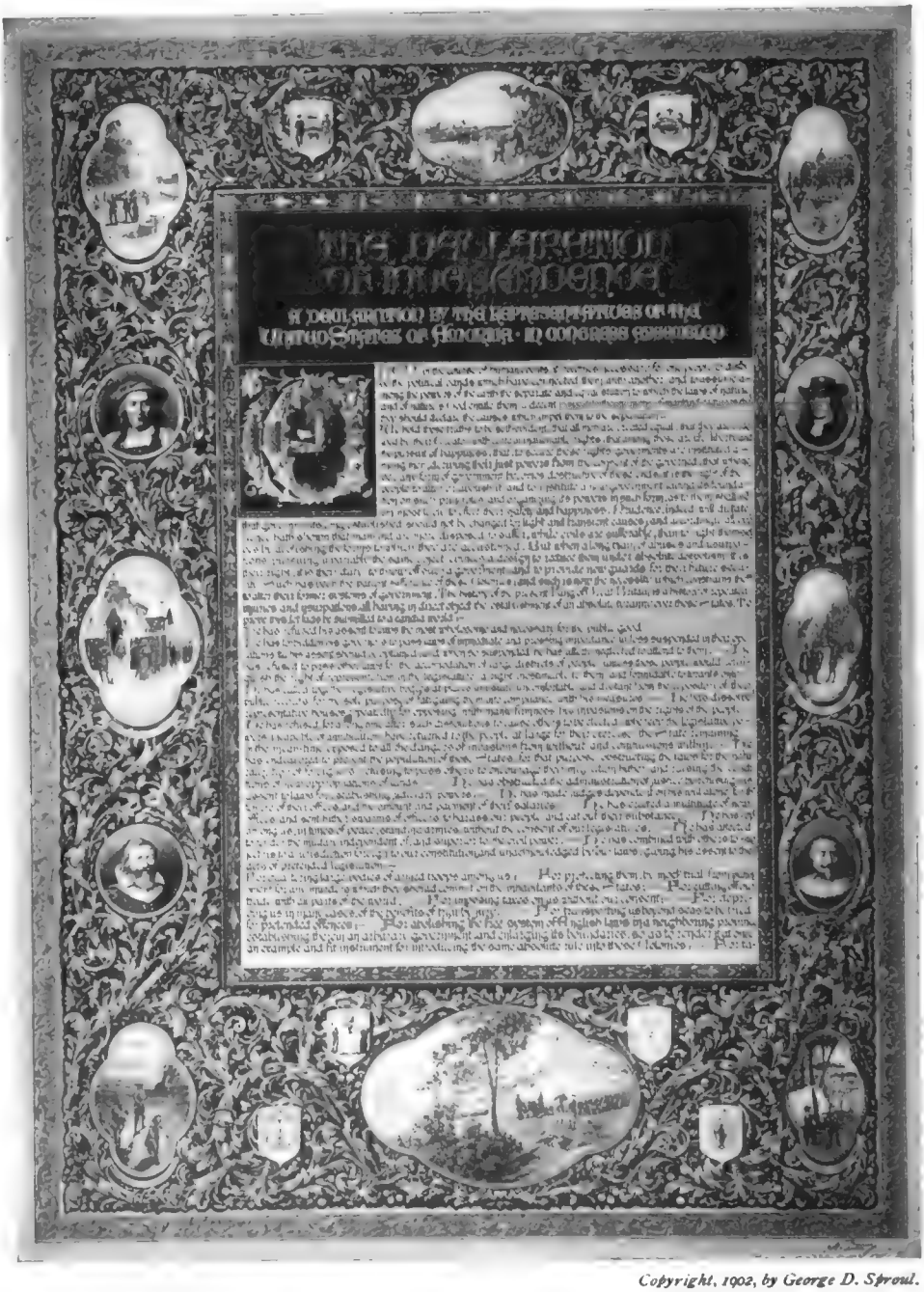

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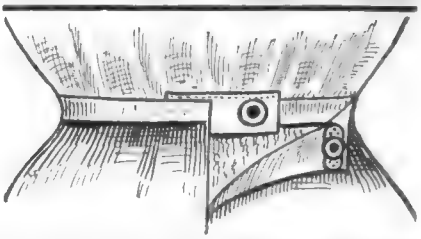

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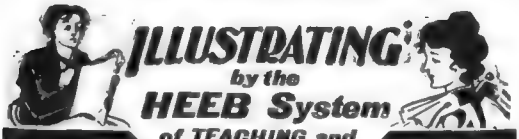

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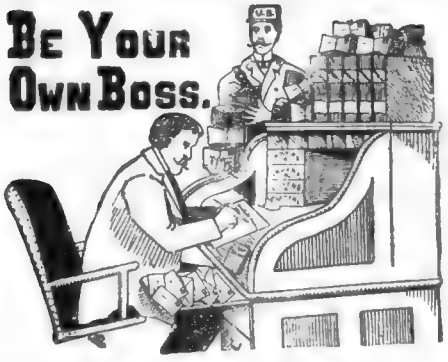

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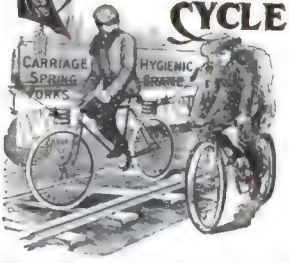

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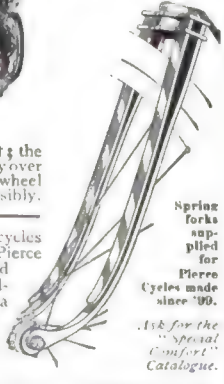

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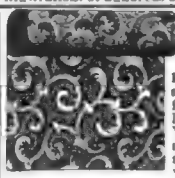

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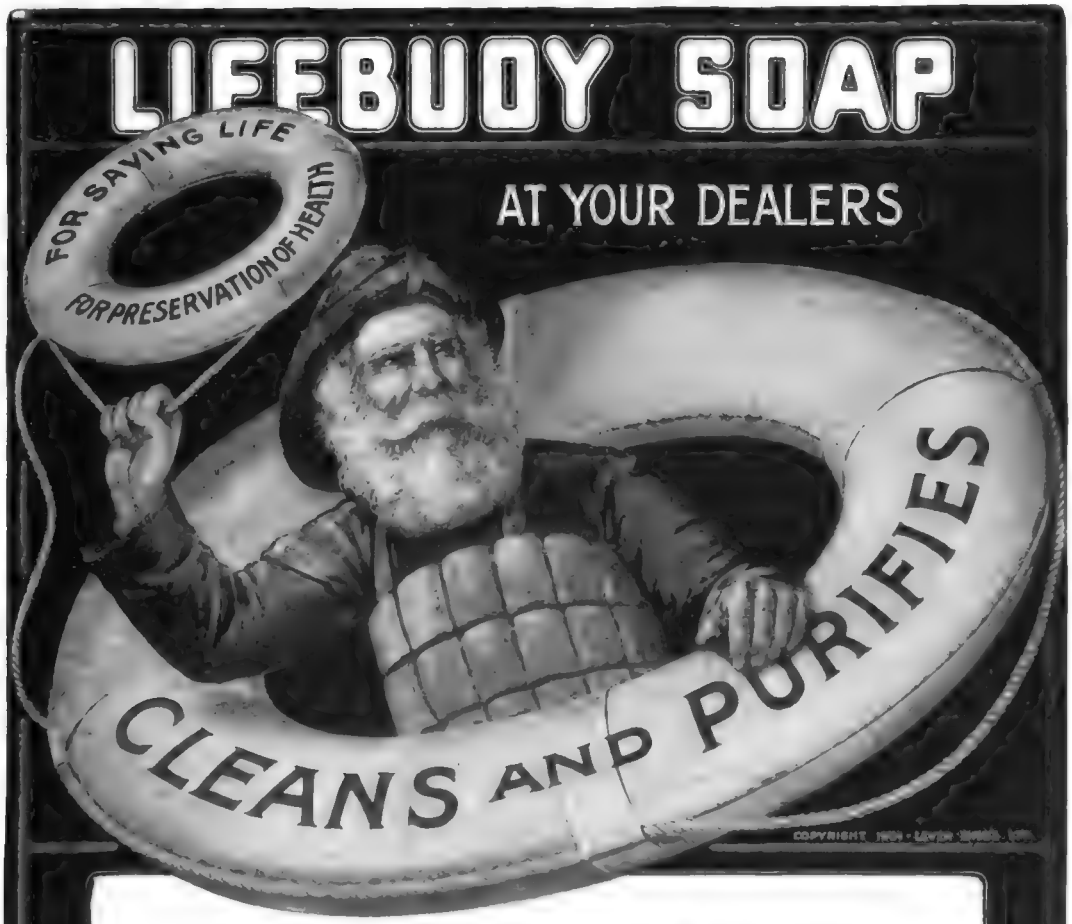

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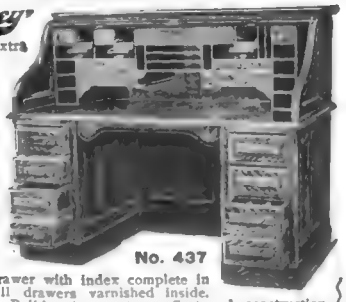

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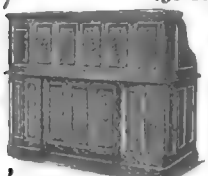

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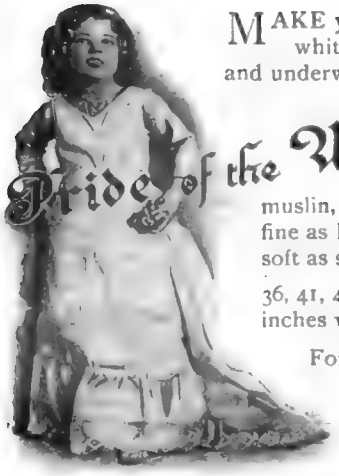

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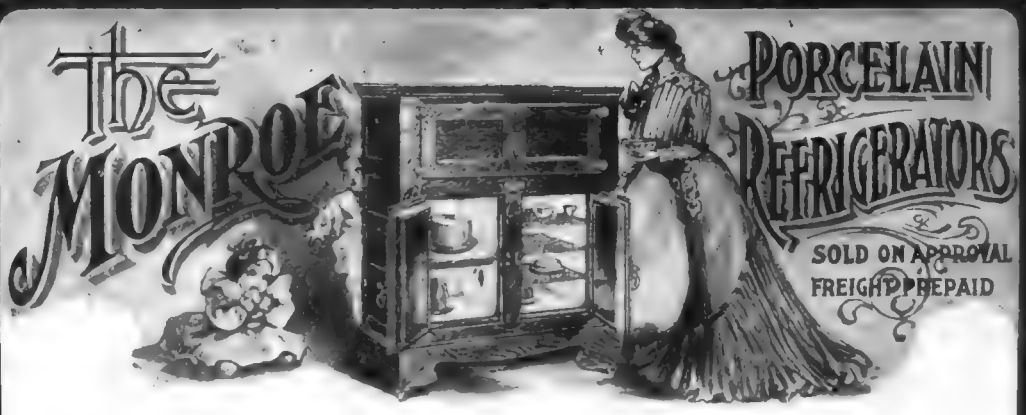

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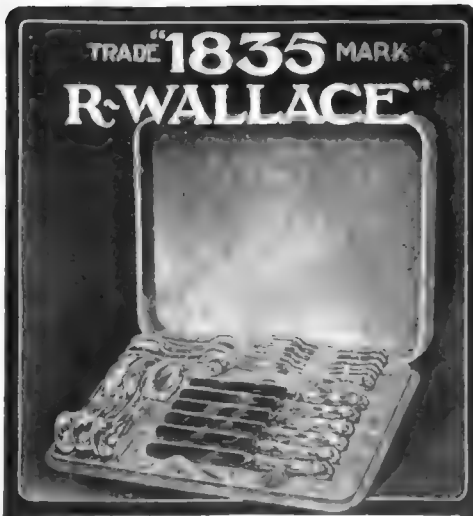

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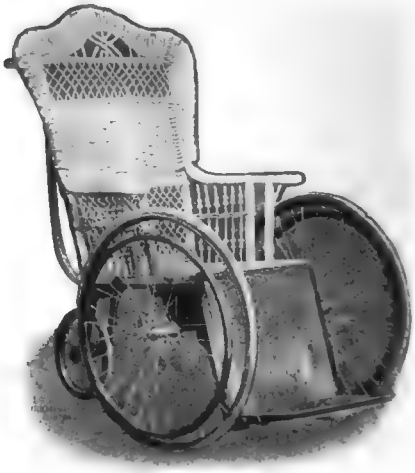

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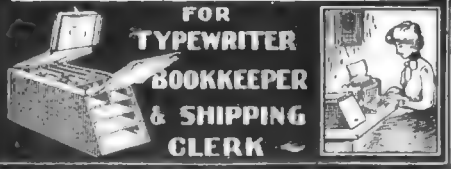

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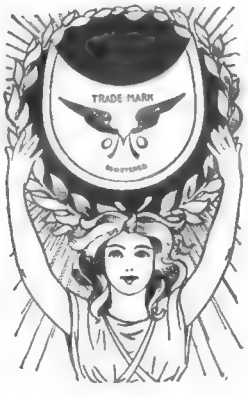

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Postal us for "Story of Comfort."

For eating and for drinking.

Blooker's cocoa

is the most nourishing because of its purity. Any good dealer will supply you if you insist. If you can't get it at once, write to

46 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

Delettrez, Violette Etoile (Star Violet) newest, most delightful violet odor, in **Perfumes, Soaps and Powders.** Dainty and distinctive.

Delettrez, Aglaia, for those who appreciate the most exquisite, refined odor. Delicate and permanent.

Ask for Delettrez at best dealers. Refuse substitutes.

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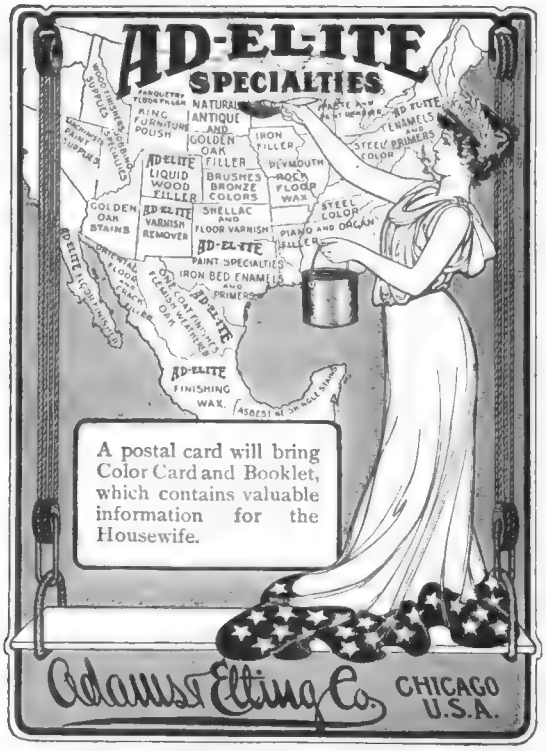
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SPECIALTIES
A postal card will bring Color Card and Booklet, which contains valuable information for the Housewife.
Adams Elting Co.
CHICAGO U.S.A.

For Sale by all Dealers

One—Four—Six Bottles

Experience with the

Baldine System

Of Treatment for the Hair and Scalp

At the outset Mr. Daniel Howley, of 1728 Beard street, Louisville, had neither hair nor eyebrows. Above are actual photographs made during treatment.

☞ *IT WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOU.* ☜

The Baldine system permanently eradicates Dandruff, stops Falling Hair and prevents Baldness. If the treatment did naught else its worth would be unquestioned, but we go further and make broader and stronger claims. We positively guarantee that Baldine Treatment

Restores Hair to the BALD SCALP

Strong, healthy, natural hair, no matter how bare the scalp or of how long duration. Perfect personal treatment is given each case, the system including individual directions for application and necessary remedial agents.

A COMMON SENSE, RATIONAL METHOD

by means of which the hair and scalp are invigorated and restored to their natural condition.

For details of the system, and convincing testimony, write for Booklet "B."

BALDINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

200 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

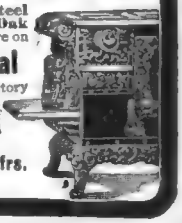
A Hot Proposition.

Our full line of **Kalamazoo Steel Ranges, Steel Cook and Oak Heating Stoves** sent anywhere on

30 Days' Free Trial

direct from our factory at factory prices, freight prepaid. The best stove proposition ever offered. If you want to know more, send for our free catalogue.

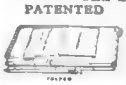
KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.



THE STONEBRIDGE FOLDING LANTERN

Can be carried in the pocket

PATENTED

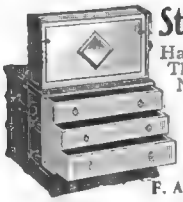


ALL DEALERS; or by mail, on receipt of price. Aluminum, weight 4½ oz., price $1.50. Tin, copper-finished, $1.00.

C. H. STONEBRIDGE

1494th St., and Third Ave., N. Y. City

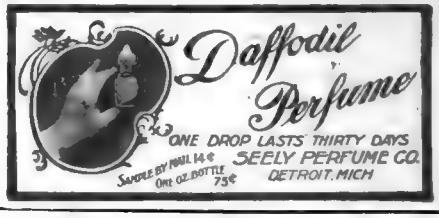
"OPEN 6x4x4 in. 6x4x¾ in.



Stallman's Dresser Trunk

Have you seen one? It is up-to-date. Think of it, everything within reach. No heavy trays, but light, smooth drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand riveted, almost indestructible. **Once tried, always recommended. Sent C. O. D. privilege examination. 2c stamp for catalog.**

F. A. STALLMAN, 48 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.



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THE IDEAL Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.*

Reduces Fuel Bills One-half.

Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. **Whistle blows** when Cooker needs **more water. Seamless copper bottom** and **sides.** We also make **Square Cookers with doors.** Send for illus. catalogue. *We pay express.* **Agents Wanted.**

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 14, Toledo, O.

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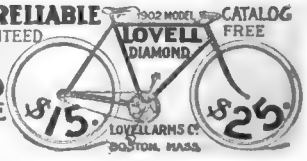
WRITE HOW TO GET ONE FREE

1902 MODEL CATALOG FREE



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Human hair, like the rose bush, requires a rich soil, careful cultivation, (grooming) and bright, warm, sunny weather to insure best results.

Seven Sutherland Sisters

Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner

never fail to grow hair, when there is a particle of life existing in the decaying roots. An occasional shampoo with the **Scalp Cleaner** and daily application of the **Hair Grower** during warm weather, will be found cooling and refreshing. Try it.

Sold by over 28,000 Dealers.

Permit us to again remind you, that

"Its the Hair-not the Hat"

That makes a woman attractive

PATENT SUSTAINED
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ASK FOR AND INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE

Velvet Grip

Sample pair, by mail, 25c.

CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

GEO. FROST CO. MAKERS BOSTON

Look for the name on every loop, and for the Moulded Rubber Button.

THE HAWKEYE REFRIGERATOR BASKET

is durable rattan lined with **non-rust** zinc. Two sizes, 18x10 by 8 inches deep, $3.25; 20x13 by 10 inches deep, $3.50. An ideal picnic basket because it

Keeps Contents Ice Cold 24 Hours

Indispensable in the sickroom, when traveling for keeping infant's food, and for carrying summer lunches. Will last a lifetime with care. **Sent subject to approval** C. O. D. Money back if not satisfactory on ten days' trial. Send us your dealer's name if he can't supply you.

A refreshing booklet **FREE.**

BURLINGTON BASKET COMPANY,
Dept. 3, Burlington, Iowa.

Best and Most Economical

Use only ⅔ the regular quantity

BOMOSA BEST GROWN COFFEE

33c

Always packed in 1-lb. trade-mark red bags.

Good Coffees, 12c. and 15c.
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P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Self Filling
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Simplicity

SIX CARDINAL POINTS

The 'POST' FOUNTAIN PEN

Reliability
No Leaking
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THE OLD FOUNTAIN PEN IS A THING OF THE PAST. Advanced mechanism places the **"POST"** Pen as the foremost one of the world.

"IT'S THE PEN OF ALL PENS," and is receiving more favorable comments to-day than all other makes on the market.

It's the only Pen awarded a gold medal and diploma at the Academie Parisienne Inventeurs Industriels et Exposants, Paris.

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OUR UNIQUE PLAN. As a special inducement to introduce the **"POST"** we have decided to supply a limited number of them in exchange. Our offer enables you to rid yourself of your old pen and have the **BEST.**

Write us. **POST FOUNTAIN PEN CO.,** 113 W. 14th Street, New York City.

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Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free.
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Mr. Ira Merchant, Bloomington, Ill., who was going blind from cataracts in both eyes, was cured in a few weeks by

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and he did not lose a single day from his business. Dr. Oneal cured him **without the knife or in any way jeopardizing the delicate organs of sight,** by mild, harmless medication that has proved effectual in thousands of other of the most serious cases of **Cataracts, Scums, Granulated Lids, Optic Nerve Diseases—all Causes of Blindness.** In all his experience **Dr. Oneal has never injured the eye of a patient.**

Cross-Eyes Straightened

—a new method—effectual in over 5,000 cases. **No Knife or Pain.** E. Welleck, Cary Sta., Ill., cured. Write him. A new, interesting illustrated book on Eye Diseases, many testimonials and Dr. Oneal's advice **free.** Tell him your eye troubles. Address

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Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured.

University Chemist Acting as Judge.

Irving K. Mott, M. D., of Cincinnati, O., demonstrated before the editorial board of the Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, the power of his remedy to cure the worst forms of kidney diseases. Later a public test was instituted under the auspices of the Post, and five cases of Bright's Disease and Diabetes were selected by them and placed under Dr. Mott's care. In three months' time all were pronounced cured, Harvard University having been chosen by the board to make examination of the cases before and after the treatment.

Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies of the papers by writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any kidney trouble, either in the first, intermediate, or last stages, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney troubles and describing his new method of treatment will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 37 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati, O.

Throat Trouble Quickly Cured FREE

If You Suffer from Sore Throat

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WILL SURELY CURE YOU

A scientific germicide, universally endorsed by physicians. **Absolutely Harmless!** To demonstrate its wonderful efficiency, will send for 10c. (which covers postage), **A Bottle sufficient to Cure, Free.**

Send for pamphlet, giving facts regarding this wonderful microbe destroyer. Address,

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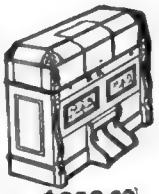
The Cost



For a small fraction of the cost of learning to play piano fairly well you can place yourself in a position to play anything that can be played upon the piano **AT ONCE.**

$250.00

The

CECILIAN

THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER

enables anybody to play anything upon any piano without practice. It excels all other piano players in its simplicity, ease of operation and perfect execution of all descriptions of music.

Send for free booklet, fully describing the Cecilian, and ask us for the name of the nearest dealer to you who sells it.

FARRAND ORGAN CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

TORTOISE BRAND HAIR HORN PINS

25¢ 25¢

BOX OF DOZ.

THREE SHAPES (Straight, Looped and Crimped)
THREE COLORS (Shell, Amber and Black)

If your dealer cannot supply you, send to us, enclosing 25c., and you will be supplied. Catalogue free.

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Battery Hanging Lamps, -	$10.00
Telephone, complete, - -	5.95
Electric Door Bells, - -	1.00
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We undersell all on Everything Electrical.

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Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue, just out.

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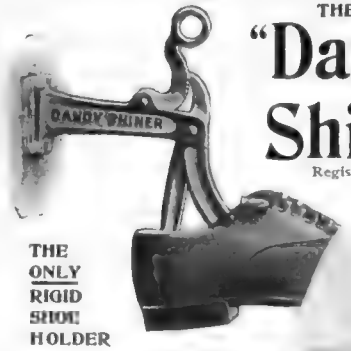
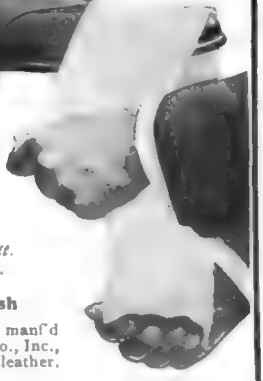


How it is Used



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Nickel-plated and handsome. Light and convenient. May be hung up flat when not in use. *Ask any shoe, hardware or housefurnishing dealer for it. If not obtainable, send to us.*

Gold Bond Shoe Polish

"The Great Leather Food," manf'd by Triumpha Shoe Polish Co., Inc., Boston, Mass. Preserves leather. Polishes brilliantly.

A DANDY-SHINER, Three Lasts (men's, women's, child's), **Polishing Cloth, Bottle of "Gold Bond" Shoe Polish, all sent for** **$1.00**

If in doubt send for booklet and larger pictures.

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Establish your credit by opening a **charge account** for a beautiful Genuine Diamond Ring, Brooch, Stud, Locket, Earrings, Cuff Buttons or other article to be selected from our half million dollar stock of Diamonds, Watches and Fine Jewelry. Catalogue "J" sent free.

Diamonds will pay at least 20 per cent. in increased values this year. Your local jeweler, if he is posted, will tell you so. They are the best investment in sight at the present time.

You can establish a credit with us that you can use as long as you live, wherever you live, and with any other house in any line of business. **Good Credit** is **Capital** and a **Diamond** paid for is **Ready Money** the world over. Your credit is good with us if your intentions are good. Honesty and good faith are the only requisites.

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Will I do as I agree and can I spare from $3 to $10 monthly to invest in a Diamond?

If you can answer in the affirmative your credit is as good with us as though you were worth millions.

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You select a diamond from our catalogue, we send it to you for examination. If you like the diamond, the mounting, the price and terms, you make a small first payment and wear the diamond. The balance we arrange in a series of small, easy payments to be made monthly. We give a Guarantee Certificate of value and quality, and the option of exchanging at full price paid for any other article or a larger diamond at any time.

There are no disagreeable features about our Liberal Credit System, no publicity, no security, no guarantee, no endorser—in fact it's nothing but a personal business transaction based on mutual confidence and good faith.

We are the largesthouse in our line of business and one of the oldest. (Established in 1858.) We originated the system of selling diamonds on easy payments, and do the largest diamond credit business in the world. There is half-a-million dollars back of our guarantees, and if you will ask your local banks how we stand in the business world, they will refer to their Dun's and Bradstreet's book of commercial ratings, and tell you that our rating is the highest possible to have for responsibility, good credit and reliable performance of all agreements and promises.

We pay all expenses of placing our diamonds before you for your examination, it costs you nothing whether you buy or not—you get the diamond at once and every dollar you pay on it, is a dollar saved, for diamonds are instantly convertible into cash the world over at full value.

☞We handle no imitation diamonds, nothing but genuine stones.

Write today for our illustrated booklet which shows goods, prices, terms and full particulars of our Liberal Credit System.

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Diamond Importers and Manfr. Jewelers
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$10 DRESSES ANY MAN

Complete from HEAD to TOE in latest Style

FREE SAMPLES and Measurement Blanks.

TO INTRODUCE DIRECT TO THE WEARER OUR CUSTOM TAILORING we will make the first ten thousand suits absolutely to measures sent us for only $10 and give the following

Complete Outfit FREE.

Actually **$28** value for only **$10** and nothing to pay till after you receive the suit and free outfit and find it just as represented. Send us your name and post office address and we will send you FREE SAMPLES OF CLOTH, 5-foot tape line and measurement blanks.

A GENUINE CHEVIOT SUIT made to measure in the latest English Sack style, well made and durably trimmed,

such a suit as some tailors charge	$20.00
A Dunlap block Derby or Fedora Hat	2.50
A pair of Stylish Lace Shoes, the new queen last	2.50
A Percale Shirt, with Collar and Cuffs attached	1.25
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Thousands of Men pay daily for this	**$28.00**

DON'T DELAY—After having filled 10,000 orders our prices for these Suits alone will be $20 and NO FREE ARTICLES.

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Reference: Metropolitan Nat. Bank, Chicago · Capital $3,500,000

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN IS REGULARLY SHAVEN

Shave yourself at your ease, in private, unencumbered by stiff shirt, coat and vest. Avoid all dangers of disease which lurk in the most rigorously conducted shops. With the

SHUMATE DOLLAR RAZOR

you can shave yourself satisfactorily, quickly and comfortably. Save time and money.

183 HOURS AND $27.85 SAVED IN A YEAR

The Shumate is an absolutely safe proposition. No better article at any price. No stronger guarantee. Sent postpaid for $1.00. If your dealer hasn't it, send his name. *We replace the razor if it doesn't please you.* It will.

Free Booklet, "The Modern Razor," gives many valuable hints on shaving comfortably. Send for it.

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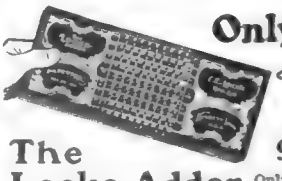
St. Louis Office, 2029 Henrietta, St.



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Capacity 999,999,999

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Agent's Outfit Free.—Rim Strainer, fits any pan. Agents make 3 to 5 dollars per day. Large catalogue new goods free.
RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. G, BATE N.Y.

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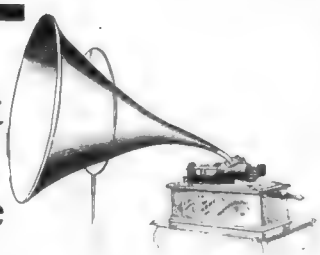
Opera Concert Vaude-ville



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90 out of every **100**

persons would buy a Phonograph if they knew the wonderful improvements made in the past few months.

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Douglas Mego-Amplifying Horn

***The* New Edison Reproducer, and New Edison Moulded Records**

No more metallic, harsh notes. Perfect reproduction of Famous Orchestras and Band Pieces; all Instruments; Vocal Solos, Duets, Quartettes, Choruses, Funny Speeches. A source of endless amusement. Entertains young and old. Send for catalogue H and get full information.

DOUGLAS & CO.

10 West 22d St. **89 Chambers St.**

NEW YORK.

Dealers in all kinds of Talking Machine Supplies and Electric Novelties.

Straight Piano Talk

A good Piano is a first-class investment as well as a means of culture and pleasure. There is no article manufactured that will give as large a return for the money invested. Granting this to be true, what piano will be sought after by those who wish to buy an instrument at a fair price? It must have not only a good tone but a pretty case, and as you do not buy one every day, it must be built to stand years of use.

THE

Emerson Piano

fulfills these conditions. It is handsome in its exterior appearance, musical in its tone qualities, and the price at which it sells brings it within the resources of persons of moderate means. As to its wearing qualities, its many years before the public (almost sixty) have demonstrated them, while the number sold (over 76,000) proves its great popularity. It has every point to recommend it to the prudent buyer. Sold on easy terms anywhere in the United States. Send for illustrated catalogue.

EMERSON PIANO CO.

120 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

A Burglar Is a Coward

He fears a sudden noise next to death. It means his capture. To scream or attack him in your house induces him to murder you. But the explosion of a blank cartridge at door or window terrifies the boldest thief and awakens help. The Eagle

CANNON-LOCK

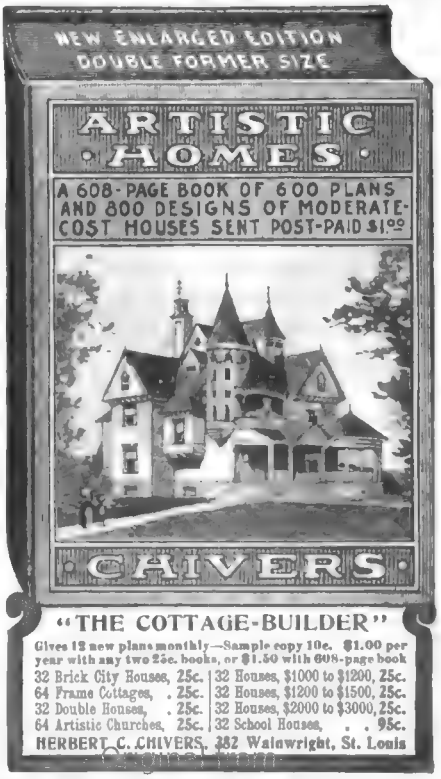
Locks a window shut or open any distance for *ventilation* and bolts the door securely. It holds like a giant and fires a blank cartridge when molested. There is neither trouble or danger in using it. It is absolutely harmless even for children to play with when loaded, yet a thousand times more protection than a revolver. Timid women feel doubly safe at home, and travelers use them in hotels. Made of steel—resembles a fountain pen—shoots a blank cartridge (22 caliber)—will last a lifetime.

Price 50 cents. But if you order two from this ad we will send one extra, making three Cannon-Locks for **$1**, and refund your dollar if you don't say it is the only true burglar alarm

THE EAGLE STEEL COMPANY,

18 Trust Bldg., CINCINNATI.

Placed in this manner against base of door or upper sash of window.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PROF. ALBERT VERNON

the great master and exponent of

PSYCHRATISM

recently appeared before a committee of the New York Legislature whom he convinced of the genuineness and high educational value of his science. He has since been in receipt of the highest endorsements from various legislators and state officials, among whom are Hon. W. W. Cocks, senator 2d district; Hon. Winslow Mead, chief clerk department of Public works; Hon. W. L. Parkhurst, state commissioner of lunacy; Hon. James T. Rogers, member of assembly, 1st district; Hon. James E. Smith, member 15th district, and Hon. James K. Apgar, assemblyman 3d district. The latter, writing under date of April 23, 1901, says:

"You are at liberty to say that I expected to prove your theories wrong and your science a farce, but am now fully convinced that you are an expert in occultism and that what you call 'Psychratism' is bound to take its place among the leading sciences of the day."

Vernon Academy and Sanatorium

With a view of increasing public interest in the useful and profitable science of Psychratism, Prof. Vernon proposes to present to anyone sending him their name and address

A FREE COPY

OF HIS MOST INTERESTING WORK

"Psychic Phenomena of the Twentieth Century"

Dealing as it does with every phase of mental phenomena as shown in all the various fields of ancient and modern research, this hundred-page book will be read with the greatest interest. Immediately upon receipt of your request, a free copy of this book will be sent you postpaid. Simply send name and address to

Vernon Academy of Mental Science,
1000 East Avenue **Rochester, N. Y.**

DENT'S Toothache GUM

A SWELL AFFAIR

Will Stop that Toothache.

Its application gives relief instantly. Not a chewing gum. Should be carried for emergencies. Be sure to get **Dent's**; avoid useless and cheap imitations. All druggists or by mail 15c.

C. S. DENT & CO., Detroit, Mich.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

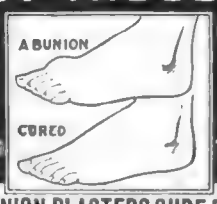
Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It cures painful, swollen, smarting nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept an imitation.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE.** Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

FOOT TROUBLES

ARE YOUR FEET SORE AND DISFIGURED



BUNIONS CORNS OR ANY OTHER TROUBLE

ANTI-BUNION PLASTERS CURE BUNIONS

NOTHING ELSE WILL.

For **10c.** we mail handsome illustrated booklet on **"How to Have Easy, Healthy, Shapely Feet"** and a sample "Anti-Bunion Plaster," the only remedy for the quick and permanent cure of bunions. The booklet treats of the care of the feet, bunions, corns, ingrowing nails, etc.

FOOT REMEDY CO., 59 E Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Cultivation of the FEET

Is most essential to comfort, cleanliness, health and good appearance. Allison's Corn Eraser, the foot polisher, provides a toilet treatment for the feet which easily and safely cures and prevents corns, bunions and ingrowing toe nails, chilblains, callous, sore and tender feet, excessive moisture, bad odor, swelling, burning sensation, etc., keeping the feet in a condition so that a neat fitting shoe can be worn, and the walk firm and graceful. It consists of a patented polishing device which gently removes the callous cuticle and a bottle of unguent for reducing the pain, soreness and tenderness. Outfit 50c; booklet free. J. F. Allison, Mfr., 59 Wabash Av., Chicago.

ALLISON'S CORN ERASER

THE FOOT POLISHER

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"THE MOTHERS' FRIEND"

(TRADE MARK)

SHIRT WAISTS FOR BOYS

Remember the name, **"The Mothers' Friend."** The standard shirt waist for nearly 20 years. Always the most stylish. Always the newest patterns. Always the best wearing.

Every Mothers' Friend shirt waist has our adjustable belt with riveted buttons—that is removed before washing.

EVERY **MOTHERS' FRIEND** SHIRT WAIST IS GUARANTEED.

PRICE, 50c. TO $1.50, LAUNDERED.

Remember the genuine **"MOTHERS' FRIEND"** shirt waists are never sold without this label.

MOTHERS' FRIEND SIZE 13½ PAT. MAR. 27TH 1883

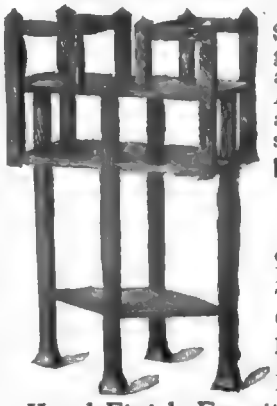
Ask your dealer. If he hasn't the genuine, write us.
Address ISAAC SCHNEER'S SON & CO.,
Mothers' Friend Shirt Waist Factory,
135th Street and Willow Avenue, New York City.

Direct from the Factory Grand Rapids,

Home of Original Furniture

The Japanese Book Castle

Unique, Artistic and Ornamental



Made of Quarter Sawed Oak. Highest grade of Hand Polish and Piano Finish. Artistically designed and solidly constructed.

Factory Price, $6.00

Store Price, $10.00

We pay Express charges East of the Mississippi, North of Tennessee and North Carolina; other points equalized. Write for catalogue B-3.

Hand Finish Furniture Company,
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Now We Have It!

A PERFECT SQUARE STEAM COOKER WITH DOORS. Don't miss it. Large meal cooked over one burner. Wonderful saving of fuel and labor. Get it for your home and summer cottage. Write for circulars. Special rate for ten days. Used on any kind of stove. **AGENTS WANTED.** $30 to $40 a week can be made. Now is the time to sell cookers.

OHIO STEAM COOKER CO.
67 Ontario Building TOLEDO, OHIO

AVON SALAD FORK
AVON SALAD SPOON
"1847 ROGERS BROS"
"SILVER PLATE THAT WEARS."
Ask Your Dealer
to show you some of the newest Spoons, Forks, Knives and Fancy Serving Pieces, stamped with the well-known trademark
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
Purchase a few pieces, add others at your convenience, and you will be supplied with all the necessary articles in the best grade of silver plate. Make sure they bear the complete trademark "1847 Rogers Bros.," which insures "Silver Plate that Wears" and the genuine Rogers goods for over half a century the standard of quality. Send for catalogue No. 61 C.
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)
Meriden, Conn.

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Willis' Home Cure Cannot Fail.

An Unparalleled Record, 100 Per Cent. Cures to Stay Cured.

It Makes Men Look Like Men, Feel Like Men, Act Like Men.

To prove that this is true I will gladly send, in plain wrapper, a large sample treatment, sufficient to test its wonderful merit, free of all expense to those who write me in good faith. To be cured by my cure means to be cured forever. To show how harmless it is, and how easily it acts, it is only necessary to take a few doses one day, at home, at work, anywhere, no one will know you are taking anything but ordinary medicine. A wonderful change in the patient will be noticed at once; the nerves become steady, the appetite good, and refreshing sleep ensues. It will surprise and delight you. Its magic influence drives the alcoholic poison from the system and destroys all desire for strong drink.

LARGE TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

LIQUOR DRINKERS CURED

Easily, safely, absolutely, with no loss of time, and at very small expense.

I have thousands of grateful letters from wives, sisters and children of those who have taken my Home Cure. Many of the writers of these letters knowing that I hold all correspondence sacredly confidential, unless instructed to the contrary, have insisted that I use their letters to convince sufferers from Liquor Drinking that there is hope for them, that they can be cured. Some of these letters I will send you if you desire it.

Remember, I don't want one cent of your money unless I can prove to your entire satisfaction that my Home Cure is a genuine boon to those who need it, and until you feel justified, from the convincing evidence I will send you, in placing your confidence in me and my cure. Can any offer be fairer? **Write Today for the free trial treatment,** and address plainly,

PARKER WILLIS, 329 Pike Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

Internal Cleanliness

MEANS PERFECT HEALTH.

The J. B. L. Cascade Treatment insures both.

This wonderful treatment is in successful use by 150,000 people. It is endorsed and prescribed by eminent physicians. An abundance of letters from grateful people bear witness to its astonishing merit. Its value cannot be demonstrated here, therefore we ask to send you, with our compliments, a book of facts. It tells the real secrets of how to acquire health and maintain it without the use of drugs. We will also give the names and addresses of Hospitals, Health Societies, Physicians and prominent people that have used and highly recommend

THE J. B. L. CASCADE TREATMENT,

Address Tyrrells Hygienic Inst. Dept. 11 C 1562 Broadway, N. Y.

To all who suffer from SPINAL DEFORMITIES.

85 per cent cheaper than the old methods. **100 per cent better.** Weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. For men Women and Children; none too young, none too old to be relieved. We offer the only Scientific Appliance ever invented for the relief and cure of this unsightly condition; cured the inventor Mr. P. B. Sheldon, of curvature of the spine of THIRTY YEARS standing.

Throw away the cumbersome and costly plaster-of paris and sole-leather jackets.

Our appliance is light in weight, durable and conforms to the body as not to evidence that a support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly a godsend to all sufferers from spinal troubles, male or female. We also make Scientific Appliances for protruding abdomen, weak back, stooping shoulders. Send for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know from experience of our wonderful appliances. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Write to-day for measurement blank. Don't wait.

Steamburg, N. Y., February 9, 1901. After having worn the plaster-of-paris jackets, I can truthfully say your appliance is far more comfortable to wear. It corrects curvature quite as well and fits the body so perfectly that no one would suspect I was wearing one. You have my life-long gratitude and well wishes, Yours truly, Ida Blood.

The plaster-of-paris jacket above mentioned weighed 8 1-4 lbs. The Philo Burt Appliance put on in its place weighed 17 ounces—a difference of over 7 pounds.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 31 Fourth St., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

DIAMONDS—WATCHES

Sold on easy payments, **$1.00** a week and upwards. Goods delivered on first payment. All sizes, styles, designs and makes. **CATALOGUE FREE,** explains our plan. For particulars address Department 113.

THE WALKER-EDMUND CO.

126 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

This ELEGANT Watch $3.75

Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome **WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. $3.75.** Double Hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any **$35.00 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS** pay the express agent $3.75 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address

H. FARBER & CO., D78, 23 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

FREE

Up to Date 1901 Catalogue of Watches at Lowest Prices.

DIAMONDS

and **WATCHES SOLD ON LONG TIME and EASY PAYMENTS.** Goods delivered on first payment. A $100,000 stock to select from. Everything first class; 23 years a jeweler and 15 years a mail order advertiser with a national reputation for Low Prices and Square Dealing. **MY LITTLE BOOKLET** tells all about different grades of Watches and Diamonds, how to detect imitations. It's Free. Send for it.

A. C. ROEBUCK, 1130 Schiller Bldg., CHICAGO.

TRICKS

A Dollars worth of Tricks and Make-Ups, sent by mail for 25 cents, stamps or silver. A nice Moustache or Full Beard, Rube, Galaways, Irish or Side Whiskers, any color, a Bottle of Spirit Gum to stick them on, Box of Prepared Burnt Cork to blacken up, in Rubber Mouth big mouth Secret and Apparatus for performing the great Vanishing Half-Dollar Trick, Cure for Love a novelty sure to please. Mention the paper you saw this Ad in and I will put in a heavy GOLD finished RING Free, and my large 100 page catalog of Rare, Fine, Useful and up-to-date Novelties. Chas. Marshall, Mr. Lockport, N. Y.

MAKE-UPS

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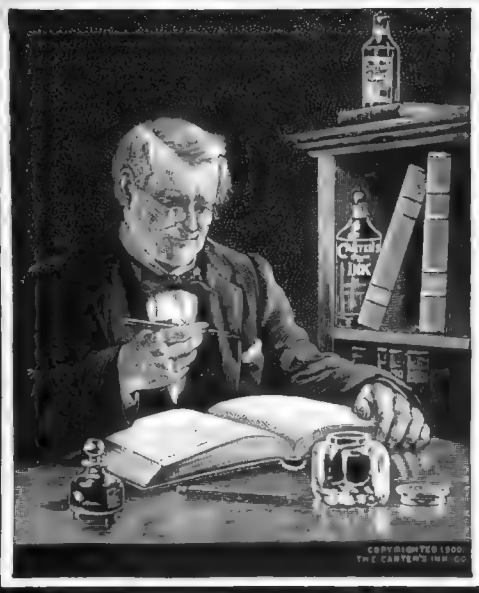
"AFTER ALL" CARTER'S INK IS THE BEST"



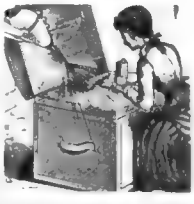
AN OLD BOOKKEEPER IS DISCRIMINATING
Better take his advice and use CARTER'S.
Send for *Booklet*, "Inklings"—FREE.
THE CARTER'S INK CO., BOSTON, MASS.

PROTECTION FROM MOTHS

Holds as much as trunk. Hooks inside to hang garments on. No pasting required

Sizes of Bags

Business Suit - 40c
Overcoat Size - 55c
Ulster Size - - 75c



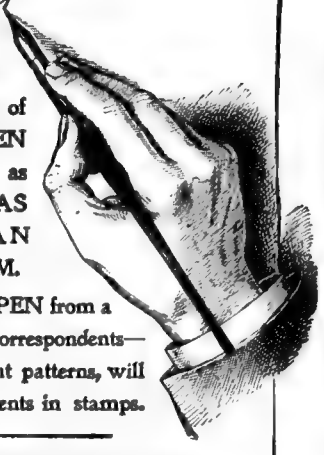
Wrap up and line everything with Manahan's large Tarine Moth Sheets, 10c. 25c. Spray trunks, wardrobes, carpets, everything with Manahan's Tarine Moth Spray. Bottle 50c. Department stores and druggists, sell

Manahan Moth Paper Works, 870 Pearl St., N. Y.

Get right down to the point and you will find that the Spencerian Steel Pen are the best

BECAUSE

they are made of the FINEST PEN STEEL and as PERFECT AS SKILL CAN MAKE THEM.



SELECT A PEN from a sample card for correspondents—12 pens, different patterns, will be sent for 6 cents in stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway, NEW YORK

Accident-Proof Crib.

The Foster Ideal Crib

protects the child from accident when alone. It does the work of a maid by day and serves as an annex to the mother's bed at night. The sides may be raised or lowered at will. The spindles are but 4 inches apart. The head and foot 44 inches high and the sides 22 inches above the high-grade woven wire spring. These dimensions are absolute proof against accidents and you will find them only in the **Foster Ideal Crib.** The cribs are finished in white or colors. Enterprising dealers sell them. If yours don't we will supply you direct. In either case send for our free booklet, "*Wide Awake Facts About Sleep.*"

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 100 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.
Mfrs. of Famous Foster Ideal Springs, the "Ideal Line" of Iron Beds, Cribs, Divans, etc.

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NERVE-FORCE

is a Home Remedy; a noble UNGUENT for external application. It is founded upon the principle that Suffering, Premature Decline and Premature Death are the direct and indirect, results of

MRS. GEO. A. CORWIN

DORMANT CIRCULATION;

that rescue can only be assured by its re-establishment by **directly** charging the controlling battery-cells with **an element imitating the nerve force prepared for that purpose by Nature.** This imitative element is our faithful NERVE-FORCE, and it will positively re-establish the most sluggish CIRCULATION to normal. It has won for us many Gold Medals for life-saving in the past twenty years. We do not, however, advertise it—but our NERVE-FORCE Journal, which explains its every detail. We send this Publication free, **in plain envelope,** to as many addresses as you may send us.

We appeal especially to the "chronically ill" who are wearied and discouraged with "stomach dosing" as a means of warfare against Disease; to sufferers threatened with cruel "operations;" to men and women who, in spite of heroic efforts for cure, feel themselves steadily declining; to men and women who are victims of sedentary employment or excessive "brain exhaustion," and to those who have been cast aside as "incurable."

MR. and MRS. GEO. A. CORWIN, 1473 Mt. Morris Bank Building, NEW YORK CITY

The Kola Plant.

THE
Kola Plant
CURES
ASTHMA

Free. The African Kola Plant is Nature's Positive Cure for Asthma. In the short time since its discovery this remarkable botanical product has come into universal use in the Hospitals of Europe and America as an unfailing Specific Cure for every form of Asthma. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes to the *New York World*, on July 23rd, that it cured him of Asthma of thirty years' standing, and Mrs. E. Johnson, of No. 417 Second St., Washington, D. C., testifies that for years she had to sleep propped up in a chair, unable to lie down, night or day. The Kola Plant cured her at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, of Washington, D. C., was also cured when he could not lie down for fear of choking. Many other sufferers, including Rev. S. H. Eisenberg, Centre Hall, Pa., and Rev. John L. Moore, Alice, S. C., give similar testimony, proving it truly a wonderful remedy. If you suffer from Asthma in any form, in order to prove the power of this new botanical discovery, we will send you one Large Case by mail entirely free. All we request in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you absolutely nothing. Send your address to **The Kola Importing Company, No. 1164 Broadway, New York.**

DRUNKENNESS CURED!

PACKAGE SENT FREE

Any woman can cure her husband, son or brother of liquor drinking by secretly placing this remedy in his coffee, tea or food without his knowledge, as the remedy is entirely odorless and tasteless. Any good and faithful woman can wipe out this fearful evil and permanently stop the craving for liquor, as did Mrs. R. L. Townsend, Box 13, Swartz, La. For years she prayed to her husband to quit drinking, but finally found that it was impossible for him to do so with his own free will, as he was an inveterate drinker, and hearing of this remarkable cure she determined to try it. Mrs. Townsend says that before she gave her husband half a box of Milo Tablets he lost all desire for whisky; the sight or odor of whisky now makes him deathly sick. It is surely a wonderful discovery that cures a man without his knowledge or intention. Mrs. Townsend's word of gratitude is only one of the thousands in possession of this company. Any one who will send their name and address, and 4 cents to cover postage, to the Milo Drug Co., 81 Milo Building, St. Louis, Mo., will receive by mail, sealed in plain wrapper, a free package of this wonderful remedy and full instructions how to cure the liquor habit.

$25 for a Name
Paid in gold to the person sending an acceptable name for our new skin food before July 1, 1902, accompanying an order for a 50c box of the food
Positively Removes Wrinkles and Prevents Others Forming.
$25 for a Name
This perfect skin food is a pink bar made of pure oils, not a cosmetic. Opens the pores and is readily absorbed, curing moth, tan, sunburn, blackheads, rough skin. Unexcelled after shaving. Price 50c. by mail. Sample, 10 cts. Agents wanted. Made by The FRANK ARTHUR CO., Dept. B, Racine, Wis. References: Mfr's Nat. Bank.

The Numsen Remedy

(The Herb Cure)

is an **Infallible, Guaranteed Cure** for

Rheumatism

and has been for 40 years.

$1.00 Buys a **Full Treatment.** If it fails in your case we will give **YOUR MONEY BACK** at once. Send for it today. There is no need to suffer longer. We refer to the 1st National Bank, Chicago, as to our financial standing and responsibility.

THE NUMSEN REMEDY, Clerk A,
737 Walnut Street, Chicago, Ill.

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THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CURES WOMEN

SIMPLE COMFORTABLE ECONOMICAL

It is an external brace that supports the whole body and holds all the internal organs in correct position as nature wants them and as nothing else can do—that brings strength to back and loins, lungs and abdomen, cures ailments of the digestive and generative organs.

To Illustrate How It Feels:

Press a hand on the small of the back, throw your shoulders back, put the other hand under the abdomen and lift it up. What a relief! By the use of the Natural Body Brace women secure

COMFORT—physical and mental—comfort in work, walking and any exercise—in any position—comfort in living,

HEALTH—It cures female troubles, inflammations, internal pains, lassitude, backache, headache, nervousness, indigestion, melancholy lung and other diseases,

BEAUTY—It assures erect form, graceful carriage, shapely bust, bright eyes, happy disposition, takes away the wrinkles that care and illness bring.

It is a complete cure in itself, requiring no medicine, involving no publicity, no tedious delay, nothing objectionable. **Fits any figure. Invaluable to the prospective mother.**

Thousands of letters like this come to us yearly:

Rush Hill, N. Y., July 2, 1901.

"I had been ailing 15 years, from backache, headache, bearing down pains, constipation, leucorrho a and prolapsus of both womb and bladder. I had been treated by some of the best specialists in the country without avai . Your Brace cured me. The organs have gone back to proper position and remain there. MRS. G. C. SHUMAN.

FREE TRIAL FOR THIRTY DAYS to prove that you need the Brace. Write today for our **Special Trial Offer**, prices and illustrated book, all **mailed free** in plain, sealed envelope. Address

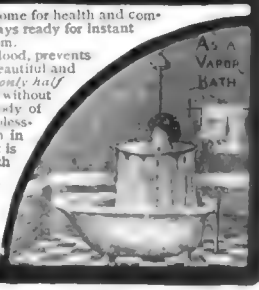
THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.,
Howard C. Rash, Mgr., • **Box 644, Salina, Kansas.**

WORN WITH OR WITHOUT CORSET

A Shower and Vapor Bath in One
AT ¼ THE PRICE OF FORMER

The Perfection Vapor and Shower Bath should be in every home for health and comfort. It is attachable to any faucet *without plumbing*. Is always ready for instant use both as a Shower and Vapor Bath and re juires no extra room.

No bath is complete without a shower. It stimulates the blood, prevents one from taking cold and makes one more healthy, vigorous, beautiful and full of enthusiasm and energy. *A bath without a shower is only half a bath.* Moreover, the Perfection Bath is a perfect vapor bath without the unsatisfactory results of vapor cabinets. It cleanses the body of impurities, and helps to cure nervous dyspepsia, headache, sleeplessness. With it you can take a *full* Turkish or Medicated Bath in your own home, at a cost of **3 cents.** The low price at which it is sold—about one-quarter the price of an ordinary shower bath alone—makes it indispensable to health and comfort.



Our Trial Offer: We will ship it on fifteen days trial; if it is not all that we claim we will return your money. In any case write for interesting booklet, guarantee, etc., and complete information. SENT FREE. Reference: *Alliance Bank, Rochester, N. Y.*

Vapor Shower Bath Co.,
Berlin, Ontario, **615 Granite Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.**

The PERFECT BODY-BRACE
NO UNDERSTRAPS NO SHOULDERSTRAPS,
ONLY COMFORTABLE BODY-BRACE EVER DEVISED

Permanently cures all ailments of more women and girls, caused by crowded or displaced internal organs, than any other device. Hopeless cases a specialty.

DON'T GIVE UP TILL YOU HAVE TRIED IT—NO COST TO TRY

Will make you feel like another person—strong, healthy and vigorous. Worn over undervest with or without corset. The only ideal summer brace. Made of nickel silver. A size for every figure. Cures weak women, preserves strong women.

Two years ago I had a very bad fall which left me weak and so great a sufferer that I could not do any housework. After wearing your Perfect Body-Brace I feel like a new woman. I am strong and able to do all my work. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me and take great pleasure in commending your brace.
March 19, 1902. MRS. WM. NELSON, Alum Cave, Indiana.

FREE TRIAL OFFER for 30 days to demonstrate it cures. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send for free illustrated booklet (sent in plain sealed envelope). Tell your trouble and our "Guide to Health" contains free practical medical advice without charge. Correspondence confidential. Write how.

PERFECT BODY BRACE COMPANY, **Box 1202, Salina, Kansas.**

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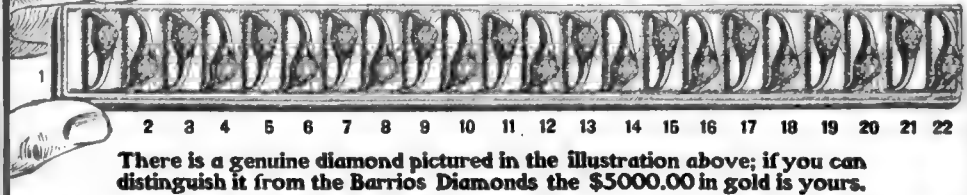
$5,000.00 IN GOLD for the Asking

A BONA-FIDE OFFER made with but one object in view, that is, to convince you, beyond even the shadow of a doubt, that neither you or anyone else can detect the genuine from the **Barrios Diamond** when placed side by side. The illustration below is an exact reproduction of twenty-two rings, twenty-one of them set with our celebrated **Barrios Diamonds** and one set with a pure first water genuine diamond worth $125.00. The artist who reproduced these rings did not know that there was a genuine diamond among them and drew them all accurately, true in every detail. If the diamond had more brilliancy than our **Barrios Diamonds** it would be shown on the reproduction. Examine the illustration carefully, and if you can distinguish the genuine diamond the $5000.00 in gold is yours.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.



There is a genuine diamond pictured in the illustration above; if you can distinguish it from the Barrios Diamonds the $5000.00 in gold is yours.

The above beautiful **Barrios Diamonds** set in a good solid gold filled mounting, warranted for twenty years **$2.00 Each**

Barrios Diamonds the nearest approach to genuine diamonds ever discovered. They have the fire, lustre, life, colors and brilliancy and will stand all the tests of old mine stones. Read our guarantee.

Our Guarantee: We guarantee **Barrios Diamonds** to retain their brilliancy forever and the mountings to give satisfaction. We will give $10,000 to any charitable institution if it can be shown that we ever refuse to replace a stone that does not give satisfaction. **Barrios Diamonds** will stand acids, heat, alkali, etc., in fact they can be washed and cleaned like ordinary diamonds, and so nearly do they resemble them that experts have been deceived.

Purchasers of **Barrios Diamonds** run no risk whatever. All orders are received with the distinct understanding that if the gems are not as represented money will be refunded. In ordering enclose string the size of finger, for ring, and article will be sent you at once, postage prepaid.

BARRIOS DIAMOND CO., Dept. A, 146 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

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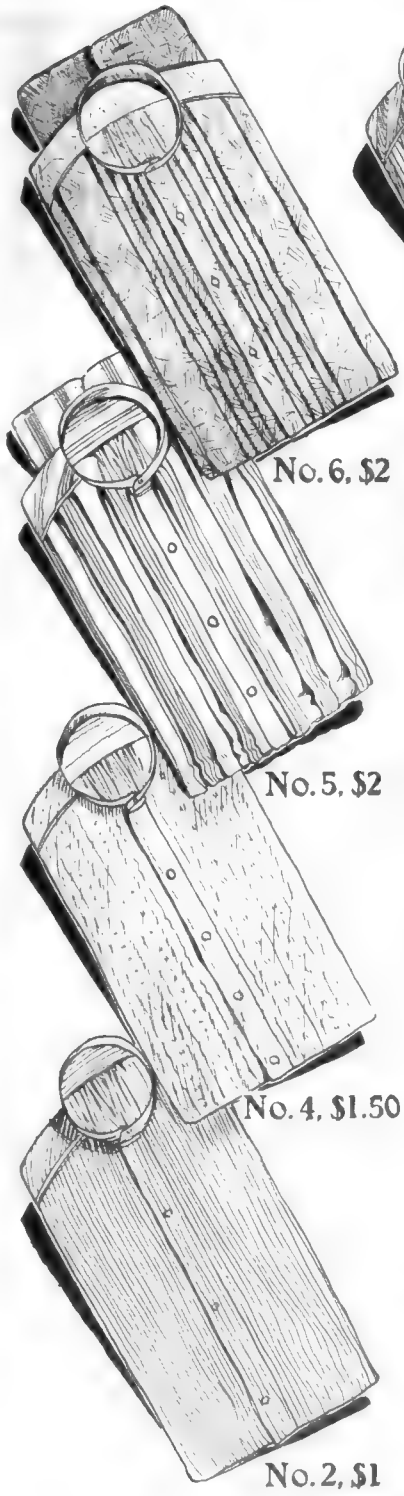

The Wanamaker Store.

Men's Negligee Shirts

While men wear Negligee Shirts in summer primarily for comfort, they like, at the same time, to appear neat and well-dressed.

Wanamaker Negligee Shirts combine the essential characteristics of hot-weather comfort and style in admirable fashion. They are cut full, in ample and correct proportions throughout, giving unhampered, free play to every movement of the body.

Compared price for price, **they are better than all other Negligee Shirts on the market,** in variety of well-chosen patterns, carefully finished details, perfection of style and fit. This is no idle statement, but based on minute investigation.

We illustrate six popular types of our splendid Summer Shirts, at **$1, $1.50** and **$2.** Descriptions follow:

No. 1—$1. Of Madras, with bosoms plain or plaited; attached cuffs. In plain light blue, dark blue, tan, green, and white. Also 52 patterns in blue-and-white, blue-and-red, tan-and-red, tan-and-white, tan-and-black; blue, black and white; oxblood-and-white, and lavender-and-black; and 18 combinations of black and white stripes. This is the largest variety of colors and patterns we know of in any dollar shirt; and by far the best shirts there are at a dollar.

No. 2 $1. Same as No. 1, but with cuffs detached.

No. 3—$1.50. With plain bosoms, attached or detached cuffs. Of imported Madras, in 42 colors and color-combinations. Many of these are made in our own shirt-factory, which means the finest of shirt-making

No. 4 $1.50. Of imported Madras, with plaited bosoms and attached cuffs. In 42 patterns and colors, including white

Nos. 5 and 6 $2. The finest and most complete line of shirts we have ever shown at this price. All plaited bosoms, with cuffs attached, of imported Madras. In stripes, in many color-combinations.

JOHN WANAMAKER
NEW YORK

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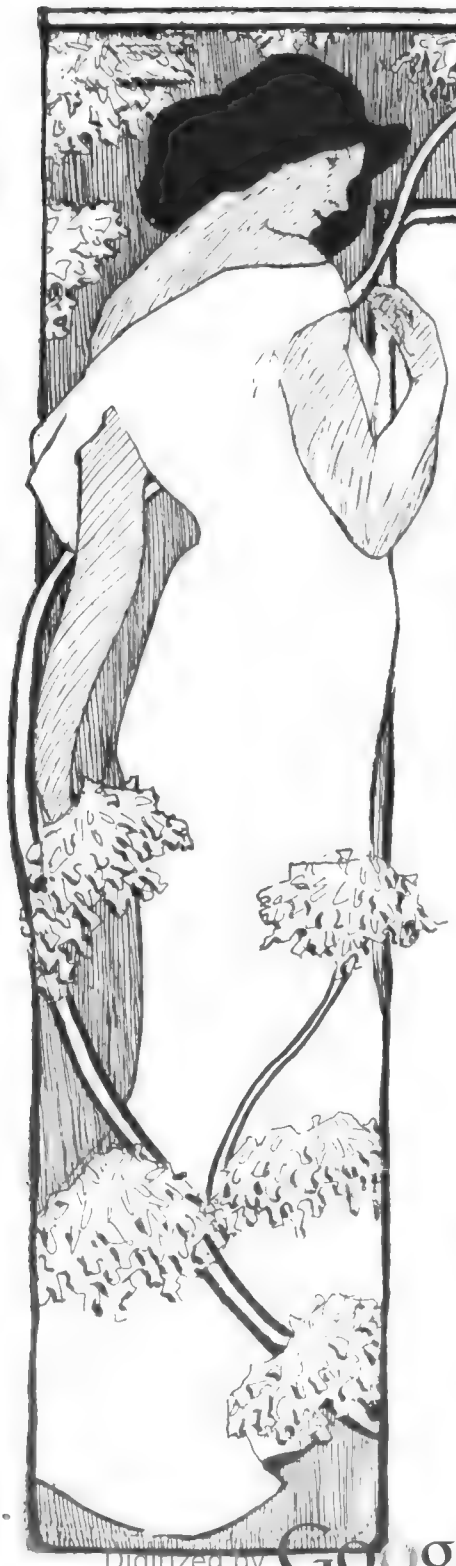

The Wanamaker Store.

The June Sale of

Another long series of months of preparation reaches its climax in this June White Sale. Thousands of snowy, dainty, new garments compose it—Muslin Undergarments that are cut after the newest models, generously-fashioned and carefully made in healthy environments—sunny, airy factories—by deft needleworkers, finished and trimmed in tasteful manner, and at prices which, by their extreme lowness, form a distinguishing feature of this Midsummer Sale.

In every part of the country, thousands of women are waiting anxiously for news of this event. Our Mail Order System will serve them as promptly and efficiently in Maine or California, as though they lived in New York.

Prices and descriptions follow of a few of the scores of styles:

DRAWERS

15c—Of muslin or cambric; plain hem, plaits above. Only 3 to a customer.

25c—Of cambric; deep ruffle, plaited and hemstitched hem.

35c—Of cambric; deep ruffle, trimmed with torchon lace and insertion, plaits above

50c—Of nainsook; ruffle of blind embroidery, plaits above.

50c—Of cambric; trimmed with lawn ruffle, Point-de-Paris lace and hemstitched plaits.

75c—Of nainsook; trimmed with blind embroidery, plaits above.

Others up to $5.

Do not omit to state Length desired.

NIGHTGOWNS

38c—Of cambric; square neck, yoke with lawn ruffle and two rows of insertion and clusters of plaits. Only 3 to a customer.

50c—Of cambric; V neck, trimmed with lawn ruffle; yoke trimmed with torchon lace and plaits.

65c—Of cambric; low neck and short sleeves, trimmed with lawn ruffle and ribbon.

75c—Of cambric; trimmed with embroidery and insertion; high back and square front.

85c—Of cambric; trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion and hemstitched plaits; V neck and high back.

$1—Of cambric; low neck and short sleeves; trimmed with torchon lace, insertion and ribbon.

Others up to $10.50.

Do not omit to state Neck Measure desired.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

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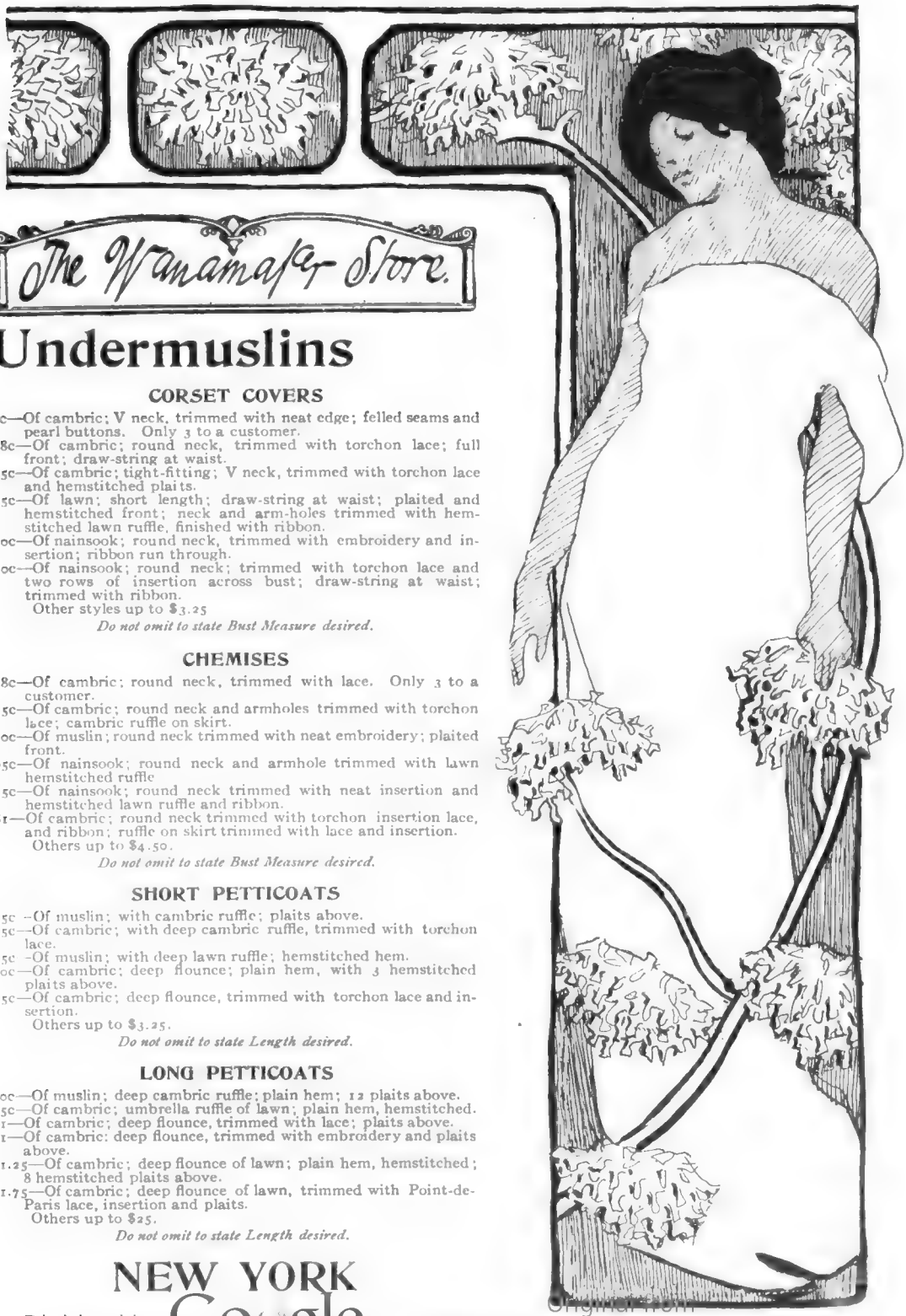

The Wanamaker Store.

Undermuslins

CORSET COVERS

8c—Of cambric; V neck, trimmed with neat edge; felled seams and pearl buttons. Only 3 to a customer.
18c—Of cambric; round neck, trimmed with torchon lace; full front; draw-string at waist.
25c—Of cambric; tight-fitting; V neck, trimmed with torchon lace and hemstitched plaits.
35c—Of lawn; short length; draw-string at waist; plaited and hemstitched front; neck and arm-holes trimmed with hemstitched lawn ruffle, finished with ribbon.
50c—Of nainsook; round neck, trimmed with embroidery and insertion; ribbon run through.
50c—Of nainsook; round neck; trimmed with torchon lace and two rows of insertion across bust; draw-string at waist; trimmed with ribbon.
Other styles up to $3.25

Do not omit to state Bust Measure desired.

CHEMISES

18c—Of cambric; round neck, trimmed with lace. Only 3 to a customer.
35c—Of cambric; round neck and armholes trimmed with torchon lace; cambric ruffle on skirt.
50c—Of muslin; round neck trimmed with neat embroidery; plaited front.
65c—Of nainsook; round neck and armhole trimmed with lawn hemstitched ruffle
85c—Of nainsook; round neck trimmed with neat insertion and hemstitched lawn ruffle and ribbon.
$1—Of cambric; round neck trimmed with torchon insertion lace, and ribbon; ruffle on skirt trimmed with lace and insertion.
Others up to $4.50.

Do not omit to state Bust Measure desired.

SHORT PETTICOATS

25c —Of muslin; with cambric ruffle; plaits above.
35c—Of cambric; with deep cambric ruffle, trimmed with torchon lace.
35c —Of muslin; with deep lawn ruffle; hemstitched hem.
50c—Of cambric; deep flounce; plain hem, with 3 hemstitched plaits above.
75c—Of cambric; deep flounce, trimmed with torchon lace and insertion.
Others up to $3.25.

Do not omit to state Length desired.

LONG PETTICOATS

50c—Of muslin; deep cambric ruffle; plain hem; 12 plaits above.
75c—Of cambric; umbrella ruffle of lawn; plain hem, hemstitched.
$1—Of cambric; deep flounce, trimmed with lace; plaits above.
$1—Of cambric: deep flounce, trimmed with embroidery and plaits above.
$1.25—Of cambric; deep flounce of lawn; plain hem, hemstitched; 8 hemstitched plaits above.
$1.75—Of cambric; deep flounce of lawn, trimmed with Point-de-Paris lace, insertion and plaits.
Others up to $25.

Do not omit to state Length desired.

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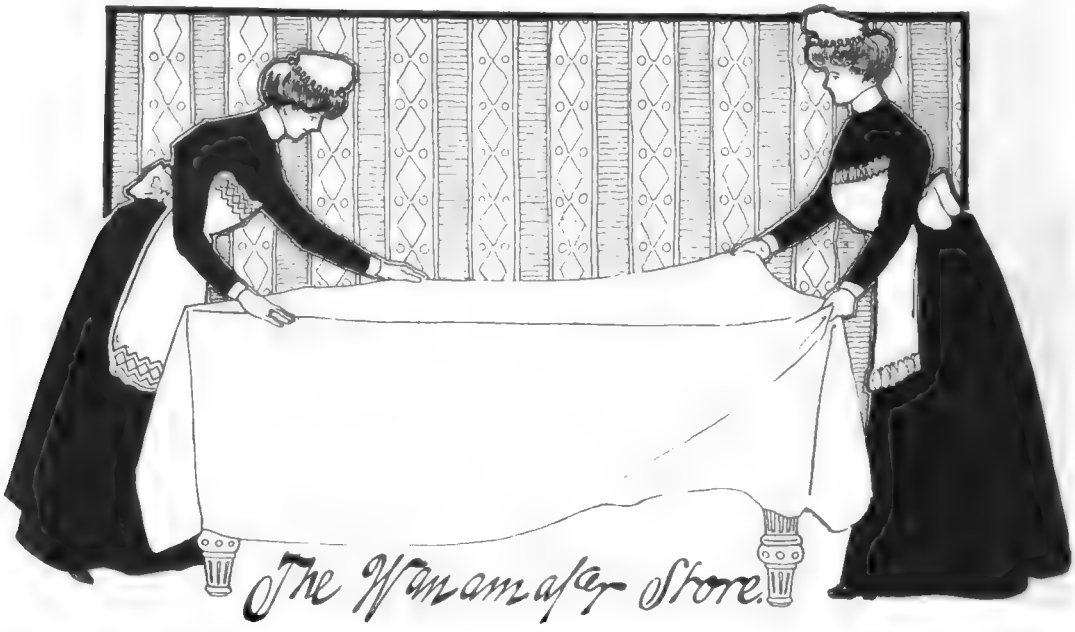

FINE SCOTCH LINENS

FROM the superb Wanamaker stock of Linens we choose two grades to act as spokesmen for the rest. We sell them by the yard, at $1 and $1.25, and their equal at the prices cannot be found anywhere in America.

The mills at Dunfermline, Scotland, that make them for us, sell them to jobbers at the same price as to us; so you will have to pay the retailer's profit you save here, if you buy them outside of our New York and Philadelphia stores.

We've suggested, and obtained, many improvements in the making of these linens, since we first began buying them, till today they're practically perfect. Rich, glossy, heavy, durable Damask, pure white, and in 20 patterns that are our very own. We sell such quantities of them, that our last two orders aggregated $70,000 worth. Think of it!

You can buy these two splendid grades by the yard, or in matching Table-cloths and Napkins, thus:—

The $1 Table-Linens

In eleven beautiful patterns, from small, neat designs to large, double-border patterns; 72 in. wide, **$1** a yard. Also in 36 in., 45 in., 54 in., and 85 in. widths.

TABLE-CLOTHS

2-4, (72 x 72 in.) **$2.25**; 2-10 (72 x 90 in.) **$2.75**; 2-12, (72 x 108 in.) **$3.25** each.

NAPKINS

20 in. square, **$2** dozen; 22 in. square, **$2.50** dozen; 24 in. square, **$3** dozen.

The $1.25 Table-Linens

Finer quality, in nine choice designs, 70 in. wide, **$1.25** yard. Also in 84 in. width.

TABLE-CLOTHS

70 x 72 in., **$2.50**; 70 x 90 in., **$3.25**; 70 x 108 in., **$3.75**; 86 x 108 in., **$5.50**.

NAPKINS

20 in. square, **$2.50** dozen; 22 in. square, **$3** dozen; 24 in. square, **$3.50** dozen

JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK

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Muslin Sheets & Pillow-Cases

These splendid Ready-made Bed Muslins—Sheets and Pillow-Cases—form an important contribution to the attractive resources of the June White Sale.

Ordered by us long ago, from a maker of one of the best-known brands of standard sheeting, and priced accordingly—not at the present advanced figure, but at those current when our orders were placed. You can get the benefit of our foresight as long as these generous lots hold out.

The Sheets are torn, not cut, and both Sheets and Pillow-Cases are neatly and accurately hemmed and finished.

These very low prices for a standard grade you know well:

SHEETS

54x90 in.	40c
54x99 in.	45c
63x90 in.	46c
63x99 in.	50c
72x90 in.	51c
72x99 in.	55c

SHEETS

81x90 in.	56c
81x99 in.	61c
90x90 in.	62c
90x99 in.	68c
90x108 in.	75c

PILLOW-CASES

42x36 in.	13c
42x38½ in.	14c
45x36 in.	15c

PILLOW-CASES

45x38½ in.	16c
50x38½ in.	17c
54x38½ in.	19c

JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK

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Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to Advertisers.

The Wanamaker Store.

Some astounding Facts about

HANDKERCHIEFS

The combined Wanamaker Stores import more Handkerchiefs (in money cost) than any other house, wholesale or retail, in America.

Of Plain Hemstitched and Embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs alone we have just bought 120,000 dozens—**one million, four hundred and forty thousand Handkerchiefs!** Think of it! Placed side by side, they would stretch 375 miles—say, from New York to Rochester, from Chicago to Minneapolis, or from St. Louis to Omaha!

And these are just **two lines.** Our purchases of Fancy Lace, Embroidered and Colored Handkerchiefs are proportionately large. No wonder, then, that qualities such as we offer can't be approached at anything like these prices. You see, we save you the middlemen's profits.

Every Handkerchief we sell is **all-linen,** except those of silk-and-linen and all-silk.

Some interesting details:

WOMEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS

Plain White, Hemstitched—¼ in. hems, **60c** dozen, **5c** each: ⅛ and 1 in. hems, **$1** dozen, **10c** each; all widths of hem, **$1.50** dozen, **12½c** each; ¼ in. hems, exceptional quality, **$2** dozen, **$1** half-dozen.

Hemstitched Initial—Hand-worked letter, unlaundered, **10c** each, **$1** dozen; initial in embroidered circle and bow-knot, **12½c** each; floral designs, 3 to each half dozen, **25c** each, **$1.50** for 6. Special designs, laundered, in boxes of 6, **75c** and **$1.50** box.

Lace-trimmed Handkerchiefs at **12½c, 25c, 50c, 75c** and **$1** each.

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS

Plain White, Hemstitched—½ in. hems, **10c** each, **$1** dozen; ⅝ in. and 1 in. hems, **12½c** each; ¼ in., ½ in. and 1 in. hems, **16c** and **25c** each Of sheer French linen, assorted hems, at **50c, 75c, $1** to **$6.50** each.

Hemstitched Initial—Hand-worked letter, unlaundered, **12½c** each; script letter, laundered, 6 in box. **$1.50.**

Silk-and-Linen—French, in handsome designs, white and colors, **75c** and **$1.50** each.

JOHN WANAMAKER
NEW YORK

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MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

Delightful After Bathing. A Luxury After Shaving. Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A positive relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING** and **SUNBURN**, and all afflictions of the skin. For sore, blistered and sweaty feet it has no equal. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get **MENNEN'S** (the original), *a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.*

Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25** cents. (*Sample free.*)

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Commercial Visible Typewriter

New Model No. 6

$50

Has more NEW FEATURES than all OTHER machines COMBINED.

RESERVOIR PEN RULING, VERTICAL PRINTING, TWO RIBBONS, MUSIC RULING, INTERCHANGEABLE KEYBOARD

Has Universal Keyboard, Visible Writing, Portability, Language Facilities, Light and Elastic Touch, etc.

Equipped with **PECK BOOK-O-TYPE.**

Attachment becomes Practical Booktypewriter for Bound Volumes.

Address ROOM 1705
273 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Recreation Launch

For those who want the best

Experience and critical discernment add emphasis to our claims for the "RECREATION LAUNCH."

In grace and beauty of design, in thoroughness of construction and finish, in first cost and future maintenance, it excels all others.

Simplicity of Operation

is another feature that will appeal to those who buy for Family use. There is that Safety, Certainty and Security so essential in a pleasure craft. Speed, too, if you want it.

Send 10 cents to cover mailing cost for complete Marine Engine and Launch Catalogue "K."

Western Gas Engine Co.
MISHAWAKA, IND.

INGERSOLL
DOLLAR WATCHES

The value of a watch is not in its cost, but in its usefulness.

The **INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH** is just as valuable as any watch made because the accuracy of its time-keeping is a certainty.

Guaranteed to keep accurate time for one year, it's good for years with ordinary care.

For sale everywhere or by us post-paid on receipt of price. Send for our book of watches. It's free.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
Dept. 27 67 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

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$1,000 FORFEIT UP. Beyara Never Fails.

HAIR DESTROYER-BEYARA

THE GREAT SYRIAN REMEDY

BEYARA has been in universal use for years in Syria, Asia, where certain religious customs require the hair to be extirpated from the body. Beyara is prepared from the Syrian formulas by a veteran chemist, and is now offered for the relief of those in this country who are troubled with superfluous hair on **Face, Neck, Arms,** or other parts of the body. In no case does Beyara produce more gratifying results than where everything else has failed.

Beyara is the only substitute for Electrolysis.

The first person from each community who writes us can obtain **FREE** a large treatise on Superfluous Hair, and a

Full Size Package of Beyara FREE.

Don't delay in writing to us. Be the first from your locality. Attractive Terms to Agents. Ladies only.

THE BEYARA CO., 224 Albany Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE

A NEW CURE FOR

KIDNEY and BLADDER

Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists, the *piper methysticum*, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the great record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining from the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Lithates, etc., which cause disease.

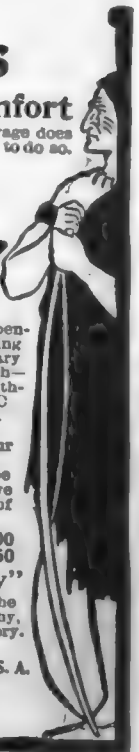
Rev. W. B. Moore, of Washington, D. C., testifies in the *Christian Advocate* that it completely cured him of Rheumatism and Kidney and Bladder Disease of many years' standing. Hon. W. A. Spearman, of Bartlett, Tenn., describes his terrible suffering from Uric Acid, Gravel and Urinary difficulty, being four months confined to his bed, and his complete cure by the Kava Kava Shrub. Many ladies, including Mrs. Sarah Castle, of Pocsenkill, N. Y., and Mrs. L. D. Fegely, Lancaster, Ills., also testify to its wonderful curative powers in Kidney and their disorders peculiar to women.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail Free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific and can not fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, 593 Fourth Ave., New York.

every man knows

that increased comfort

comes with increased knowledge. The savage does not wear a hat—civilized men find it better to do so. Just so with the



O-P-C suspensory

If we lived like the Indian—a purely physical life—no cares—no responsibilities—we would have no need of an **O-P-C** suspensory. It is the struggle, the hurry, the unceasing hustle of modern life which makes it necessary for every man to have the health and strength—the staying qualities which enable him to withstand any tax upon his system. The **O-P-C** will help him as much as any one thing can. It is a modern invention for modern life.

We authorize every druggist to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Get the Right Brand. Should you be unable to get **O-P-C** from your druggist, we will supply you, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 2 O-P-C lisle sack, elastic bands, $1.00
No. 3 O-P-C silk sack, elastic bands, 1.50

"The Struggle for Supremacy"

A booklet giving the reasons why, under the rush and grind of modern life, every healthy, normal man should wear an **O-P-C** Suspensory. IT'S FREE—write for it.

BAUER & BLACK, 306-25th St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Frost King and Frost Queen Chamois Vests, Rex Porous Plasters, Blue-Jay Corn and Bunion Plasters.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED

and GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED!

Write at once for **Kalpos,** the greatest achievement in modern chemistry. **Failure impossible.** It dissolves the hair when and where applied, as if by magic in a minute, without a particle of pain, injury or inconvenience. One application will **remove every vestige of hair** from the spot applied. Then follow special directions to **destroy forever** its growth. **Kalpos** is sold upon a strict guarantee **not to fail.** Full course treatment sent plainly sealed prepaid for $1. Stamps, cash or money order. **Agents Wanted.**

KALPOS CO.,
Dept. 0 CINCINNATI, O.
Manufacturers and Distributors of Standard Preparations.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED

"WALNUTTA" HAIR STAIN is prepared from the juice of the Philippine Islands walnut, and restores Gray, Streaked, Faded or Bleached Hair, Eyebrows, Beard or Moustache to its original color, **instantaneously.** Gives any shade from **Light Brown to Black. Does not wash off or rub off.** Contains no poisons, and is not sticky or greasy. **"Walnutta" Hair Stain** will give more satisfactory results in one minute than all the hair restorers and hair dyes will in a lifetime. **Price 60 cents** a bottle, postpaid. To convince you of its merits we will send a sample bottle **postpaid for 20c.**

PACIFIC TRADING CO., Dist. Office 115, St. Louis, Mo.

Superfluous

HAIR KILLED

Home treatment. Safe, Sensible, Sure. Discovered March, 1901, after many years' patient work. A new principle.

Send postal card with name and we will send information in plain envelope, sealed.

TRAFALGAR CO.
P.O. Box 1761 New York

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Ask for **DEWEY'S** *Improved*

Acme Dress and Corset Protector

Better and Cheaper than Dress Shields, being a complete garment, always ready to wear with any dress. **The only protector** that can be worn with **Shirt-waists** without sewing in. The only perfect protection from perspiration.

The Best Shield for bicycle riders. **One pair does the work of six**

No. 1. Bust measure 28-33, $ .65 No. 2. Bust measure 34-39 $ .80
No. 3. Bust measure 40-45, 1.00 No. 4. Bust measure 46-49 1.25

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND

Dewey's Improved Acme Shirt and Vest and Coat Protectors

A great convenience in protecting their clothing from perspiration at any time and especially when dancing.

No. 3. For Chest Measure, 40, 42, 44, 46, **$1.00**
No. 4 For Chest Measure, 48, 50, 52, **1.25**

Agents Wanted. Catalogue free Send money by P. O. Order.

M. DEWEY, Manfr., 1395 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Climax Washing Tablets

SOMETHING NEW

A Boon to WASHWOMEN

Saves rubbing, whitens clothes
Contains no lye, nor injurious to hands or finest fabric.
Send 10 cents for enough for four large washings.

AGENTS WANTED

Connellsville Mfg. Co., Connellsville, Pa.

Big Money

MADE OR SAVED

Print Your Own Cards, &c., with a $5 Press. Larger size for circulars, books, newspapers, $18. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamps for samples, catalogue of presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.

The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

THE AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE CO OF ELKHART, IND.

INSURES UP TO 84

Policies Guaranteed from 20% to 100%

THE EQUITABLE

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

J. W. ALEXANDER PRESIDENT — J. H. HYDE VICE PRESIDENT

THE TWO GREAT AIMS

of a man's life are—protection for his family—provision for himself.

Endowment Assurance effects them both.

Here is the result of Endowment policy No. 247,619 for $5,000 taken out 20 years ago at age 35:

CASH $7,556.05

This is a return of all premiums paid with $2,556.05 in addition; to say nothing of the 20 years life assurance.

Send coupon below for particulars of such a policy issued at your age

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept. 13
120 Broadway, New York.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $..... if issued to a man..... years of age.

Name.....

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AN HONEST AND FAIR OFFER

100 Elegant Presents for Boys, Girls & Ladies

A little work for a handsome present. We are manufacturers of jewelry novelties, not the cheap quality offered by many, but goods that sell on merit on sight. Our **Special Novelty Stone Set Collar Buttons** are of latest design, **Heavily Gold Plated**, with setting in each of imported cut jeweled stone in **Ruby, Emerald, Amethyst**, etc. Everybody uses collar buttons, ours sell on sight. **AN HONEST OFFER OF A PRESENT FREE.** Send name and address and we send the Stone Set Collar Buttons, free postpaid. Sell the 24 at 10c. each. Send us the $2.40 and we send you the present you select and have earned. Full instructions and our **Large Premium List showing 100 other reliable presents** for you to select from sent with goods. Address **HAND MANUFA'N'G CO., Dept. 554, CHICAGO.**

Choice of 100 Elegant PRESENTS

Constipation Cured

SO THAT IT WILL STAY CURED

Without Using Any Drugs or Medicines.

"Throw physic to the dogs."
—Shakespeare

"Where can you find a dog that will touch it?"
—Josh Billings.

Constipation is the cause of more ills than many people are aware of. Unless the intestinal tube be unloaded once or twice a day, the fluid portion of the waste matter and the gases, ptomaines and poisons due to putrefactive changes induced by the bodily heat and moisture are absorbed, and in the blood carried throughout the body, causing, among other symptoms, headache, mental dullness, general depression, foul breath, coated tongue, offensive sweats, gallstones, pain in the liver or gall bladder; sallow, muddy, or pimply skin; Bright's disease and other kidney ailments; serious or frequently fatal fevers, etc.; while the hardened remainder presses on abdominal and pelvic tissues, nerves and organs causing displacements, disturbed function, impaired circulation and a long train of acute and chronic ills. All these ills are not usually manifest in the same person at one time, yet several of them may be frequently found associated.

Stop using drugs! They only empty the intestinal tube, but do not cure the torpid habit or conditions. There are better treatments for your relief—methods by which costiveness may be quickly and cheaply cured, cured "for keeps," cured to stay cured. I have been making a specialty of treating constipation for over 17 years, and a large experience has taught me much regarding this far-reaching and too much neglected disease that is responsible for nearly one-third of the physical ills of men and women. I have prepared a booklet and other literature about constipation that I desire every one to read. I will send these prints to all who will apply for them at my own expense. Write for this valuable but absolutely free information. Write now while you are thinking about it.

DR. M. H. BERRY,
Dept. A, Ee Auditorium, Chicago, Ill.

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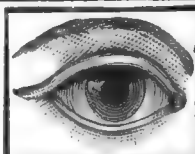
MRS. POTTER'S
Walnut Juice HAIR Stain

This Stain produces beautiful, rich shades of brown, which vary according to the original color of the hair and the amount of Stain used. Purely vegetable. It cannot injure the hair, but will restore tresses that have been ruined by the use of chemicals and dyes. A peculiar and pleasing feature of this Stain is that the Hair retains the coloring much longer than by any **dye** and is constantly improving while it is used. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mailed to your address on receipt of $1. Write for booklet.

Mrs. POTTER, 164 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio



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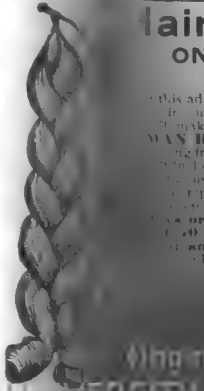
Prevented and Cured

By the Great "Actina," an Electrical Pocket Battery which removes Cataracts, Pterygiums, etc. Cures Granulated Lids. **Restores Vision.** Positive proof of cures given. **No Cutting or Drugging.** Eighteen years success. Write for our 80-page Dictionary of Diseases. **FREE.** Address **NEW YORK & LONDON ELECTRIC ASS'N Dept. 25, 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.**

RED CLOVER,

known to Quakers many years ... **remedial agent,** has, by ... come to the front as the best ... known for **Cancer, Salt** ... **Rheumatism, Blood Poi...** We manufacture **Fluid** and ... **tracts** from the **Blossom** ... for circular containing ... **D. NEEDHAM'S ...**
45a Inter Ocean. Chi...



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Remit 5 Cents for ...

... this ad. out and mail ... ... it out close to the ... ... make and send you ... **MAN HAIR SWITCH,** ... ing from select ... ... Lose in packing ... ... on **if not perfect** ... ... represent ... ... it, **either send** ... ... or **TAKE OI...** ... **EACH** ... ... any money. ... ... you ...

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is written in simple form. Its exact meaning can be readily understood. It is a straightforward proposition: So much insurance for so much money. Nothing dependent upon impossible estimates and speculative dividends. For this reason, and because of judicious management, a lower rate is offered by *The* **TRAVELERS**, for the security guaranteed, than by **ANY OTHER COMPANY.**

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For every hour in the last 37 years, and in 50,000 cases additional, *The* **TRAVELERS** has paid a claim for injuries received, the total thus disbursed to the injured, and those dependent on them, amounting to

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Professional and business men's policies of the Preferred Class receive double benefits for railway, trolley and steamboat wrecks, elevators and burning buildings.

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A visit to the Falls is an object lesson in geography; an exhibition of landscapes that no painter can equal, and a glimpse of the latest developments of the industrial world.

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Let 25¢ (the cost of a tube)
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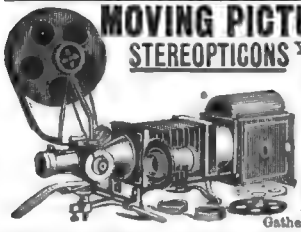

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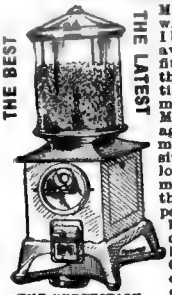

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Mr. A. A. Wyckoff of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "The 25 **MECHANICAL SALESMEN** I bought of you a month ago have averaged $2.00 per week each net profit. I am greatly pleased, and think it the greatest money making proposition I ever heard of. I want 25 more machines at once." Frank Rigdon, of Marion, Ind. writes: "Machine averages $5.00 per week profit." We have many such letters. It's a good proposition for any one, and adapted to any locality. May be started with one or more machines, and add others from the profits. Men, women and children patronize them, and get **shelled roasted, buttered and salted Peanuts.** Nutritious, delicious and appetizing. Everybody likes them. Nearly all profit. **THE GREATEST MONEY MAKER KNOWN.** Try one machine, and you'll be sure to order more. **Don't wait and let some one else get ahead of you, but write to-day for full particulars and OUR SPECIAL PARTIAL CREDIT PLAN.**

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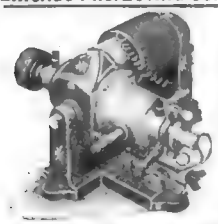

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does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt—no switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalogue.

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Fine Quartered Oak front, is finished golden, polished top and bed, two legal blank drawers, letter file, six all wood file boxes, hang over front, center drawer, **document file, card index drawer** and other features as illustrated. It is 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 47 in. high. **Sent anywhere on approval** and only $18.75 if remittance is sent with order, not otherwise. We have others at factory prices. Ask for catalogue No. 149, or House Furniture Catalogue No. 150.

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$45 TOLMAN RANGES $21.75

with reservoir and high closet. **Great Foundry Sale.** We ship range for examination without a cent in advance. If you like it, pay $21.75 and freight and take range for

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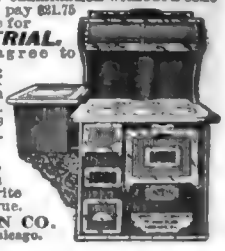
If not satisfactory we agree to **refund your money.** Tolman Ranges are made of best wrought steel. Oven 17½x21 in. Six 8 in. holes. Best bakers and roasters on earth. Burn anything. Asbestos lined flues.

Guaranteed 5 years.

Will save their cost in fuel in **One Year.** Write today for our new catalogue.



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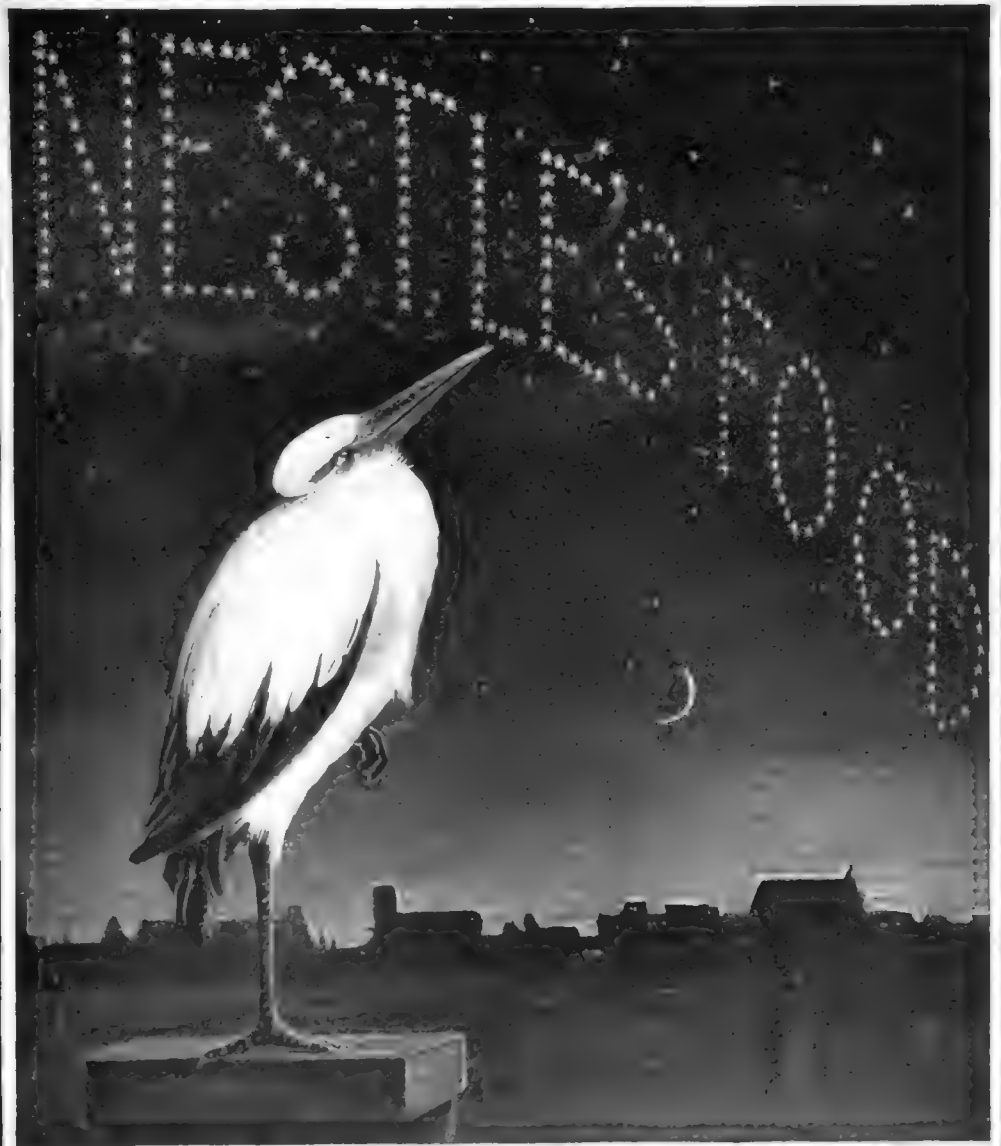

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when it comes to proper food for infants. It is Nature's way, and Nature's food

NESTLÉ'S FOOD

has saved the lives of and properly nourished th usands of babies who have grown into strong men and women and brought up their children upon it in turn. It needs no added milk in preparation, because it is itself made from the purest of milk It has been the most approved infants' food with three generations. With Nestle's Food so universally used and so easily obtained, why experiment with others?

Let us send you, free of charge, a half-pound package of Nestle's Food for trial, and our "Book for Mothers." This says a little about Nestle's Food, but a great deal about the care of babies and young children. Send us a postal card.

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On a country road with a Mitchell MOTOR BICYCLE.

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Speedy and strong I hurry along
Nothing about me ever goes wrong.

The Mitchell Motor Bicycle is an *ideal pleasure conveyance*, combining the simplicity and safety of an ordinary wheel with the power and speed of an automobile. Is specially adapted for business men and physicians. Maximum cost of operating is 10c. for 50 miles. Under absolute control, fully guaranteed.

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Spindle Seat, same price. No. 906.

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If cycling doesn't agree with you, it's not the pedalling that's to blame. It's the jolting! A Smith Spring Seat Post is the remedy. It removes all the jar. Makes wheeling a pleasure and a harmless, health-giving exercise.

Price, $1.50.

At all good Jobbers and dealers, or for free trial address,

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Circulars Free.

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allowed on every bicycle purchased of us. We **ship on approval** to any one in U.S. or Canada, *without a cent deposit.*

1902 Models, $9 to $15

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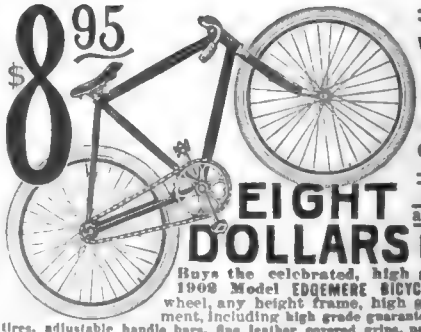
500 Second-hand Wheels all makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8. Great *Factory Clearing Sale* at half factory cost. Tires, equipment, & sundries, all kinds, ½ regular price.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town to ride & exhibit sample 1902 model. Agents make money fast.

A BICYCLE FREE distributing catalogues in your town. *Write at once* for agents' net prices and our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. 125 F ... ILL.



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$10.95 for the celebrated 1902 Kenwood Bicycle.
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$15.75 for the highest grade 1902 bicycle made, our three crown nickel joint, Napoleon or Josephine, complete with the very finest equipment, including Morgan & Wright highest grade pneumatic tires, a regular $50.00 bicycle.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on any bicycle ordered. For the most wonderful bicycle offer ever heard of,

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THESE magnificent steamships upon which a half-million dollars have just been expended in new furnishings and luxurious accommodations, will open this season, sailing from Buffalo June 14th and from Chicago June 18th, making two trips each week, stopping at Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, Harbor Springs and Milwaukee. A tour through the grandest fresh water seas in the world in these superb floating palaces offers the most delightful vacation trip in America. Equipment, cuisine and general service not surpassed on any ships afloat.

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HOW TO BREATHE FOR HEALTH STRENGTH & ENDURANCE.

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BREATHING GYMNASTICS

I accomplish this directly. My method enables the weakest woman to invigorate her internal organs as thoroughly as though she possessed the muscles and endurance of a Hercules. I *first* develop your lungs and teach you how to breathe deeply, causing an abundant supply of rich blood to flow through every vein in the body. *Then* I develop your external body. Adopting any other method is like beginning at the end and working backwards. *I guarantee unquestionable results.* Let me send you my handsomely illustrated book, "Experience versus Experiment," descriptive of my course and methods. IT'S FREE.

NOTE: I publish a 64-page illustrated book on Breathing and Exercise, including a Chart of special exercises for the development of the lungs and muscular system. It is the most instructive treatise ever published on this subject and is well worth ten times the small price asked. Sent on receipt of 10 cents.

P. von BOECKMANN, R. S.
1132 Hartford Building, Union Sq., New York City.

Dr. Delmer D. Richardson's *Announcement with reference to* Varicocele *and* its Cure

Delmer D. Richardson, M.D.

LAST month Dr. Delmer D. Richardson made the following statement as to his ability to cure Varicocele: "*So confident am I that I can cure every case I undertake that I do not permit my patient to assume any risk at all. I do not want a dollar of any man's money until I have given value received and more. When you leave my home, you leave it a cured man and that's when I want my money.*" In explanation of his action Dr. Richardson says:

"There are so many unscrupulous practitioners who mislead sick people by so-called guarantees that are hedged about with conditions which make them of no effect, that I decided to safeguard the interests of my patients absolutely. I understand the disease of Varicocele and its reflex effects upon the nervous system. I have never failed to effect a cure in any of the thousands of cases that have been under my professional care. I have a splendid Sanitarium equipped with every convenience and facility that modern science could suggest to aid me in my work, and I have perfect confidence in my own skill. Why should I hesitate, if I undertake the cure of a case, no matter how difficult and complicated, to assume the risk as to satisfactory results? I believe this is the right principle, and I propose to adhere to it throughout my entire professional career."

Dr. Richardson's success in the special field of Pelvic and Nervous diseases has been complete.

DR. RICHARDSON'S most important monographs and lectures in book form, and his professional opinion will be sent free if you describe your case carefully. Direct your request to

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Only hammerless, repeating rifle in the world.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE. STRONGEST SHOOTER, FLATTEST TRAJECTORY, also neatest and most effective rifle manufactured.

HIGHEST DEVELOPMENT OF SPORTING RIFLES.

Constructed to shoot **SIX DIFFERENT CARTRIDGES** or may be used as a single shot without the slightest change in the mechanism.

Adapted for **GRIZZLY BEARS AND RABBITS.**

.303 and 30-30 caliber.

Every rifle thoroughly guaranteed.

Awarded Grand Gold Medal at Paris, in competition with all other styles of repeating rifles.

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The best and most intelligent method of Physical Culture in the world.

By the scientific application of NATURE'S LAWS it Restores **Health,** corrects defects which occur in the human body; Gives **Strength** to the waning energies and insures **Success**

I HAVE perfected a sensible, modern system of PHYSICAL CULTURE, which I teach by mail. It is original and I know it to be practical. It builds up the run-down man, averts nervous break-down, strengthens the lungs and wards off consumption. It permanently relieves constipation, cures dyspepsia and heart trouble and restores nervous force.

My illustrated booklet gives further particulars. Write for it to

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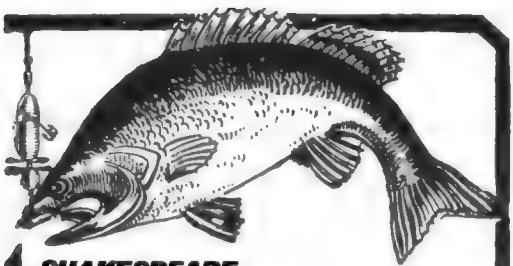
Not necessarily a Giant nor even an Athlete, but a man with that vigor and nerve force Nature intended you to have. A man who can cope with other men.

Possess Physical Poise, back your mental attainments with a strong physical structure. Meet the pressure of daily business cares with a clear mind, a strong body and a virile force.

THE RAYMOND METHOD OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

is a system of muscle and nerve development without the use of apparatus of any kind. It "Picks up" diverted Nature and puts in order the muscular and nerve organism. It strengthens your stomach and improves your appetite Renews your capacity for mental work. A method that does not overtax the heart, but produces a heart action that perfects your circulation. A sure relief from Insomnia, Constipation, Indigestion and Liver troubles. We not only say that we can do all this, but we will do it, do it for you, will do it promptly and to your entire satisfaction. A simple ten minutes of your time daily in following our instructions is all we ask. Each individual is given special attention. The entire method is natural and consistent. Our system, with full instructions, complete for Five Dollars, a reasonable price for a rational method.

Raymond Physical Development Co., 314 Keller Bldg., Louisville, Kentucky



SHAKESPEARE

Reels and Baits

On Trial Free

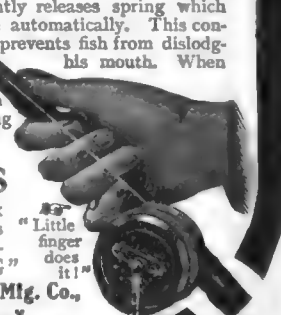
Every experienced angler thinks he knows a good reel "when he sees it," but he surely knows it when he has actually fished with it.

The Shakespeare Reel is a handsome, hand-made, quadruple, bait-casting reel (level winding or not, as you wish). It is especially designed for accurate and long distance bait-casting and it is the best bait-casting reel in the world. The metal used is hard-drawn brass and the finest English Stubbs steel—the best obtainable. Painstaking care is used to secure perfect accuracy in every detail. In beauty of design and simplicity of construction it is unequaled. Its easy, silent running suggests perpetual motion, and it is fitted with the most perfect click and drag ever made. Words will not describe its beauty, its usefulness nor its many advantages over all other reels. My reels and baits are for sale by all first-class dealers but I want you to see them and try them for yourself and I will send them to you direct, express prepaid, for a free trial on your next fishing trip. Send your name and address to-day to Wm. Shakespeare Jr., 127 Shakespeare Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

$500 in Cash and Diamond Prizes for record bait-casting—entry free—also $100 in Prizes for biggest Bass caught. Write for FULL INFORMATION FREE.

"The Automatic Reel did it."
Caught by H. H. Fraser, St. Johns, N. F.

No slack line—when fish is hooked, the little finger instantly releases spring which winds the line automatically. This continual pull prevents fish from dislodging hook from his mouth. When once hooked, he's your fish. Reel can be made free-running for casting.



Prizes

For particulars ask any sporting goods dealer, or send direct, for "Booklet G"

"Little finger does it!"

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.,
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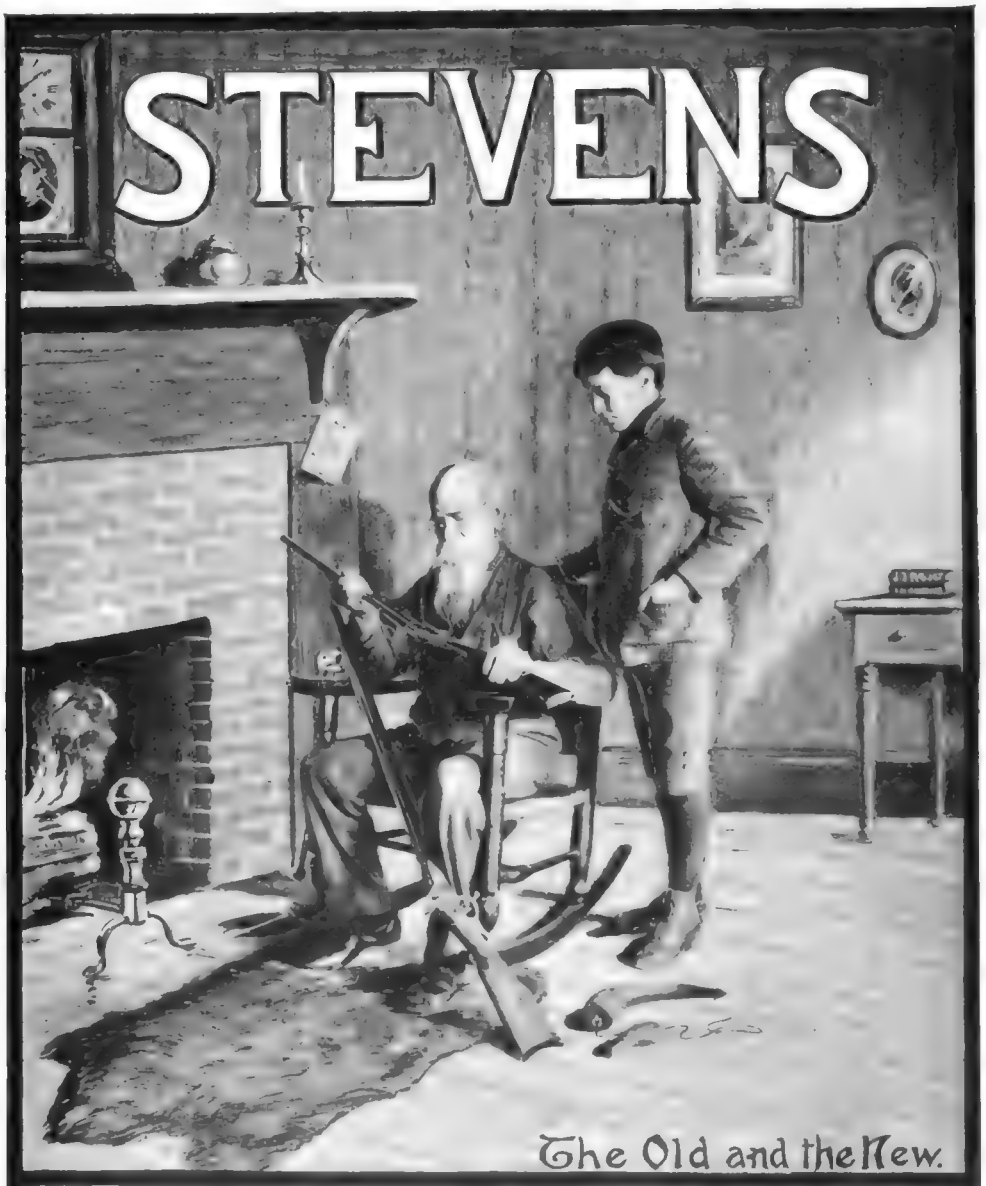
STEVENS



The Old and the New.

THE old flint-lock was looked upon as a great invention, and so it was; but just compare it with the modern ARMS of to-day. Grandpa used to enjoy hunting, but how much more pleasure you can have than he. Summer is here with all its outdoor sports, and none is more fascinating than shooting. You are, probably, going away? Have you a Reliable FIRE-ARM to take along? We make

RIFLES PISTOLS SHOTGUNS

Ask your dealer for the "STEVENS." Don't accept something "just as good"; and if he will not furnish them, send order to us, and we will ship (express prepaid) upon receipt of price. Send for our RIFLE CONTEST Booklet. We are offering $1,000.00 in 100 Cash Prizes for targets made with "STEVENS" Rifles. For 10 cents in stamps we will mail 12 official targets if you will state calibre of your rifle. Our catalog is an interesting one.

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CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

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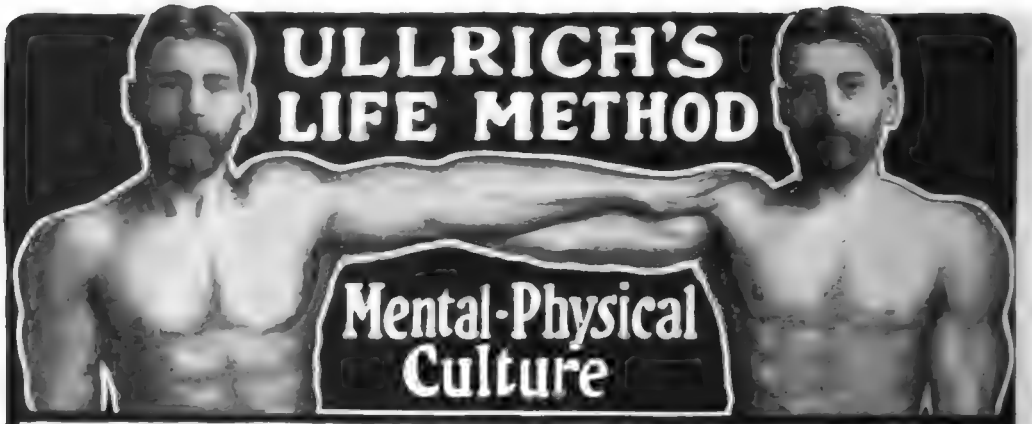

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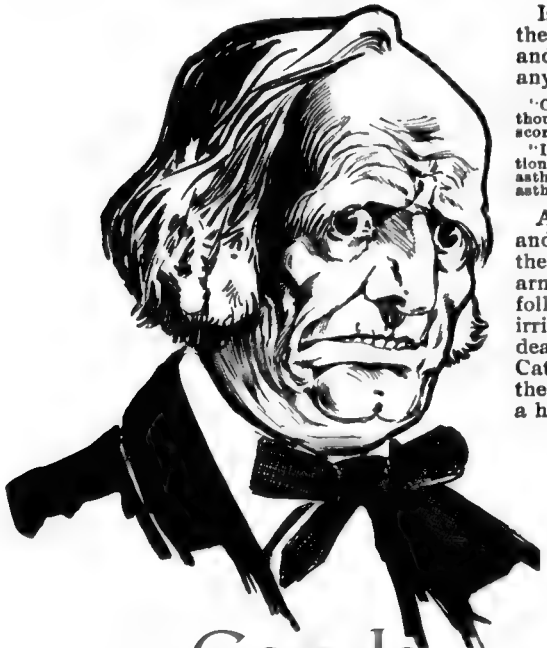
HENRY ULLRICH, 1507-1516 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ilinois

Constipated Old Age



Isn't it too bad that so many people, when they get old, get cranky and rickety and mean, and don't feel right towards themselves or anybody else; yet it need not be so.

"Cascarets make me feel so light-hearted and lively, that though I have seen three score and three, a few more scores I yet may see."—James S. Millar, Villa Park, Cal.

"I have been using Cascarets for some time for constipation, and their greatest benefit has been to cure me of asthma. I am in my 86th year and had been suffering with asthma for years."—T. M. White, Bob Lee, Georgia.

All old people's muscles get weak and flabby and it's the same with the muscular walls of their intestines as with the muscles of their arms. When the bowels grow weak, the old folks get constipated, bilious, sick, helpless, irritable, and that's the chief cause of their death. Old folks should take Cascarets Candy Cathartic bowel tonic, keep their liver lively, their bowels regular and strong, and live to be a hundred.

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CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

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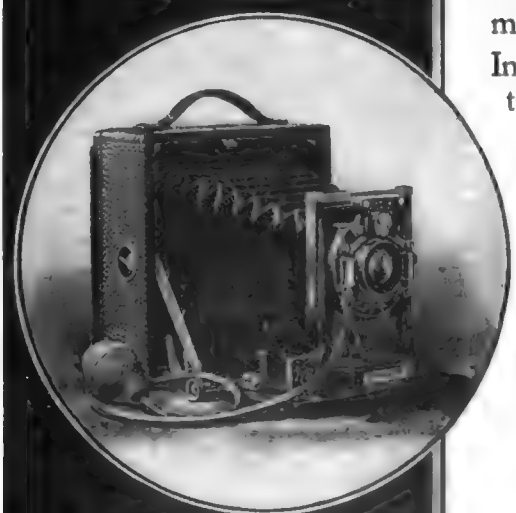

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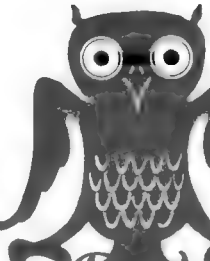

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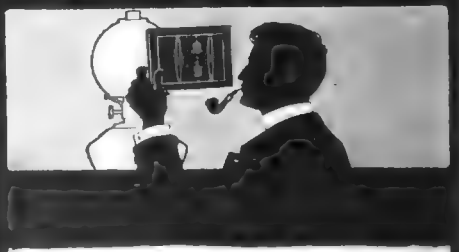

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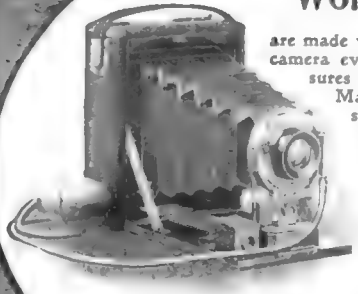
Pictures Worth Framing



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Price, Complete, $9.00.

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John Holland Fountain Pens.

41 YEARS.

Elwood, Ind.
Feb. 25th, 1902.
Room 29,
Fitzwilliam Block.
JOHN HOLLAND
GOLD PEN CO.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—
I bought one of your No. 1 Gold Pens, in 1861, and carried it through the War, and have used it ever since. Yesterday a party in my office broke one of the points. What will you place me another like it for, if I send you the old pen? I would not have taken $25 for that pen on account of its history and good qualities. They are the ONLY Pen.

Yours truly,
A. O. BRIGGS, J. P.

25 YEARS.

COVINGTON, KY., August 18th, 1901.
MR. JOHN HOLLAND,
Dear Sir:—
I have used one of your Fountain Pens since 1877. It is still in good order and serviceable.

GEO. A. LEE,
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THE TEST OF TIME.

Pens that stand up under hard work for 5, 25, 37, and 41 years, must be good Pens. We make over 100 styles and sizes of Fountain Pens suited to every purpose. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction and to wear five years, or your money back on demand. Prices very moderate.

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BISHOP OF METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
RESIDENT IN CINCINNATI.
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My Dear Sir:—
I write these lines with the Fountain Pen you made for me some five years ago. I have carried and used it in my world-round trips, as well as at home during these years. On the longest journey it has never failed me, and seems as good as when it was new. I want no better pen.
J. M. WALDEN.

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The latest and greatest Fountain Pen improvement—in advance of all others. If your dealer won't supply you, Refuse a Substitute, and get the original, stamped JOHN HOLLAND, by writing to us for Free descriptive booklet, No. 73 B, and Price List.

THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO.,

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127 and 129 E. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.

37 YEARS.

OFFICE OF
S. K. WILLIAMS, M. D.
Corner Main & Ninth.
Winfield, Kan., Oct. 1, 1901.
JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO.,
Cincinnati, O.

Gentlemen:—Will you please send me prices of your Gold Pens. I bought one of your pens in 1865, and have used it ever since, and but for an accident it would have lasted me, probably to the end of the journey, any way one more as good as that will be all I need. Thirty-six years is a good long time to use one pen, and I did more than the average amount of writing too.

Yours truly,
S. K. WILLIAMS,
Supreme Medical Advisor of American Annuity Association.

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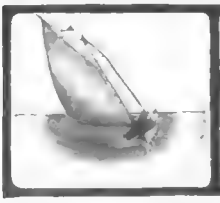

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The Portable Shower Bath in position over "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Tub.

AN invigorating and refreshing adjunct to the bathroom that gives all the good features of the expensive permanent fixtures, and which may be easily removed.

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No tools; no trouble.
Can be erected in five minutes.

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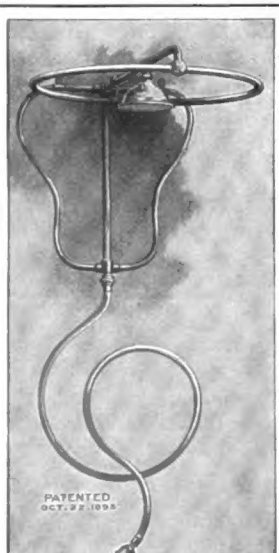

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CHECKER BOARD PACKAGES

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Ralston

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